WEEK ENDING JUNE 9, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

WODEHOUSE ~ BROWN ~ SEITZ ~ DANGERFIELD ~ GREEN

Always in "GOOD TASTE"

—serve Pabst-ett, more than cheese, any way you've served cheese to guests

WHENEVER you entertain this summer, plan on Pabst-ett, *more than cheese* — for daintier sandwiches, for distinctive salads, for potatoes or rarebit, for any dish formerly made with cheese.

Pabst-ett is a finer dairy product. Try it and you'll agree—because of its superb flavor—because of its wonderful creamy texture that enables you to spread it like butter on bread — because it never becomes lumpy or stringy with cooking.

Pabst-ett is not cheese. It contains the valuable elements of milk that are lost in cheese making—the milk sugar, milk proteins, milk minerals, vitamins, and *calcium*. With all the elements of milk, it is as digestible as milk. Young children, elderly persons, even invalids may eat Pabst-ett.

— when you want to serve the finest foods to guests.

Not Successfully Imitated

Within less than one year Pabst-ett became a nation-wide favorite among cheese products. And though a remarkable success, it has not been successfully imitated. Always order by name to get Pabst-ett, more than cheese. *Ask your grocer!*

PABST CORPORATION
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

With this convenient, airtight, family-size package in your home you're always prepared for unexpected guests.

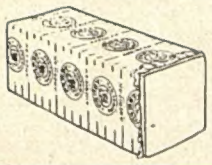
Pabst-ett

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

More than Cheese

Six foil-wrapped, individual portions — featured at clubs, hotels, restaurants, and on dining cars.

PABST WONDER CHEESE



5 lb. loaf — American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

Six foil-wrapped portions —American, Swiss.

½ lb. airtight package —American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

BETTER BECAUSE IT'S AGED

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Have a facial-

and let your tooth paste pay for it

If you use any one of the many good 50c dentifrices, your average yearly tooth paste bill is $6.00. Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c accomplishes equal results and at the same time cuts that cost in half. You save $3.00. Spend it as you choose—a facial, for instance, sheer hosiery, etc.

In The Mouth
Such Cleanliness! Such Invigoration!

HERE is a dentifrice that swiftly polishes teeth till they gleam, and then leaves the mouth with an amazing feeling of cleanliness and invigoration. Furthermore, that sensation lingers. It delights millions.

And no other dentifrice produces it. Because no other dentifrice contains the essential oils of Listerine.

We are proud of Listerine Tooth Paste. Studying teeth, and the mouth, for nearly fifty years, we learned much about their requirements for beauty and health. This dentifrice fulfills them. We believe it to be the finest dentifrice manufactured today, regardless of price.

Try it for one week. Note how teeth gain new brilliancy. Observe how discolorations and tartar vanish. And after tooth brushing is over, look for that wonderfully cool and clean sensation in the mouth.

Then reflect that Listerine Tooth Paste costs but 25c—half of what you usually pay for a good dentifrice. Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by modern manufacturing methods and mass production, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

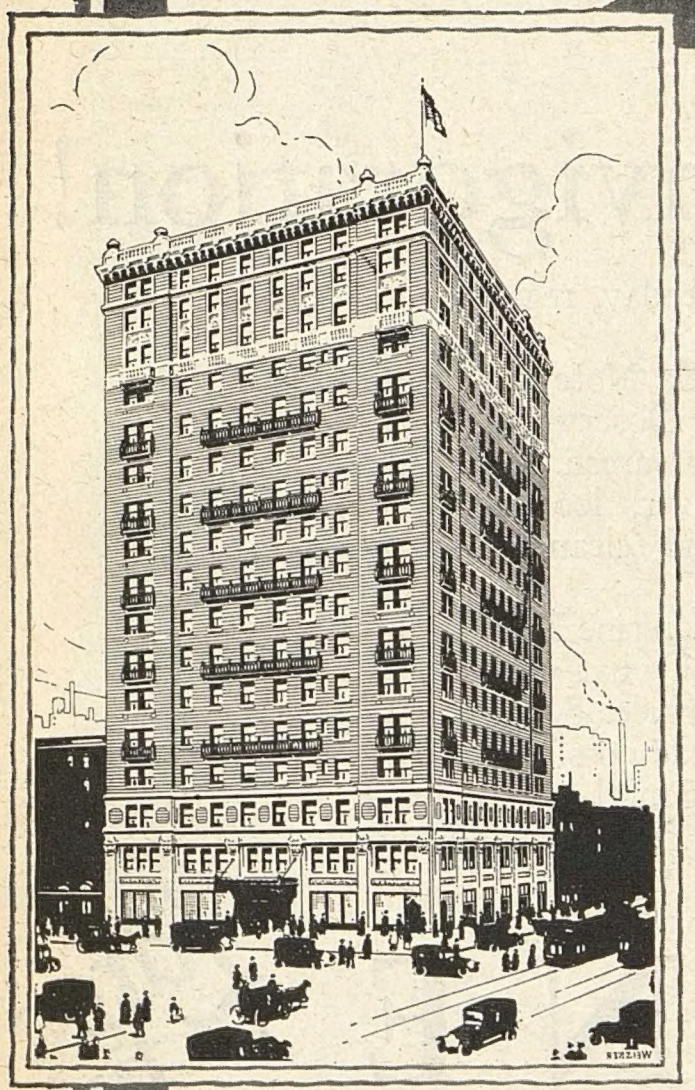
Large tube 25¢

Announcement

EVERY ROOM *now* for ONE PERSON $1.95

ALL WITH PRIVATE BATH OR TOILET

FOR EACH ADDITIONAL PERSON
$1.00 extra {Room with Bath} 50¢ extra {without Bath}



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CHICAGO.

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FORT DEARBORN HOTEL
La Salle *and* Van Buren Sts.
CHICAGO

JUNE 9, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 NO. 23

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

JAPAN AND CHINA

Hostilities between Japan and China seem to be in the inevitable nature of things.

The Japanese and Chinese are chronic enemies. They are hostile to each other in every fiber of their being.

And the astonishing thing is this:

On a group of islands lives a nation of 60,000,000 people, subsisting on the poorest kind of soil—rocky, barren, hard to cultivate. Across a narrow sea is a nation of 400,000,000 hardy, industrious citizens with millions of square miles of the best kind of soil.

Yet the big nation is always calling the little one a bully. Since the entrance of the United States into Oriental affairs the Chinese have repeatedly appealed to us to keep the Japanese from ravishing them.

What are the causes? Pacifism and lack of patriotism on the one hand; patriotism, military ability, and extreme discipline on the other.

For many years the Chinese have despised the soldier. They have gone in for the virtues of peace—probity in banking, dependability in trade, integrity in family life, etc.

The soldier has been looked on as a gutter rat, and Chinese armies have been recruited from the lowest elements of the population. The result has been that when they get loose with modern weapons they pillage and loot up and down the country until one gang of gunmen meets another. Then what happens is as if Chicago and New York gunmen met in Ohio, levied on the banks for funds, and fought it out among themselves.

It is the logical outcome of the preaching and practice of pacifism for many generations. And this also is the cause of the Chinese being overrun by invaders, of whom the Manchus were the last.

Japan is just the opposite. The Japanese have observed the code of the Samurai. They have exalted the profession of being a soldier. They have looked down on the merchant and banker as socially inferior.

In consequence, Japan's commercial probity is popularly supposed to be less than that of the Chinese. Travelers from the East tell how much finer the Chinese are to do business with. And it is true. China lacks the aristocratic instinct.

Perhaps it is as well for us that the two nations are at loggerheads. It would not be so well if they were the best of friends. Japan's military leadership with China's millions probably would make an army irresistible anywhere it could reach.

Of course we have meddlers in the United States who are urging Japan to get out of China. This leaves us rather cold. If 400,000,000 people cannot protect themselves against 60,000,000, why should we butt in?

All we want out of the Orient is lots of trade. Sound trade means peace. If Japan is able to establish peace in Shantung, that seems better to us than the spectacle of northern gunmen and southern gunmen fighting over the province's prostrate body.

The best policy that we can adopt toward the quarrels between Japan and China is to keep our hands off and let them settle things themselves.

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June 9, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 23

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Discounts will be earned by all advertisers using 13 pages or more in LIBERTY within a year after the first insertion. Or the discount may be earned by smaller space and more insertions, as, for instance, 52 quarter pages.

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Details are being sent to advertisers and agencies. The new plan becomes effective with the first issue in July, 1928.

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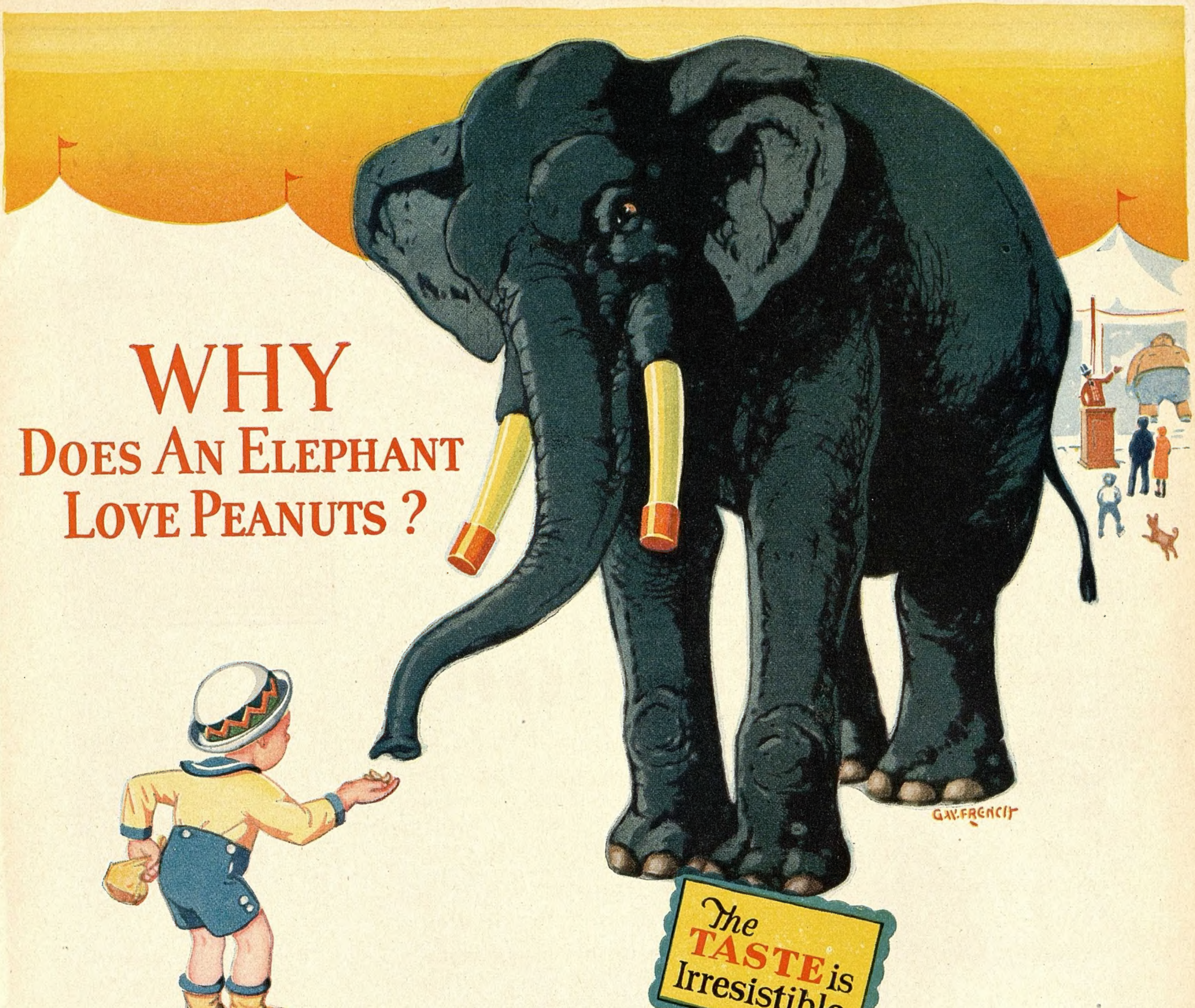
2. "No Buried Ads"
3. Whole Family Appeal
4. Concentration in the Primary Markets

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

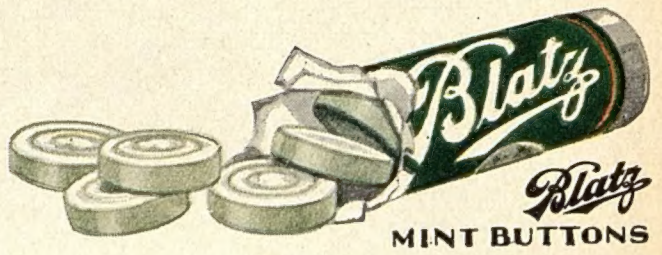


Crisp, fresh-roasted peanuts — jumbo's greatest feast. What perfect contentment in his blinking eyes and swaying trunk as he crunches those delicious kernels!

• • • • •

There's a feast in every package of Blatz gum. Delicious, enticing—its irresistible taste brings you back for more.

Two popular flavors—Grape and Mint. Be sure to ask for Blatz if you want the original grape gum. And if you love real minty mint, call for Blatz Mint Gum, full of genuine old-fashioned peppermint. Sold everywhere. Look for the name, Blatz, on the package.



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Blatz
MILWAUKEE

CHEWING GUM

20 beautiful autographed photos of popular screen stars, with attractive 20-page album for mounting them, will be sent for 20 wrappers from single sticks of Blatz Gum, either flavor, and 20 cents. Size of prints, 3½ x 5½ in. Address Blatz — Dept. Q—P. O. Box 1573, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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Baby Ruth

America's Favorite Candy 5¢

Otto Y. Schnering

3 million eaten every day — it must be good

Outdoors...

You bet they know their BABY RUTH

Pure goodness has made Baby Ruth the favorite refreshment of people who play hard and work hard. Every wholesome ingredient satisfies deliciously that out-of-doors need for extra energy. One is chocolate—best of all vitality builders. It is no ordinary chocolate that makes Baby Ruth so popular, but a blend of the best from the Gold Coast of Africa, the West Indies and Brazil. It tastes better. It is better for you.

3,000,000 sales every day make possible Baby Ruth's dollar-a-pound goodness, purity and quality at 5c. It's the nation's good-time candy for every occasion.

Know your Baby Ruth by its sanitary red-and-white wrapper. 5c does it. Treat yourself today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President

BABY RUTH IS SOLD BY OVER A MILLION CANDY DEALERS
Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere

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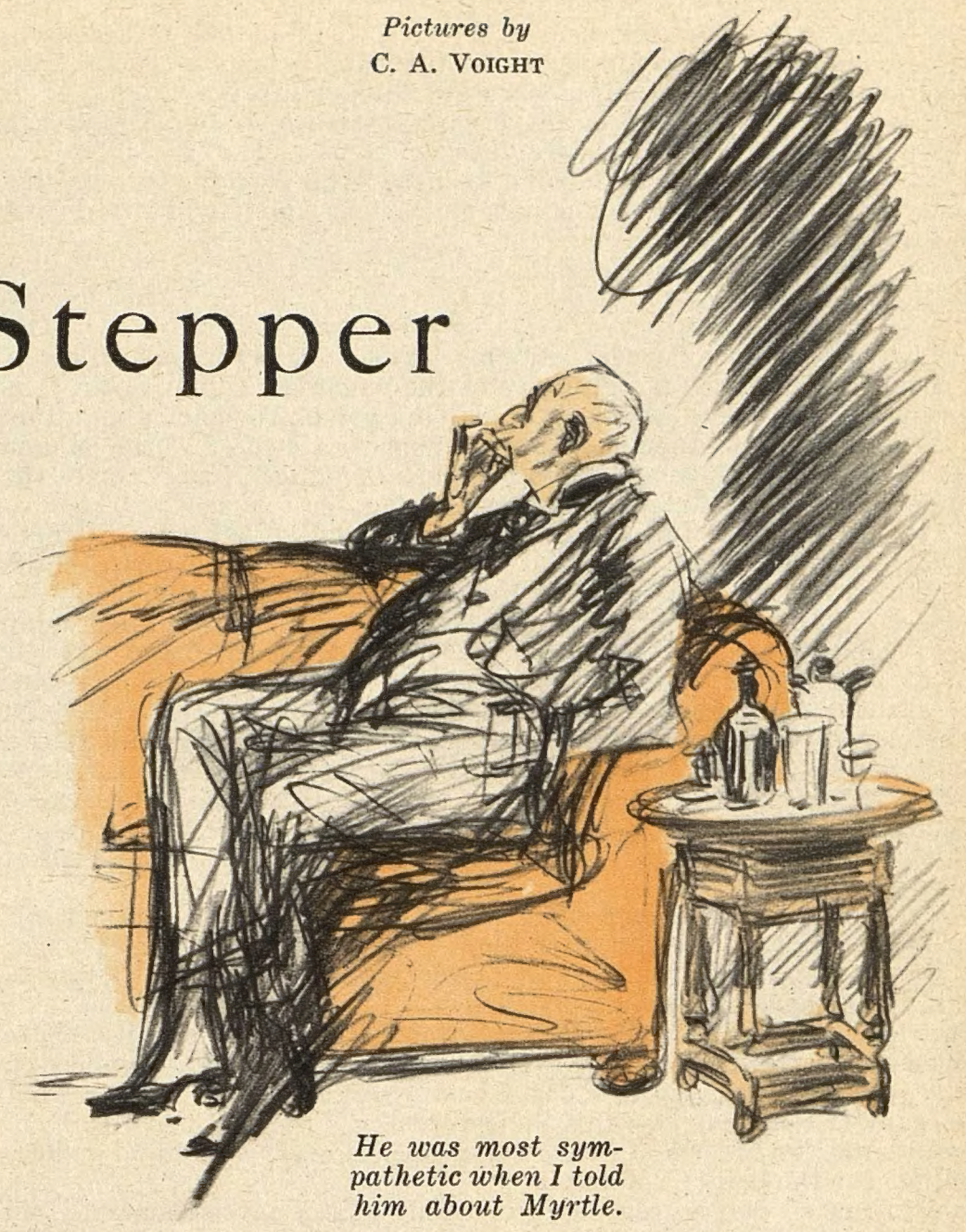
Ukridge

And the Old Stepper

Pictures by
C. A. VOIGHT



He was most sympathetic when I told him about Myrtle.

The Story of a Man Who Took Things As He Found Them

By
P. G. WODEHOUSE

(Reading time: 28 minutes 20 seconds.)

"CORKY, old horse," said Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge in a stunned voice, "this is the most amazing thing I have heard in the whole course of my existence. I'm astounded. You could knock me down with a feather."

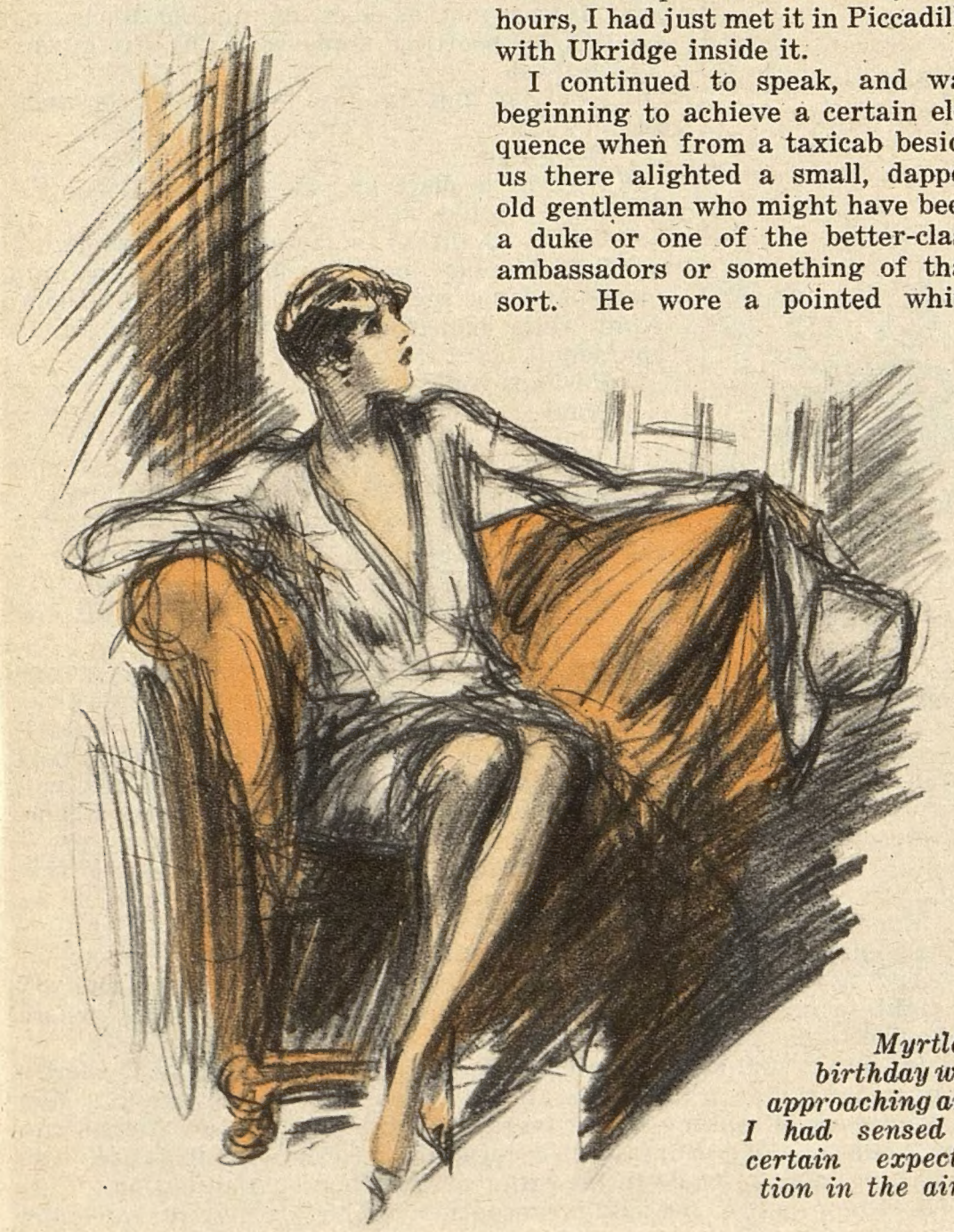
"I wish I had one."

"This suit—this shabby, worn-out suit—you don't really mean to stand there and tell me that you actually *wanted* this ragged, seedy, battered old suit? Why, upon my honest Sam, when I came on it while rummaging through your belongings yesterday, I thought it was just something you had discarded years ago and forgotten to give to the deserving poor."

I spoke my mind. Any unbiased judge would have admitted that I had cause for warmth. Spring, coming to London in a burst of golden sunshine, was calling imperiously to all young men to rejoice in their youth, to put on their new herringbone-pattern lounge suits and go out and give the populace an eyeful: and this I had been prevented from doing by the fact that my new suit had mysteriously disappeared.

After a separation of twenty-four hours, I had just met it in Piccadilly with Ukridge inside it.

I continued to speak, and was beginning to achieve a certain eloquence when from a taxicab beside us there alighted a small, dapper old gentleman who might have been a duke or one of the better-class ambassadors or something of that sort. He wore a pointed white beard, a silk hat, lavender spats, an Ascot tie, and a gardenia; and if anyone had told me that such a man could have even a nodding acquaintance with S. F. Ukridge I should have laughed hollowly. Furthermore, if I had been informed that Ukridge, warmly greeted by such a man, would have ignored him and passed coldly on, I should have declined to believe it.



Myrtle's birthday was approaching and I had sensed a certain expectation in the air.

Nevertheless, both these miracles happened.

"Stanley!" cried the old gentleman. "Bless my soul, I haven't seen you for years." And he spoke, what is more, as if he regretted the fact, not as if he had had a bit of luck that made my mouth water. "Come and have some lunch, my dear boy."

"Corky," said Ukridge, eying him stonily for a moment and speaking in a low, strained voice, "let us be getting along."

"But did you hear him?" I gasped as he hurried me away. "He asked you to lunch."

"I heard him. Corky, old boy," said Ukridge gravely, "I'll tell you. That bloke is best avoided."

"Who is he?"

"An uncle of mine."

"But he seemed respectable."

"That is to say, a stepuncle. Or would you call him step-step? He married my late stepmother's stepsister. I'm not half sure," said Ukridge, pondering, "that step-step-step wouldn't be the correct description."

These were deep waters, into which I was not prepared to plunge.

"But what did you want to cut him for?"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you at lunch."

I raised a passionate hand.

"If you think that after pinching my spring suiting you're going to get so much as a crust of bread—"

"Calm yourself, laddie. You're lunching with me. Largely on the strength of this suit, I managed to get past the outer defenses of the Foreign Office just now and touch old George Tupper for a fiver. Joy will be unconfined."

"CORKY," said Ukridge, thoughtfully spreading caviar on a piece of toast in the Regent Grillroom some ten minutes later, "do you ever brood on what might have been?"

"I'm doing it now. I might have been wearing that suit."

"There is no need to go into that again," said Ukridge with dignity. "I have explained that little misunderstanding—explained it fully. What I mean is, do you ever brood on the inscrutable workings of Fate, and reflect how, but for this or that, you might have been—well, that or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UKRIDGE AND THE OLD STEPPER]
Continued from page nine

this? For instance, but for the old Stepper I would by now be the mainstay of a vast business and in all probability happily married to a charming girl and the father of half a dozen prattling children."

"In which case, if there is anything in heredity, I should have had to keep my spring suits in a safe deposit."

"Corky, old horse," said Ukridge, pained, "you keep harping on this beastly suit of yours. It shows an ungracious spirit which I do not like to see. What was I saying?"

"You were babbling about Fate."

"Ah, yes."

FATE [said Ukridge] is odd. Rummy. You can't say it isn't. Lots of people have noticed it. And one of the rummiest things about it is the way it seems to take a delight in patting you on the head and lulling you into security and then suddenly steering your foot on to the banana skin. Just when things appear to be going smoothest, bang! comes the spanner into the machinery, and there you are.

Take this business I'm going to tell you about. Just before it happened I had begun to look upon myself as fortune's favorite child. Everything was breaking right in the most astounding fashion.

My Aunt Julia, having sailed for America on one of her lecturing tours, had lent me her cottage at Market Deeping in Sussex till her return, with instructions to the local tradesmen to let me have the necessaries of life and chalk them up to her. From some source which at the moment I cannot recollect I had snaffled two pairs of white flannel trousers and a tennis racket. And, finally, after a rather painful scene in the course of which I was compelled to allude to him as a pig-headed bureaucrat, I had contrived to get a couple of quid out of old Tuppy.

My position was solid. I ought to have known that luck like that couldn't last.

Now, in a parting conversation on the platform at Waterloo while waiting for the boat train to start, Aunt Julia had revealed the fact that her motive in sticking me down at her cottage had not been simply to insure that I have a pleasant summer.

It seemed that at Deeping Hall, the big house of the locality, there resided a certain Sir Edward Bayliss, O. B. E., a bird deeply immersed in the jute industry. To this day I have never quite got it clear what jute really is; but, anyway, this Sir Edward was the sort of O. B. E. to keep in with, for his business had ramifications everywhere and endless openings for the bright young man.

He was, moreover, a great admirer of my aunt's novels; and she told me in a few and, in parts, tactless words that what I was going down there for was to ingratiate myself with him and land a job. Which, she said—and this was where I thought her remarks lacked taste—would give me a chance of doing something useful and ceasing to be what she called a wastrel and an idler.

Idler! Upon my Sam! As if for a single day in my life, Corky, I have ever not buzzed about, doing the work of ten men. Why, take the mere getting of that couple of quid from old Tuppy, for instance. Simple as it sounds, I doubt if Napoleon could have done it. And yet, in less than a quarter of an hour I had got a couple of quid out of him. . . .

Oh, well, women say these things.

Well, I packed a suitcase and took the next train down to Market Deeping. And the first thing for you to do, Corky, before I go on, is to visualize the general layout of the place.

My aunt's cottage ("Journey's Ende") was here where this bit of bread is. Here, next to it, where I've put the potato, was a smallish house ("Pondicherry") belonging to Colonel Bayliss, the jute fancier's brother. The gardens adjoined, but anything in the way of neighborly fraternizing was prevented for the moment by the fact that the Colonel was away—at Harrogate, I learned later, trying to teach his liver to take a joke. All this expanse here—I'll mark it with a splash of Worcester sauce—was the park of Deeping Hall, beyond which was the Hall itself and all the gardens, messuages, pleasances, and so forth that you'd expect.

Got it now? Right.

Well, as you can see from the diagram, the park of the Hall abutted—if that's the word I want—on the back garden of my cottage. And judge of my emotions when, as I smoked an after-breakfast pipe under the trees on the first morning after my arrival, I saw the most extraordinarily pretty girl riding there—hither and thither. She came so close once that I could have hit her with an apple. Not that I did, of course.

I don't know if you have ever been in love at first sight, Corky? It's a most peculiar feeling. Like some sort of an explosion. One moment I was looking idly through the hedge to see where the hoof beats came from; the next I was electrified from head to foot, and in the bushes around me a million birds had begun to toot.

I gathered at once that this must be the O. B. E.'s daughter, or something on those lines, and I found my whole attitude toward the jute business, which up till then had been what you might call lukewarm, changing in a flash. It didn't take me more than a second to realize that a job involving a connection with this girl was practically the ideal one.

I called at the hall that afternoon, mentioning my name, and from the very start everything went like a breeze.

I don't want to boast, Corky, and of course I'm speaking now of some years ago, before Life had furrowed my brow and given my eyes that haunted look. But I may tell you frankly that at the time when these things happened I was a rather dazzling spectacle.

I had just had my hair cut, and the flannel bags fitted me to a nicety, and altogether I was an asset—yes, old horse, a positive asset to any social circle.

The days flew by. The O. B. E. was chummy. The girl—her name was Myrtle, and I think she had found life at Market Deeping a bit on the slow side till I arrived—always seemed glad to see me. I was the petted neighbor.

And then, one afternoon, in walked the Stepper.

THERE have been occasions in my life, Corky, when, if I had seen a strange man with a white beard walking up the path to the front door of the house where I was living, I would have ducked through the back premises and remained concealed in the raspberry bushes till he had withdrawn. But it so happened that at this time my financial affairs were on a sound and solid basis and I hadn't a single creditor in the world. So I went down and opened the door and found him beaming on the mat.

"Stanley Ukridge?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"I called at your aunt's house at Wimbledon the other day, and they told me you were here. I'm your Uncle Percy from Australia, my boy. I married your late stepmother's stepsister Alice."

I don't suppose anybody with a pointed white beard has ever received a heartier welcome. I don't know if you have any pet daydream, Corky, but mine had always been the sudden appearance of the rich uncle from Australia you read so much about in novels—the old-fashioned novels, I mean, the ones where the hero isn't a dope fiend. And here he was, looking as I had always expected him to look.

You saw his spats just now; you observed his gardenia. Well, on the afternoon of which I'm speaking, he was just as spatted, fully as gardenia-ed, and in addition wore in his tie something that looked like a miniature Koh-i-noor.

"Well, well, well!" I said.

"Well, well, well!" he said.

He patted my back. I patted his. He said he was a lonely old man who had come back to England to spend his declining years with some congenial relative. I said I was just as keen on finding uncles as he was on spotting nephews. The thing was a love feast.

"You can put me up for a week or two, Stanley?"

"Delighted."

"Nice little place you have here."

"Glad you like it."

"Wants a bit of smartening up, though," said the Stepper, looking round at the appointments and not seeming to think a lot of them. Aunt Julia had furnished the cottage fairly sparsely.

"Perhaps you're right."

"Some comfortable chairs, eh?"

"Fine."

"And a sofa."

"Splendid."

"And perhaps a nice little summerhouse for the garden. Have you a summerhouse?"

I said no. No summerhouse.

"I'll be looking about for one," said the Stepper.

And everything I had read about rich uncles from Australia seemed to me to have come true. Spacious is the only word to describe his attitude. He was like some Eastern monarch giving the court architect specifications for a new palace. This, I told myself, was how these fine, breezy, empire-building fellows always were—generous, open-handed, gayly reckless of expense. I wished I had met him earlier.

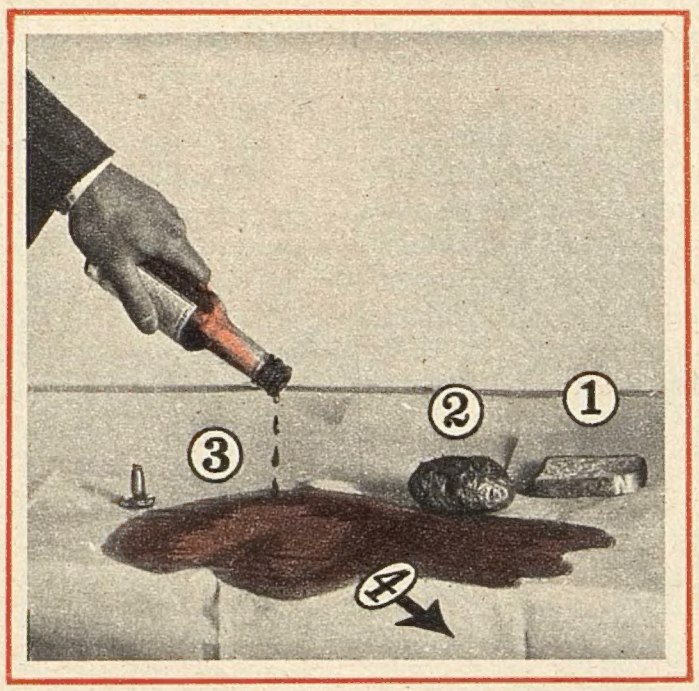
"Must be cozy," he said.

"Essential."

"And now, my boy," said the old Stepper, sticking out from six to eight inches of tongue and running same round his lips, "where do you keep the drinks?"

I've always maintained, and I always will maintain, that there's nothing in this world to beat a real bachelor establishment. Men have a knack of making themselves comfortable which few women can ever achieve. My Aunt Julia's idea of a chair, for instance, was something antique made to the order of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Stepper had the right conception. Men arrived in vans and



1—Bit of bread indicating Aunt's cottage, "Journey's Ende."

2—Potato—Smallish house belonging to Colonel Bayliss.

3—Splash of Worcester sauce denoting park of Deeping Hall.

4—Arrow showing general direction of the Hall itself.

"I'll mark it with a splash of Worcester sauce."

unloaded things with slanting backs and cushioned seats, and whenever I wasn't over at the Hall I wallowed in these.

The Stepper wallowed in them all the time. Occasionally he put in an hour or so in the summerhouse—for he had caused a summerhouse to appear at the bottom of the garden—but mostly you would find him indoors with all the windows shut and something to drink at his elbow. He said he had had so much fresh air in Australia that what he wanted now was something he could scoop out with a spoon.

ONCE or twice I tried to get him over to the Hall, but he would have none of it. He said from what he knew of O. B. E.s he wouldn't be allowed to take his boots off, and ran, moreover, a grave risk of being offered barley water. Apparently he had once met a teetotal O. B. E. in Sydney and was prejudiced.

However, he was most sympathetic when I told him about Myrtle. He said that, though he wasn't any too keen on matrimony as an institution, he was broad-minded enough to realize that there might quite possibly be women in the world unlike his late wife. Concerning whom he added that the rabbit was not, as had been generally stated, Australia's worst pest.

"Tell me of this girl, my boy," he said. "You squeeze her a good deal in dark corners, no doubt?"

"Certainly not," I said stiffly.

"Then things have changed very much since my young days. What do you do?"

I said I looked at her quite a lot and hung on her every word and all that sort of thing.

"Do you give her presents?"

He had touched on a subject which I had intended to bring up myself when I could find an opening. You see, Myrtle's birthday was approaching, and, though nothing had actually been said about my little gift, I had sensed a certain expectation in the air.

"Even the best of girls are like that, Corky. They say how old they feel with another birthday coming along so soon, and then they look brightly at you."

"Well, as a matter of fact, Uncle Percy," I said, flicking a speck of dust off his sleeve, "I was rather planning something of the kind, if only I could see my way to managing it. It's her birthday next week, Uncle Percy, and it crossed my mind that if I could stumble on somebody who could slip me a few quid, something might possibly be done about it, Uncle Percy."

He waved his hand in an Australian sort of way.

"Leave it all to me, my boy."

"Oh, no, really!"

"I insist."

"Oh—if you insist."

"My late wife was your late stepmother's stepsister, and blood is thicker than water. Now, let me see," mused the old Stepper, wriggling his feet a couple of inches farther on to the table and knitting the brow a bit. "What shall it be? Jewelry? No. Girls like their little bit of jewelry, but perhaps it would scarcely do. I have it. A sundial!"

"A what?" I said.

"A sundial," said the old Stepper. "What could be a more pretty and tasteful gift? No doubt she has a little garden of her own, some sequestered nook which she tends with her own hands and where she wanders in maiden meditation on summer evenings. If so, she needs a sundial."

"But, Uncle Percy," I said doubtfully, "do you really think— My idea was rather that if you could possibly let me have a fiver—or say a tenner to make up the round sum—"

"She draws a sundial," said the old Stepper firmly, "and likes it."

I tried to reason with the man.

"But you can't get a sundial," I urged.

"I can get a sundial," said the old Stepper, waving his whisky-and-soda with a good deal of asperity. "I can get anything. Sundials,

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[UKRIDGE AND THE OLD STEPPER]
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summerhouses, elephants if you want them. I'm noted for it. Show me the man who says that Charles Percy Cuthbertson can't get a sundial, and I'll give him the lie in his teeth. That's where I'll give it him. In his teeth!"

And, as he seemed to be warming up a bit, we left it at that. I never dreamed that he would make good, of course. You'll admit, I think, Corky, that I'm a pretty gifted fellow; but if anyone called upon me at practically a moment's notice to produce a sundial, I should be nonplused.

Nevertheless, bright and early on the morning of Myrtle's birthday, I heard a yodel under my window, and there he was, standing beside a wheelbarrow containing one of the nicest sundials I had ever seen. It all seemed to me more like magic than anything, and I began to feel like Aladdin. Apparently my job from now on was simply to rub the lamp and the Stepper would do the rest.

"There you are, my boy," he said, dusting the thing off with a handkerchief and regarding it in a fatherly sort of way. "You give the little lady that and she'll let you cuddle her behind the front door."

This struck a slightly jarring note, of course. He seemed to me to be taking an entirely too earthy view of my great love, which was intensely spiritual. But it was not the moment to say so.

"That'll make her clap her hands prettily. That'll send her singing about the house."

"She ought to like it," I agreed.

"Of course she'll like it. She'd better like it. Show me a wholesome, sweet-minded English girl who doesn't like a sundial and I'll paste her on the nose," said the Stepper warmly. "Why, damn it, it's got a motto and everything."

And so it had. In Old English letters. Some rot about ye sunne and ye shoures. A really classy sundial.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking of doing, Uncle Percy," I said. "How would it be to take this thing over to the Hall this morning and ask Myrtle and her father to tea here? One ought to repay hospitality."

"Certainly," said the Stepper. "And I'll make the house a bower of roses."

"Can you get roses?"

"Can I get roses! Don't keep asking me if I can get things. Of course I can get roses. And eggs, too."

"We shan't want eggs."

"We shall want eggs," said the Stepper, beginning to hot up again. "If eggs are good enough for me, they're good enough for the popeyed daughter of a blighted O. B. E. Or don't you think so?"

"Oh, quite, Uncle Percy, quite," I said.

I would have liked to inform him that Myrtle wasn't popeyed, but he didn't seem in the mood.

Any doubts I may have had as to the acceptability of my birthday present vanished as soon as with infinite sweat I had wheeled it across the park in its barrow. The Stepper had had the right idea. Myrtle was all over the sundial.

I sprang the tea invitation, and for a moment it looked as if there was going to be a hitch. Her Uncle Philip, the Colonel, it seemed, was due to materialize that afternoon. He always made a point of being present for his niece's birthday, however far he had to come to be there; and he would be terribly hurt if he arrived and found she had let him down. What to do?

"Bring him along," I said, of course. And we arranged it on those lines.

The Colonel, on getting off the train and going to the Hall, would find a note instructing him to hoof it across the park and come and revel at Journey's Ende.

I didn't say it to Myrtle, for the time did not seem to me ripe; but what it amounted to, I felt, was that the Colonel would come seeking a niece and would find in addition a nephew. Than which, for a bloke getting on in years and needing all the loved ones round him that could be assembled, what could be a jollier surprise?

I disagree with you, Corky. It does not depend on the kind of nephew. Any nephew is a boon to a lonely bachelor like that.

So I wheeled the wheelbarrow back to the cottage, feeling that all was well. And at about half-past four the maid who came in from the village by the day to do our cooking and washing up announced Sir Edward and Miss Bayliss.

I'M an old campaigner now, Corky, and Fate has to take its coat off and spit on its hands a bit if it wants to fool me. Today, when Fate offers me something gilt edged, I look it over coldly. I assume, till it has been proved otherwise, that attached to it somewhere there is a string. But at the time of which I am speaking I was younger, more buoyant, more credulous; and I honestly supposed that this tea party of mine was going to be the success it seemed at the start.

The thing had got under way without a suspicion of anything in the nature of a disaster. In the first place, the maid had responded to my coaching in the most admirable manner. A simple child of the soil, her natural disposition would have been to bung the door open and bellow, "They're here!" Instead of which, she had done the announcing with a style and polish that gave the whole proceedings a tone from the very outset.

Secondly, Sir Edward had not bumped his head against the beam on the ceiling just inside the front door.

And lastly, though the Stepper's roses were present in wonderful profusion, he himself hadn't shown up. And that seemed to me the biggest stroke of luck of the lot.

You see, the old Stepper wasn't everybody's money. To begin with, he had an apparently incurable dislike of O. B. E.s; and then, he combined with a hot-blooded and imperious nature the odd belief that eggs were a suitable food for adult human beings at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. And he was so touchy, too—so ready to resent opposition. I had had visions of him standing over Sir Edward and shoving eggs down his throat at the point of a table knife. He was better away, and I hoped he had fallen into a ditch and couldn't get out.

FROM the moment the first drop of tea was poured everything went as smooth as oil. In recent years, Corky, affairs have so shaped themselves that you have had the opportunity of seeing me mainly in the capacity of a guest; but you can take it from me that, vouchsafed the right conditions, I can be a very sparkling host. Give me a roof over my head, plenty of buttered toast, and no creditors in sight, and I shine with the best of them.

On the present occasion I was at the top of my form. I handed cups; I slid the toast about; I prattled merrily. And I could see the old boy was impressed. These O. B. E.s are silent, reserved men, and for a while he just looked at me from time to time in a meditative way. Then, as he was dipping into his third cup of tea, out he came into the open and began to talk turkey.

"Your aunt— Have you heard from her, by the way?"

"Not yet. I suppose she's very busy."

"I imagine so. An energetic woman."

"Very. All we Ukridges are energetic. We do not spare ourselves."

"Your aunt," resumed the old boy, swallowing some more tea, "gave me the impression, in one of the conversations we had before she left England, that you were looking out for an opening in the world of commerce."

"Yes," I said.

I stroked my chin thoughtfully and tried to look as much as possible like Charles M. Schwab being approached by the president of the United States Steel Corporation with a view to a merger. You've got to show these birds that you've a proper sense of your own value. Start right with them or it's no use starting at all.

"I might accept commercial employment if the salary and prospects were undeniable."

He cleared his throat.

"In my own business," he was beginning, "the jute business—"

Just then the door opened and the maid appeared. She was one of those snorting girls, and she snorted something about a gentleman. I couldn't get it.

"Who's a gentleman?" I said.

"Outside. He says he wants to see you."

"It must be Uncle Philip," said Myrtle.

"Of course," I said. "Show him in. Don't keep him waiting, my good girl. Show him in at once."

And a moment later in came a massive bloke with large eyebrows and a sort of look about him that made you feel he believed in infant damnation. Obviously not the Colonel, for Myrtle and the O. B. E. gave no sign of recognition. Then who? The man was a perfect stranger to me.

" Take a chair," I said. " I'm going to take all the chairs," he said. " And the sofa, too."

However, I flattered myself I could play the host.

" Good afternoon," I said affably.

" Afternoon," said the bloke.

" Take a chair," I said.

" I'm going to take all the chairs," he said. " And the sofa, too. I'm from the Mammoth Furnishing Company, and the check for the deposit on this stuff has been returned ' Refer to drawer.' "

IT is not too much to say, Corky, that I reeled. Yes, laddie, your old friend tottered and would have fallen had he not clutched at a chair. And, from the look in the bloke's eye, it began to seem that my chances of clutching at that particular chair were likely to be very soon a thing of the past.

He had one of those brooding eyes—two probably, only there was a patch over the left one. I think someone must have hit him there. A fellow like that could scarcely go through life for long without getting punched in the eye.

" But, my dear old horse—" I began.

" It's no use arguing. We've written twice and never got an answer, and I've instructions from the firm to take the stuff."

" But we're using it."

" Not now," said the blighter. " You've finished."

I look back on that moment, Corky, old boy, as one of the worst in my career. It is always a nervous business for a fellow to entertain for the first time the girl he loves and her father. And, believe me, it doesn't help pass things off when a couple of the proletariat in shirt sleeves surge into the room and start carrying out all the chairs. Conversation during the proceedings was, you might say, at a standstill; and even after the operations were over it wasn't any too easy to get it going again.

" Some absurd mistake," I said.

" No doubt," said the O. B. E.

" I shall write those people a very stiff letter tonight."

" No doubt."

" That furniture was bought by my uncle, one of the wealthiest men in Australia. It's absurd to suppose that a man of standing would—"

" No doubt. Myrtle, my dear, I think we will be going."

Then, Corky, I spread myself. On not a few occasions in a life that has had its ups and downs I have been compelled to do some impressive talking. But now I surpassed all previous efforts.

THE thought of all that was slipping away from me spurred me to heights I have never reached before or since. And gradually, little by little, I made headway.

The old boy tried to shake me off and edge through the French windows; but it is pretty hard to shake me off when I am at my best. I grabbed him by the buttonhole and steered him back into the room. And when, in a dazed sort of way, he reached out and took a slice of cake, I knew the battle was won.

" The way I look at it is this," I said, getting between him and the window. " A man like my uncle would no doubt have a number of

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[UKRIDGE AND THE OLD STEPPER]
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accounts in different banks. The one on which he drew this check happened to have insufficient funds in it, and the bank manager, with gross discourtesy—"

"Well, yes, possibly."

"I shall tell my uncle of what has occurred."

At this moment somebody behind me said, "Ha!" or it may have been "Ho!"—and I spun round and there in the French window was standing another perfect stranger.

This new addition to our little party was a long, lean, Anglo-Indian-looking individual. You know the type. Beige as to general color scheme and rather like a vulture with a white mustache.

"Uncle Philip!" cried Myrtle.

The Vulture gave a kind of nod in her direction. He seemed upset about something.

"Don't talk to me," he said. "I haven't time. Many happy returns of the day and so forth, but don't talk to me now, child. There's the man I want to talk to."

"You know Mr. Ukridge?"

"No, I don't. And I don't want to. But I know he's stolen—"

He broke off with a hideous rattle in his voice, and I saw that he was staring at the table. It belonged to my aunt and was the only thing in the room that the shirt-sleeved birds had left, so it was fairly conspicuous.

"Good God!" he said.

He switched an eye round and let it play on me like an oxyacetylene blowpipe. I don't know what the treatment for liver is at Harrogate, but they ought to change it. It's ineffective. It had obviously done this man no good at all.

"Good God!" he said again.

The O. B. E. came to the surface.

"What's the matter, Philip?" he asked, annoyed. He had only just finished coughing, having swallowed a bit of cake the wrong way.

"I'LL tell you what's the matter. I was in my garden just now, and I found it looted—looted! That man there has stripped it of every rose I possess. My roses! The place is a desert."

"Is this true, Mr. Ukridge?" asked the O. B. E.

"Certainly not," I said.

"Oh, it isn't?" said the Vulture. "It isn't, eh? Then where did those roses come from? There aren't any rose trees in the garden of this house. Damn it, I've been here half a dozen times and I ought to know. Where did you get those roses? Answer me that."

"My uncle gave them to me."

The O. B. E., having now disposed of the cake, uttered a nasty laugh.

"Your uncle!" he said.

"What uncle?" cried the Vulture. "Where's this uncle? Show me this uncle. Produce him!"

"I'm afraid it would be a little difficult to do that, Philip," said the O. B. E., and I didn't at all like his manner. "It appears that Mr. Ukridge possesses a mysterious uncle. Nobody has ever set eyes on him, but it would seem that he buys furniture and does not pay for it, steals roses—"

"And sundials," put in the Vulture.

"Sundials?"

"That's what I said. After I'd had a look at my garden I went over to the Hall, and there in the middle of the lawn was my sundial. They told me this fellow here had given it to Myrtle."

I wasn't in any too good shape by this time, but I collected enough of the old manly spirit to come back at him.

"How do you know it was your sundial?" I said.

"Because it had my motto on it. And, as if that wasn't enough, he's stolen my summerhouse!"

The O. B. E. gulped.

"Your summerhouse?" he said in a low, almost reverent voice. The spaciousness of the thing seemed to have affected his vocal cords. "How could he have stolen a summerhouse?"

"I don't know how he did it. In sections, I suppose. It's one of those portable summerhouses. I had it sent down from the Stores last month. And there it is, standing at the bottom of his garden. I tell you, the man ought not to be at large. He's a menace. Good God! When I was in France during the war a platoon of Australians scrounged one of my cast-iron sheds one night, but I never expected that that sort of thing happened in England in peacetime."

Corky, a sudden bright light shone on me. I saw all. It was that word "scrounge" that did it. I remembered now having heard of Australia and its scroungers. They go about pinching things, Corky. No, I do *not* mean spring suits; I mean things that really matter—things of vital import, like sundials and summerhouses: not beastly spring suits, which nobody could tell you wanted, anyway, and you'll get it back tomorrow as good as new. . . .

Well, be that as it may, I saw all.

"Sir Edward," I said, "let me explain. My uncle—"

But it was no use, Corky. They wouldn't listen. The O. B. E. gave me one look, the Vulture gave me another, and I rather fancy Myrtle gave me a third; and then they pushed off and I was alone.

I went over to the table and helped myself to a bit of cold buttered toast, a broken man.

About ten minutes later there was a sound of cheery whistling outside and the Stepper walked in.

"Here I am, my boy," said the Stepper. "I've got the eggs." And he began shedding them out of every pocket. It looked as if he had been looting every henroost in the neighborhood. "Where are our guests?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

He looked round.

"Hullo! Where's the furniture?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

I explained.

"Tut, tut!" said the Stepper.

I sniffed a bit.

"Don't make sniffing noises at me, my boy," said the Stepper reprovingly. "The best of men have checks returned from time to time."

"And I suppose the best of men sneak eggs and roses and sundials and summerhouses?" I said. And I spoke bitterly, Corky.

"Eh?" said the Stepper. "You don't mean to say—"

"I certainly do."

"Tell me all."

I told him all.

"TOO bad!" he said. "I never have been able to shake off this habit of scrounging. Wherever Charles Percy Cuthbertson is, there he scrounges. But who would have supposed that people would make a fuss about a little thing like that? I'm disappointed in the old country. Why, nobody in Australia minds a little scrounging. What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine—that's our motto out there. All this to-do about a sundial and a summerhouse! Why, bless my soul, I've scrounged a tennis lawn in my time. Oh, well, there's nothing to be done about it, I suppose."

"There's a lot to be done about it!" I said. "The O. B. E. doesn't believe I've got an uncle. He thinks I pinched all those things myself."

"Does he?" said the Stepper thoughtfully. "Does he, indeed?"

"And the least you can do is to go up to the Hall and explain."

"Precisely what I was about to suggest myself. I'll walk over now and put everything right. Trust me, my boy. I'll soon fix things up."

And he trotted out. And that, Corky, is the last I ever saw of him till today.

It's my belief he never went anywhere near the Hall. I am convinced that he walked straight to the station, no doubt pocketing a couple of telegraph poles and a five-barred gate or so on the way, and took the next train to London.

Certainly there was nothing in the O. B. E.'s manner, when I met him next day in the village, to suggest that everything had been put right and things fixed up. I don't suppose a jute merchant has ever cut anybody so thoroughly.

And that's why I wish to impress it upon you, Corky, that that snaky and conscienceless old Stepper is best avoided. No matter how glittering the prospects he may hold out, I say to you—shun him!

Looking at the thing in one way, taking the short, narrow view, I am out a lunch—possibly a good lunch. But do I regret? No. Who knows but that a man like that would have been called to the telephone at the eleventh hour, leaving me stuck with the bill?

And even supposing he really has got money now—how did he get it? That is the question.

I shall make inquiries; and if I find that someone has pinched the Albert Memorial, I shall know what to think!

THE END

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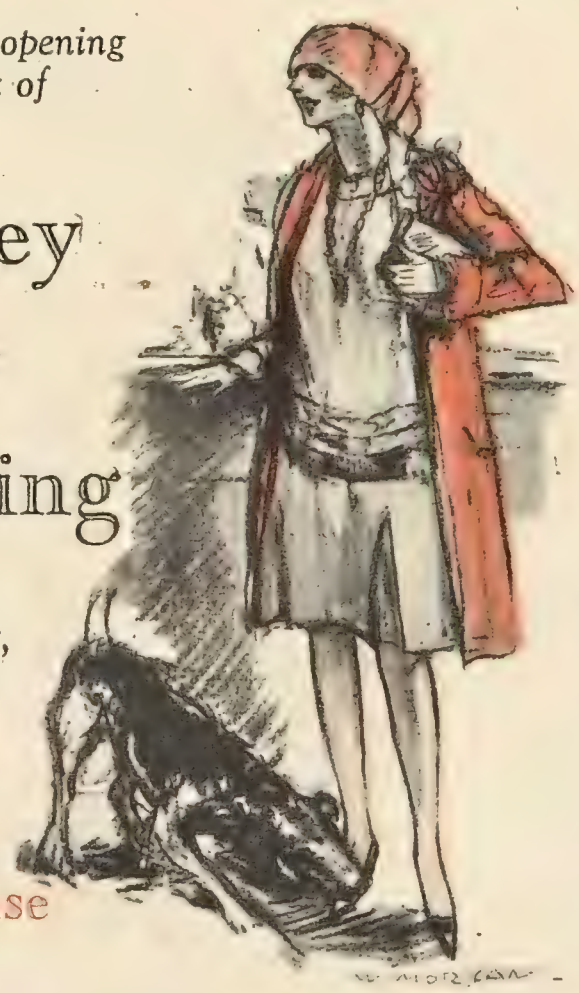

With pictures by Wallace Morgan

Sam Houston
Savior of Texas

The Story of a Fighter

By

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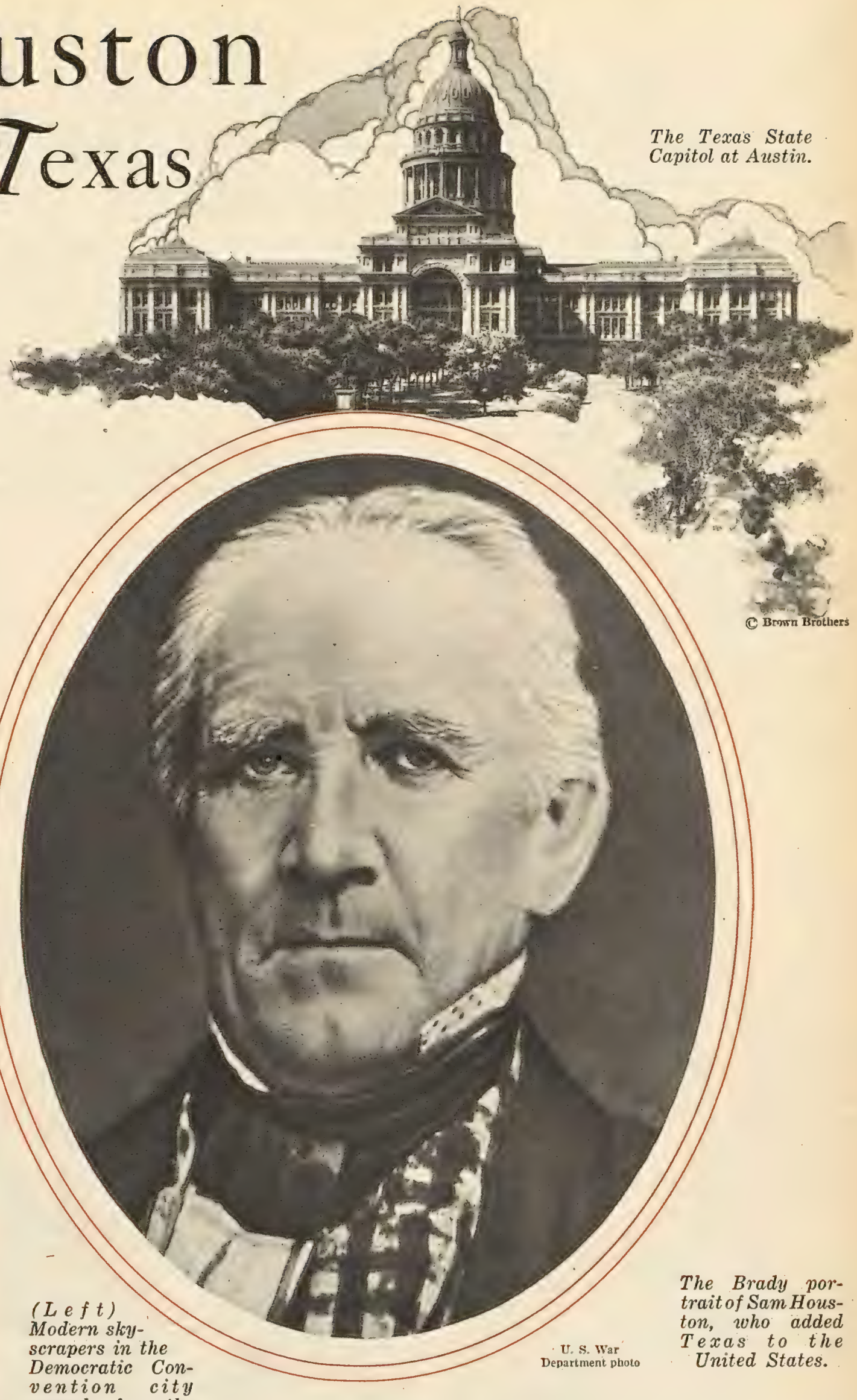

The Texas State Capitol at Austin.

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HOUSTON, hu'ston. A city and the county seat of Harris Co., Tex., on Houston Ship Channel, an arm of Galveston Bay. It is a railroad center of great importance, is one of the most important cotton markets in the United States, and in its lumber trade ranks with the leading cities of the Southwest. Cottonseed oil, rice, and sugar are also exported. Pop., 260,000. Houston was laid out and settled in 1836, and in 1837-39 and 1842 was capital of the Republic of Texas. It was named in honor of the Texas hero Gen. Sam Houston.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 18 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Democrats are converging upon Houston this month for the first National Convention to be held in the South since 1860. Many, therefore, will know the name of Houston this summer. But few know of the original Sam Houston, the man for whom the city was named. This is his story.]

AMID the rather grotesque jumble of effigies assembled in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is the marble figure of a gawky lad named Sam Houston—as he always wrote it. The chisel has hardly attained a likeness in its effort to idealize a grim and shadowy figure in whose life tragedy, romance, and fame were so intermingled. Indeed, it is more like a tallow candle than the grim personality it presumes to depict.

(Left) Modern skyscrapers in the Democratic Convention city named for the savior of Texas.

Brown Brothers photo

U. S. War Department photo

The Brady portrait of Sam Houston, who added Texas to the United States.

Romantic and adventurous almost beyond belief was the career of the man who made the Republic of Texas become the biggest star in Uncle Sam's constellation. Perhaps it is worth while to thread the cross currents that made up Sam Houston's amazing career.

Virginia has furnished a great share of the nation's notables, but by no means all of them sprang from the Cavaliers. This one did not. Houston was born of Scotch-Irish blood in the rough region of Rockbridge County, not far from Lexington, on March 2, 1793. His father was named Samuel, and his mother was Elizabeth Paxton, perhaps of the rebellious breed of Pennsylvania Paxtons who, with their followers, once laid siege to Philadelphia. At any rate, she was a valorous woman, the mother of five sons and three daughters, of whom Sam alone made any noise in the world.

THE family's farm was in a region known as Timber Ridge. Here the mother fostered her brood alone, for the elder Samuel, who had been one of Morgan's riflemen in the Revolution, stuck to the trade, becoming a major and

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[SAM HOUSTON, SAVIOR OF TEXAS
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assistant inspector general. Absent on a military errand west of the mountains, he fell ill and died away from home in 1806.

This left the widow with a large family and little land or income. With Scotch courage she packed up her goods and children for a venture into the "new" country of Tennessee. Here she settled in Blount County, near the Tennessee River, and began the hard task of living over again.

There was but little chance for education in the neighborhood, and books were almost as scarce as schoolmasters. Sam got hold of Pope's wheelbarrow translation of Homer's Iliad, which has the merit of running easily through the mind; also a bit of Shakespeare; while for intellectual dessert he finished up on Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War—a book much detested by youthful Latinists, but full of big things as well as hard words.

But more interesting men than Romans were near neighbors. Beyond the river lay the lands of the Cherokees, the superior Indians who then inhabited parts of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee. They were not wanderers, like most of the red people, but had settled villages, small mills, blacksmith shops, and the like.

Some of them had become civilized enough to keep slaves. One of their number, Sequoyah, invented an alphabet, still used by the nation in its present abiding place in Oklahoma. We have paid him the compliment—after stealing his nation's lands—of naming the great California redwood trees for him.

Now, if anything could appeal to an adventuresome boy it would be Indians, and Sam soon found his way into the hearts of the Cherokees. A minor chief—Oolooteka—took a great fancy to his young neighbor. With true Indian discernment, he gave the lad a name fitted to his character—"Coloneh"—the Wanderer.

SAM joined the Cherokees to secure freedom from the confinement of clerking in a crossroads store, and lived with Oolooteka until he became eighteen—a tall, strong lad, equal to any of his Cherokee friends in strength and forest lore. He dressed like them, in red shirt and deerskin trousers, with a scarlet cloth around his head and long hair gathered into a single lock behind.

Debt brought him back into civilized harness. There was no way of earning money among the Indians, but plenty of chances to owe it. So, to salve his creditors, he came home and taught school, collecting his pay from his pupils.

He was a popular preceptor, largely because he played Indian with his scholars. "At noon hour," he once remarked, "after the children and I had eaten out of our baskets, I would go out into the woods and cut me a 'sourwood' stick, trim it carefully in circular spirals, and then thrust one half of it into the fire, which would turn it blue, leaving the other half white.

"With this emblem of ornament and authority in my hand, dressed in a hunting shirt of flowered calico, a long queue down my back, and the sense of authority over my pupils, I experienced a higher feeling of dignity and self-satisfaction than from any office or honor I have since held."

He earned enough money to pay his debts and to spend a little time at the Maryville Academy. This the War of 1812 interrupted. He enlisted as a private, but was too far from the seat of conflict to see service against the British.

BUT other work was near at hand. Promoted to ensign, and then to third lieutenant, he became a member of Andrew Jackson's expedition against the Creeks, who had been stirred into hostility by English agents, and took part in the fierce assault on the tribesmen at Horseshoe Bend on the Tallapoosa River.

Here he was struck and deeply wounded by an arrow, which he had the courage to have pulled out of his flesh. The injury was deep and wide, one from which he never completely recovered; but after it was dressed he joined in a final charge on the palisades, directly disobeying Jackson, who had ordered him to the rear.

It was thus he made an acquaintance that was to prove important in after life. The wound became inflamed, and he had finally to be carried home on a litter. When well enough he went on horseback to Washington, reaching the infant capital in time to see it smoking from Admiral Cockburn's torch. The winter he spent as an invalided soldier at Lexington.

Reporting in the spring for duty, his arrow wound brought him a second lieutenancy in the First Infantry of the regular army, and he was sent to New Orleans. His wound reopened and he went to New York for better surgery. Then the government assigned him to a position at the headquarters of the Southern Division of the army at Nashville, and he here began his distinguished career in Tennessee.

His upward movement began with an appointment as subagent to the Cherokees, where his friendships and knowledge of the language made him useful. They had been cheated by treaty, were resentful and difficult to handle; but his tact and the faith they had in him prevailed.

Taking a delegation of chiefs to Washington, he met with a reproof from John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, that cut him to the quick. Liking the Cherokee dress, he had donned it for the occasion and wore it into the presence of the Secretary. For this he was sharply called to account.

He was to hear further from Calhoun. As underagent of the Cherokees, Houston, a strong opponent of slavery, detected the smuggling of Negroes from the Spanish domain in Florida into the States. The trade was forbidden by law. Using his Cherokee influence, he stopped it.

The smugglers brought charges of malfeasance against him and he was put on trial in Washington. He cleared himself, but Calhoun was so manifestly hostile that he resigned his commission March 1, 1818, and retired from the army.

Returning to Tennessee, he undertook the study of law with James Trimble, an eminent attorney of Nashville. Six months of reading secured him admission to the bar and he set up his sign in Lebanon. His rent was only one dollar a month, and his practice in proportion.

Andrew Jackson was now rising into power in Tennessee politics, and Houston became one of his ardent supporters. He had the gift of flamboyant speech dear to the Southwest, and was much heard on the hustings in support of his idol. His arrow wound had given him military prestige, so he soon became adjutant general of the State, and could write Colonel before his name. Election as district attorney followed, and this office carried him from Lebanon to Nashville. The place was supported by fees, and these proving pretty small, he gave it up for private practice.

Brown Brothers photo

The famous defense to the death of the Alamo, as depicted in an old drawing.

THE soldier in him still persisted and he was chosen major general of the State forces in 1821. Two years later, when but thirty, he was elected as member of Congress, preceding the rising Jackson to Washington. The latter introduced him by letter to Thomas Jefferson as "a particular friend" who had achieved his distinguished position "without the extrinsic advantages of fortune or education," and had "sustained in his various promotions from private to major general the character of a high-minded, honorable man."

Houston served two terms in the body that included Henry Clay, James K. Polk, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and John Randolph of Roanoke in its membership. Jackson became Senator and a candidate for President. He led in the electoral vote, but lacked a majority. A combination elected John Quincy Adams.

The incident led to some bitter quarrels, one of which brought on a duel between Houston and General William White of Nashville. Act-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

You need hot soup with all the cold foods in summer

There's health in its sunny flavor!

Fresh from sun-bathed fields come the luscious, ruddy-hued tomatoes for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Plucked from the vines just at the moment when each tomato is ripened to its full deliciousness. Bringing to your table all the tonic, appetizing flavor and glowing healthfulness for which the tomato is famous.

Campbell's use only the choicest, most nutritious parts of the tomato—the rich juices and tender tomato "meat", strained to a smooth puree. Golden country butter further enriches the blend, seasoned to perfection.

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes! It is so easy and so convenient!

Enjoy Cream of Tomato Soup at its very best. Prepare it with Campbell's according to the simple directions on the label.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)		Vegetable-Beef

The roses in my cheeks, they say,
Come from Campbell's Soup each day.
How soup makes roses, I can't see,
But there they are, adorning me!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

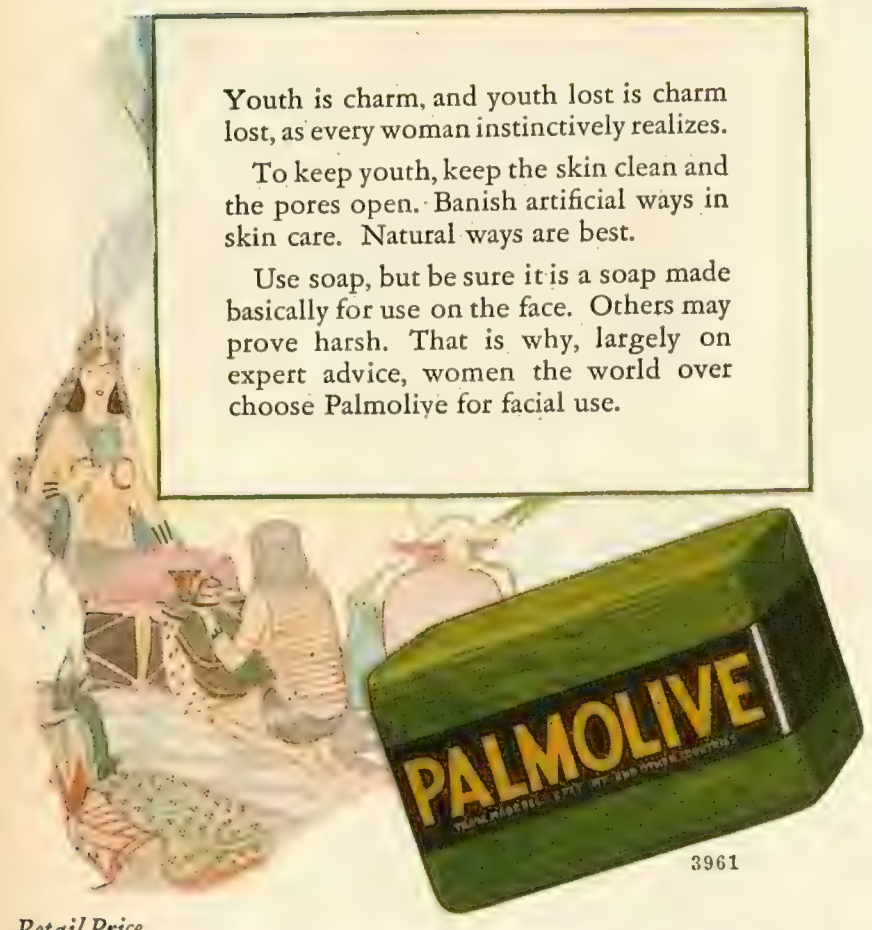
P. S. Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion

The natural charm that men admire is not beyond your reach. Here is the simple daily rule that results in natural beauty, and a lovely skin:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.



Retail Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

WHERE beauty is concerned, an ounce of precaution is worth pounds of costly "cures." For thousands have learned it is comparatively simple to *keep* beauty . . . while there is nothing more pathetic than futile attempts to regain natural charm by artificial means.

The most effective way to natural beauty is Nature's way. The beauty men admire is *natural.* And women whose complexions retain natural charm have learned this.

The simple daily habit of cleansing the face with a true complexion soap—keeping the skin fresh and radiant, the pores open—is the first step to natural beauty.

Use only a true complexion soap

But not any soap will do. Only a soap made for this and no other purpose will achieve the end you seek. A soap made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm. These unguent oils, scientifically combined in Palmolive Soap, are responsible for more of youth and beauty—of natural charm retained—than ever will be known.

Do this each day if you would keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green Soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today—then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

ing on Jackson's advice, Houston held a bullet between his teeth, as a steadying influence in stressing his muscles when he faced his opponent. White was hit in the hip; Houston was unscathed. The duel was fought over the line, in Kentucky, which State indicted Houston, and demanded that he be given up. The polite governor of Tennessee ruled that Houston had fought in self-defense, and declined to honor the requisition.

Following the fight, Houston was himself elected governor in 1827. He was but thirty-four when this high honor came. When he was inaugurated he appeared more of a Cherokee than a white man. He wore, according to the memory of an eyewitness, " a tall, bell-crowned hat, shining black leather military stock or cravat incased by a standing collar, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband with legs full, and a gorgeous many-colored gown or Indian hunting shirt fastened at the waist by a huge red sash covered with fancy beadwork, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps with large silver buckles."

HE was, next to Jackson, the most eminent Tennesseean of the hour, with every prospect of following in his footsteps to the White House, when domestic discord diverted him from the shining path and turned him into one of darkness.

While governor, just after the New Year, 1829, he had married Eliza Allen, a young woman of beauty and good family, quite worthy of his exalted state. In April she left his bed and board, never to return. The cause of her action has not been revealed. She never told, and Houston also kept silent. " Eliza stands acquitted by me," was all he ever said on the subject, but he did much more.

Without delay he wrote General William Hall, Speaker of the House, resigning his high office. " I am," he said, " by my own mistakes, more than the fault or contrivance of any one, overwhelmed by sudden misfortune [that makes it] due to myself and more respectful to the world, that I retire from a position which in the public judgment I might seem to occupy by questionable authority."

Though no word of blame had been uttered against him, Houston's action led to many scurrilous attacks, to which he made no reply. Closing his affairs in Nashville, he vanished. The wife then secured a divorce on the ground of abandonment.

Houston turned his face toward the setting sun and sought in the cabins of the Cherokees, now far off in Indian Territory, the peace ill fortune had taken from him at home. Oolooteka and the tribesmen made him welcome.

He had advised Jackson of his going, and the President received the news with great concern, especially as it came coupled with a rumor that Houston intended to raise an Indian following and take Texas. " I cannot believe," Jackson wrote, " you would have any such chimerical, visionary scheme in view."

He had not, yet fortune was pointing him toward the single star. For three years he lived with the Indians, in 1832 making a journey to Washington with the chiefs to right some patent wrongs, and exciting amazement enough among his former friends.

Later he came again to the capital, where his persistence in protecting the Indians from frauds made him unpopular. One Congressman, William Stanberry of Ohio, impugned him on the floor.

Houston had once cut a hickory cane from one of Andrew Jackson's trees at the Hermitage. He had given it to a friend in Georgetown. Securing the stout stick, he waylaid Stanberry, who pulled a pistol. This, Houston knocked from his hand and gave him a sound thrashing with the rod, which had indeed lain in pickle.

Naturally, the beating up of a Congressman made a mighty uproar. Houston was arrested and brought to the bar of the House of Representatives, which spent a month in trying him. Francis Scott Key, author of The Star-Spangled Banner, was attorney for the defense, though Houston summed up for himself. In the end he was found guilty by a vote of 106 to 89 and sentenced to be reprimanded by the Speaker, who did it delicately.

Jackson openly stood up for him and expressed the hope that the dose of hickory would teach members of Congress to keep civil tongues in their heads.

Following this disagreeable episode, with his social position further impaired, Houston went back to the Cherokees. Here his life was that of the people, though perhaps less creditable. He drank more than was good for him, and took an Indian wife by the simple processes of aboriginal matrimony. The result was a wild one—Temple Houston, who became a dangerous citizen of Oklahoma.

From this sordid life Houston was rescued by the kind, firm hand of Andrew Jackson. Sundry Indians of the Southwest had left their White Father and taken refuge in Texas, to avoid white pressure. Thence, at the same time, bands of Comanches would raid the Western border settlements.

To bring the exiles back and keep the Comanches at home was made a mission for Houston, who thus, under appointment, set out for Texas in December, 1832. His first stop was Nacogdoches, whence he proceeded to San Felipe, where Stephen Austin had centered a colony of Americans.

THE Mexican governor's headquarters was at San Antonio de Bexar. Journeying thither, Houston had for company James Bowie, an adventurer who invented a dreadful knife, much used in bloody Southwestern affrays, which preserves his memory. Bowie was to come again to San Antonio and leave his body there.

He had married the daughter of the Mexican vice governor, and he paved the way for Houston's mission. Houston met the chiefs and made what he thought were terms, but intervening events, in which he was to have a large share, prevented their fulfillment.

Brown Brothers photo

The Alamo Mission as it stands today at San Antonio.

The coming of Austin and his compatriots, though authorized, had alarmed the Mexican government, which now placed an embargo on further immigration from the States. A considerable trade was under way. Feeling was rising that the settlers would no longer submit to be ruled by the State of Coahuila, which could oppress but not protect them.

Houston saw an opening for beginning anew. He returned to Louisiana long enough to write his report and then went back to Texas, to find a serious situation, in which he began to play an active part. Heavy Mexican garrisons had been sent into Austin's domain, ports were closed against free trade, and an evident purpose to smother the colony was manifest.

One custom house, that at Galveston, was made the single place of entry for purposes of enforcing a revenue act. The settlers determined to seize this, provoked thereto by J. D. Bradburn, a Kentuckian, who sided with Mexico and had been made commandant. He proclaimed martial law and arrested a number of settlers. There was some fighting, but no immediate breach. Mexico dismissed the aggressive Bradburn, who fled.

SANTA ANNA now began a revolt against Bustamante, and the Texas colonists, in great measure, took his side, but the outcome was an opportunity to achieve their own independence. This was grasped. Houston, writing to Jackson, observed:

> Mexico is involved in civil war. The Federal Constitution has never been in operation. The Government is essentially despotic, and must be so for years to come. The rulers have no honesty, and the people have not intelligence. The people of Texas are determined to form a State government, and separate from Coahuila, and, unless Mexico is soon restored to order and the Constitution revised and re-enacted, the Province of Texas will remain separate from the Confederacy of Mexico.

He further pointed out the value of the country, and mentioned Jackson's attempts to buy it for the United States, intimating that the time was ripe for such a transfer.

April 1, 1833, the people of Texas assembled in convention at San Felipe, Houston attending as a delegate from Nacogdoches. He was selected to head the Committee of Resolutions, one of the duties of which was to draw up a Constitution for a State apart from Coahuila. This did not contemplate separation from the parent country, but merely an independent entity, like other divisions of Mexico.

The Constitution was adopted, and Stephen Austin took it to the City of Mexico to secure its recognition. He was kept dancing attendance for six months, when, getting no satisfaction, he set out for home, only to be arrested at Saltillo and sent back to endure imprisonment for a year and a half.

Santa Anna had triumphed over Bustamante and finally took up the case. Austin was brought from prison to a conference with the Cabinet. He was then informed that Texas must remain a part of Coahuila. It was agreed, however, to rescind the ban against further American immigration.

With this message on his mind, Austin was released and sent back to his settlement. So matters rested until 1835, when Mexico again attempted to collect all customs at Galveston. Besides this, Santa Anna had set up as dictator and dissolved the government of Coahuila. The Mexican Constitution of 1824 was thrown into the discard. Austin and his associates were thus left without protection for either their persons or their property, save such as they could devise for themselves.

A force of Texans was sent to Galveston to stop the levying of duties. A Mexican armed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The slough *of* despond

another sufferer from cachexia (run-down condition)

Why suffer from that vague ill health known as cachexia, or run-down condition—with the attendant evils of constipation, "nerves", dyspepsia, exhaustion, and depression—when millions have conquered these disorders by eating the simple food, *yeast?*

Try yeast now in its simplest, purest, most palatable and most concentrated form—Yeast Foam Tablets. Rebuild wasting tissues; renew your physical forces with this marvelous, energizing food.

In the handy packet for 5c or the large ten-day bottle at drug stores for only 50c.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[SAM HOUSTON, SAVIOR OF TEXAS]
Continued from page nineteen

schooner captured an American trading vessel which had not respected the customs. This in turn was taken by the settlers and sent to New Orleans, charged with being a pirate.

Revolt now began to take shape. The men formed military companies, but committed no untoward act. This was left to the Mexicans. One of the American towns, Gonzales, possessed a cannon used for defense against Indian raids. The Mexican commandant of San Antonio, Colonel Ugartschea, demanded that it be given up, and, on refusal, sent a company of soldiers to secure the piece. Gonzales was reached from San Antonio by a ferry over the river Guadalupe.

The boat was withdrawn. When the Mexicans sought to ford the stream higher up, they were met by a force from Gonzales, including the cannon, and driven off. Thus the war for Texan independence began on October 2, 1835.

THE success was quickly followed by the capture of Goliad. By this time a considerable force was afield, and it was determined to move against San Antonio, held by General Martin Perfecto de Cos with a garrison of 500 men. Cos was besieged and held out for several months. Efforts to relieve him were defeated by the Texans, but the town stood.

Austin, who had a commission as a Mexican lieutenant colonel, had taken command and now summoned all of his resources. Colonel Edward Burleson replaced Austin in charge of the siege, but made small headway, and the volunteers were fading away when one Benjamin R. Milam, transcending authority, called for followers, and in a rushing assault entered the town December 5, 1835.

Cos held the fortification until the 14th, when he and his men were allowed to march away under a parole, which was not kept.

It was near Christmas, and the Texans celebrated their victory by disbanding and going home. They were not clear yet in their purposes, and the majority were more intent upon securing the acceptance of their rejected Constitution than independence. They had acted against Santa Anna, not Mexico, and so declared themselves in a public pronunciamiento. To support this position a provisional government was organized, with Henry Smith as governor and James W. Robinson, lieutenant governor. A military organization was also perfected, and Houston made commander in chief. From this time on, his life is the story of Texas.

It was soon clear that loyalty to a Mexico that could not dethrone a tyrant was impossible. Houston called for an enlarged force, and soon rallied plenty of volunteers to support his plan for achieving complete liberty. The weak and inefficient governor allowed several provocative expeditions to start and fail, but did nothing to protect the State from a campaign by Santa Anna to restore his dominion. The result was the tragedy of the Alamo and the massacre of Fannin's command at Goliad.

The heavy outline in the map shows Texas as it is today. The shaded portion indicates Texas while under Mexican rule, while the stippled part is extra territory added to the United States with the annexation of the Lone Star State.

Houston was much blamed for these tragic events, but his authority as commander in chief had been quite disregarded, and he wisely, it would now appear, held himself for a decisive blow. By a masterly retreat he led the Mexicans into a trap, and on April 21 met Santa Anna at San Jacinto and utterly defeated him. The dictator was taken prisoner in the rout. He had been badly wounded. On May 14, 1836, the fallen tyrant signed a treaty that severed Texas from Mexico, and was given a safe conduct to New Orleans.

The honors of victory were now conceded to Houston, and he was elected President of the new republic. A single term sufficed him at the head of the turbulent commonwealth, toward which the ne'er-do-wells of the States turned their steps. Foolish assaults on Mexico followed under his successor, Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar, notably the unlucky march to Santa Fe.

So badly did affairs go that in 1841 Houston was again called in to set the house in order. He felt the only sure salvation lay in a union with the great republic to the north; but the United States twice snubbed the suggestion, and Houston then addressed himself to stabilizing the commonwealth as a nation.

In 1842 he retired from office, adjuring his people to behave themselves, which they could not do, indulging in another reckless raid, that against Mier, with its bloody decimation of the captives by the Mexicans.

SOUTHERN sentiment prevailing through the death of President William Henry Harrison, President John Tyler, on March 1, 1845, signed the act annexing Texas, with the consequent Mexican War—not over the annexation, but for the President's determination to fix the border at the Rio Grande instead of the Nueces, which conflict gave us all the great West, the Pacific Coast south of Oregon, and made Houston once more a citizen of the United States. As such he was elected Senator from Texas in 1846, holding office for two terms.

Houston brought to the Senate Chamber a strange, picturesque figure, smacking much of the Cherokee, with Mexican modifications. He liked to affect a poncho—a cloak with a hole in it through which the wearer slipped his head—and a wide sombrero.

The fire within him had pretty well burned out, but his moral courage had not. He boldly opposed Douglas' compromise measures and, while not of the abolitionist opinion, voted against the possible extension of slavery, and when the voice of secession began to be heard in the Senate, stoutly reproved it.

He had married for a second time, a Miss Margaret M. Lea of Alabama, a devout Baptist, who led him into membership in the navy of the Lord. One biographer states that he attended church, but spent his time during the service in whistling. The wild man had, however, become tame.

During his Senate term he resided at Huntsville. He formed a considerable regard for a family outside the town, and would often walk to their homestead for a chat and a glass of buttermilk. His host aspired to some government appointment and used Houston's name as a reference. The latter not only failed to indorse him, but wrote that the applicant was utterly unfit. Somehow this letter got into the hands of the candidate, who saved it up for the next visit.

Brown Brothers photo

Sam Houston as an adopted Cherokee chief.

When Houston appeared he noted that the atmosphere was a mite chilly and sought to soften it by extra geniality. Then Houston's host handed him the letter.

Houston took it, examined the missive with great care, and had some seeming difficulty in identifying it as his own. "Yet," he said, "that is my *m* and my *h*. It can't be mine and yet it must be." Then he burst out: "My dear friend, how do you suppose *I* could ever get drunk enough to write a letter like that?"

RETURNING to Texas, he ran for governor in 1857, but was defeated. Two years later he was elected. The tide of disunion set in, but he refused to be moved by it. With all his heart and soul he strove to save his State for the Union. When the election of 1860 was pending, he dared to speak his warnings to a dissenting public so violent in its views as to expose him to personal danger.

He refused to be daunted. One of his addresses made to a great crowd of secessionists in Galveston was notable. "Some of you laugh to scorn," he said, "the idea of bloodshed as the result of secession, and jocularly propose to drink all blood that will ever flow in consequence of it. But let me tell you what is coming on the heels of secession.

"The time will come when you fathers and husbands, you sons and brothers, will be herded together like sheep and cattle at the point of the bayonet, and your mothers and wives and sisters and daughters will ask: 'Where are they?'

"You may, after the sacrifice of countless millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of precious lives, as a bare possibility, win Southern independence, if God be not against you, but I doubt it."

He declined to call a convention to consider secession.

One assembled despite him. It met January 18, 1861, and ordered a plebiscite. The result was a vote of 44,000 in favor to 13,000 against separation.

The convention reassembled on March 16, 1861, and commanded the governor to come before it and swear fealty to the new nation. This he flatly refused to do, denying the right of the convention to impose any such action upon him. The convention then deposed him and called Lieutenant Governor Edward Clark to the chair.

"I shall make no endeavor," said Houston, "to maintain my authority as chief executive of the State except by the principal exercise of my functions. When I can no longer do this, I shall calmly withdraw from the scene."

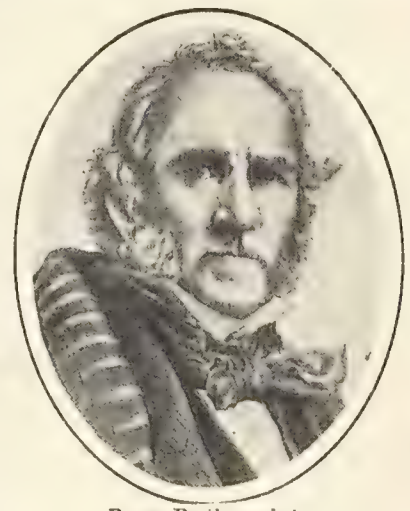
And calmly withdraw he did. He could love Texas, to which he had given so much, only as a State in the old Union.

Coming to his office one morning, he found Clark in possession. He turned and went away. The hero of San Jacinto was no longer a power in the State he had saved and made. So he retired to Huntsville and public life knew him no more.

He did not live long thereafter, dying at his Huntsville home July 26, 1863.

LINCOLN would have made him a major general in the Union army, but he would not fight his State. Besides, he was old and worn and had done his share. Alone, from the South, he had stood up in the Senate. Alone he stood up in Texas.

He knew the men behind the revolt from the ground up. Of Jefferson Davis he once remarked: "He is as ambitious as Lucifer and cold as a lizard."



Brown Brothers photo

In later days, as Governor of Texas.

Among his contemporaries from the North he was greatly respected.

"He is really against slavery," said Charles Sumner; "... is candid, liberal, and honorable. I have been astounded to find myself so much of his inclining."

Though Houston, Texas, bears his name, he is best remembered about the firesides of the Cherokees, who regarded him as one of their great leaders. In Texas history some assert that he sacrificed others to make himself.

Someone always says such things of the successful.

THE END

Good-bye, Sunburn!

When you say good-bye to care and the city's grime and dust, make up your mind that the pain of sunburn shall not mar this summer's vacation. Use Mennen Skin Balm to relieve it immediately.

After years of research Mennen introduced Skin Balm to men, as the final word in after-shaving luxury. They hailed it and praised it, and women soon discovered a multitude of other uses for it. Sunburn is one. And now men and women everywhere are using Skin Balm to heal a blistered, fiery skin and to take out the burn and sting.

There's nothing quite as soothing to sunburn as the cool and fragrant touch of Skin Balm. It soothes and tames the angry redness of skin that's aflame with pain. It spreads easily and smoothly, disappears quickly, leaving an invisible, non-greasy film that lasts all day and heals all day.

Skin Balm cools and heals the skin and keeps it smooth and clear.

Skin Balm is mildly antiseptic and astringent. It is as refreshing and invigorating as an ocean breeze and has an odor that everyone likes. At all drug stores, 50 cents. The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey, and Toronto, Ontario.

GRAPHIC SECTION

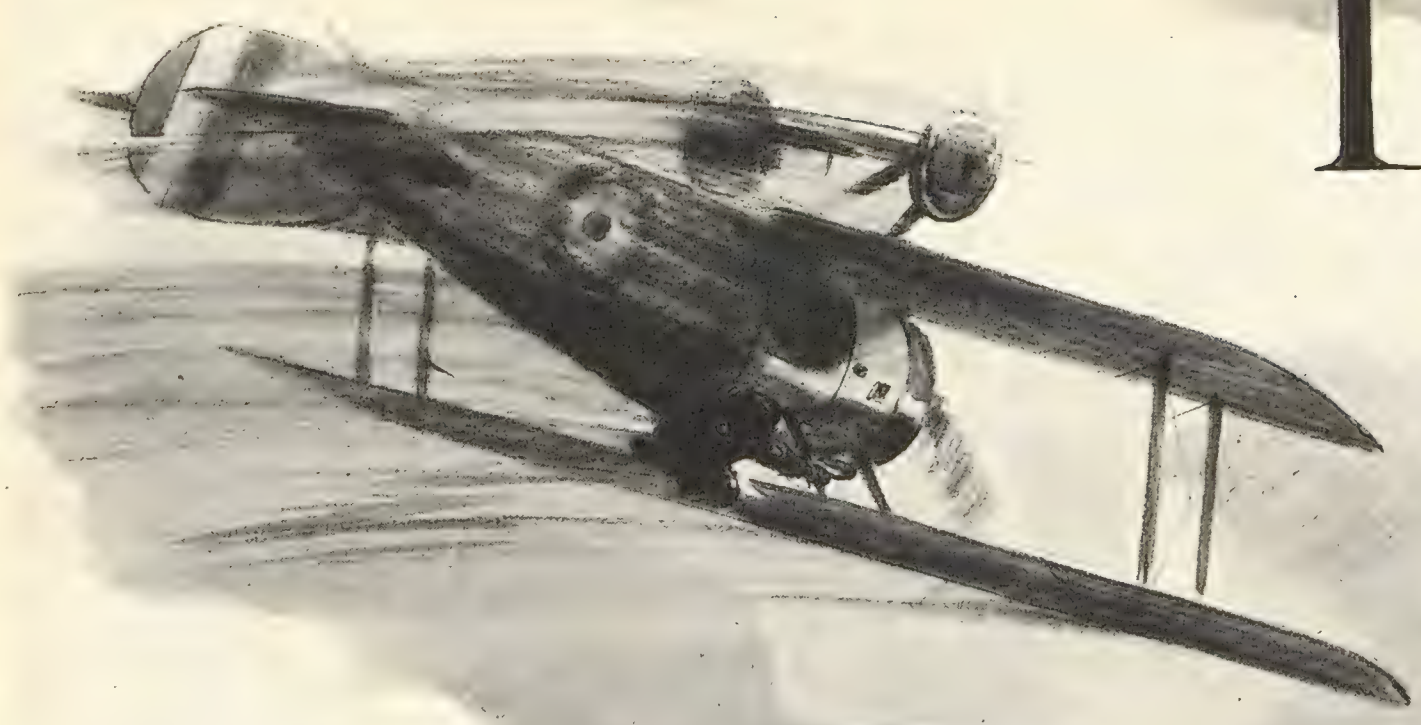
News of the World

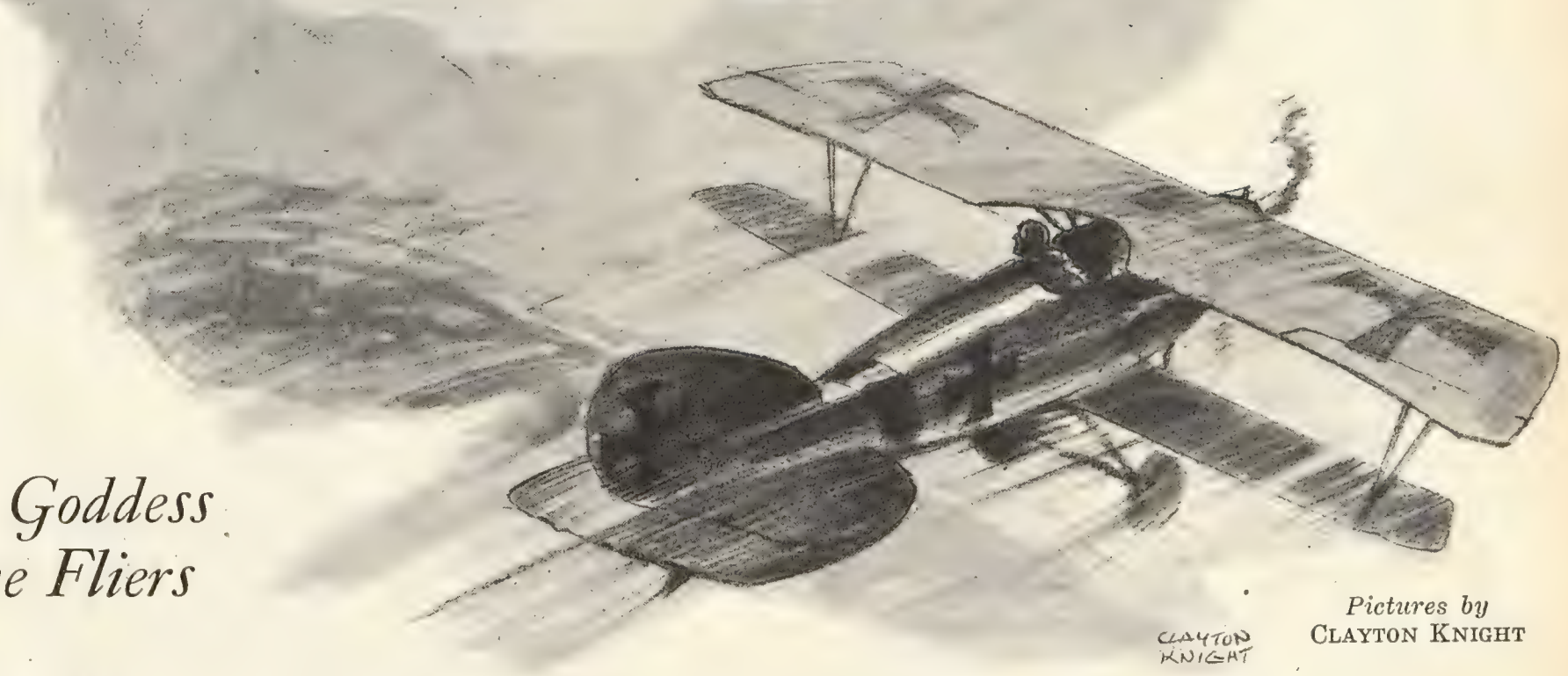
By RALPH BARTON

WORD GOLF—AS PLAYED AT HOUSTON, KANSAS CITY, AND POINTS NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST.

This department does not set up to be a political prophet. The above diagram, showing who will be left in the running after each step or stroke, was made in a trance and dictated to us by our spirit control, Juanita.

Luck *on the* Wing





THERE seemed no hope of righting the machine. Under my clothes I could feel the sweat of fear running down me in little rivers.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

How the Fickle Goddess Flirted with the Fliers

By A. ROY BROWN

(The man who shot down Richthofen)

(Reading time: 20 minutes 36 seconds.)

ENGINES wide open or engines dead—luck was an affair of chance! On some men she strung horseshoes with bells—as in the case of Nick Carter. On others she hung crape.

Nick is back now in Victoria, selling automobiles. That is because Lady Luck, though she kidded him a couple of times, never actually turned thumbs down.

The first time was in 1917 at Moreuil on the Somme, where it was a whim of the brass hats who helped to decide flying men's destinies to maintain what was called an advanced landing field.

This was about the size of a suburban building lot. It was near the lines. Here a pilot with a machine was constantly on duty. From this field he was expected to hop out and bump off enemy spotters—if he could—no matter what the weather.

This day it was Nick's turn. He had been out and was on his way back. But the fog, which had not seemed so bad when he took the air, had become as opaque as buttermilk. Every faculty he had was strained to the limit to pick up the dirty little landing ground. He was flying low, peering out over the side, trying to get his bearings, when suddenly—*crk-s-sh!*

His Sopwith Pup lurched like a bucking broncho. It flung up. Stopped. Nearly pitched him out of the seat.

It was as if the plane had bounced against a powerful spring. It bumped, lurched, shuddered—then started again. But it seemed tied. Something dragged—something that pulled it back and up.

The engine roared wide open. But it had lost its speed.

Nick felt like a harpooned whale.

He looked. The prop was churning. There was something behind it, around the engine. He looked more closely. So that was it.

He had hit a balloon cord!

In all those cubic miles of air, it had been his luck to barge head on into the thin steel cable of a captive British blimp.

He had smashed the cord; but the strands of the upper part had caught in his rotary engine. He was rapidly being wound up toward the gas bag above. Over his head, behind, he could make out the basket atilt and the outline of two scared white faces peeking over the edge.

His machine was towing the balloon forward. That was the drag.

He switched off the engine.

Robbed of its power, held by its snout, the Pup dropped its tail with a jerk and hung plumb vertical. Nick stuck out of the cockpit, his back to the ground.

The weight of the machine was greater than the buoyancy of the big sausage, and the whole outfit sank gradually to the ground.

The crew of the blimp had no hard feelings. Neither had Nick. They were all thankful to be alive.

That was not the only time in fog that Luck laughed with him and not at him. The other occasion was in the spring of 1918, when he was with the 210th Squadron, R. A. F.

He was one of a flight of five Camels sent out as escort to a flock of Australian R. E. 8s whose particular job of work was artillery observation to the south of the Ypres salient, along behind La Bassée. A blanket of pea-soup murk rolled in from the North Sea. Visibility vanished to less than zero.

Washing out the patrol, Nick's flight headed back west, flying blindfolded in fog so thick that they could scarcely see their instrument boards, wondering how and where they would come to roost. Around them in the fog flew Luck, chuckling as she handed out her decisions.

To be brief:

ONE pilot banged into a church steeple. He was killed. Another crashed into a tree. He split his skull. A third lit on the roof of a station at Hazebrouck. He lost his nose completely. The fourth made the airdrome safely.

And Nick?

He had come to earth; his wheels were skimming the ground; everything looked jake—when right in front loomed a brick wall, with him rocketing toward it at sixty an hour!

Jerking on his stick—Lord, how he whipped it back!—he tried to hoist up and over like a hunter at a five-barred gate.

But his tail whanged. His machine broke across the back. The front shot up. The wheels slammed against the wall and climbed.

Nick came to a dead stop, hanging like a moth, unhurt.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LUCK ON THE WING Continued from page twenty-three]

That gives you an idea of how Luck mixed her tricks.

Hard to believe some of them? Perhaps. Many things happened in the war that were hard to believe. Take the case about which Art Whealey of Toronto tells. It concerns the days of the first Zeppelin raids on England, when there were really no machines fit to tackle them, but the British manfully enough sent up B. E. 2 Cs—Richthofen fodder!

Some of these crates had a control called a cheese cutter. It had rather that shape, but its purpose was to set the elevator planes so that you could forget about them while you flew horizontally or at any particular angle you pleased.

There was a Zeppelin raid. Art's hero was sent up, to do or die, in one of these experimental mousetraps. It was his first show. He was as nervous as a brand-new bride. And the night was pitch black. No stars. Not a land light showing anywhere. It was so dark that when he held his hand in front of him he could not count his fingers.

But he was out for gore. He chased around in the void for quite a while. But he could not raise a Zep. He twisted and turned so much that he lost all sense of direction, all idea of balance.

In spite of what his instruments said, he did not know whether he was flying upside down or inside out. Everywhere, swamping him, was this blind darkness. He wished more and more that he had been too proud to go to war. Already he was wondering how he was going to land.

THEN, without warning, his engine failed. He sat there, numb, chilled, powerless. His hand, fumbling, touched and set the cheese cutter. He began to descend on a long dive.

Things had not been so bad with the engine going. But the engine was dead. And to the horror of the darkness was added the silence. His nerves, already strained, began to give way in the uncanny, silent darkness that had neither top nor bottom, beginning nor end.

Down — down — down! Sinking—sinking! The wind whipped his cheeks. It whined through the wires. Terror took hold of him.

From the face of his altimeter, faintly luminous as a ghost clock, he knew that he had about reached the limit of his glide. Within seconds, he knew, he'd crash. That was inevitable. Any moment there'd be a bang, a splintering, a crushing smash—maybe fire.

God!

Better a quick death now than that.

With shaking hands he tore his belt loose. He got to his feet. Bracing himself, he clambered upon the seat. For a split second he held himself balanced.

Then he jumped clean out into the night.

About three seconds later, by rough reckoning, he landed kerflump on a haystack that was standing in a farmer's yard!

IT had been Nick's luck to barge head on into the thin steel cable of a captive British blimp.

No, he did not escape quite unhurt. One leg was broken.

But next morning his B. E. 2 C was found in a meadow near by, sitting on its wheels as if the pilot had stepped out and gone for a stroll. It had made a perfect landing!

Of course, if he had stayed with it, there is the chance that he might have crashed and been killed. You never can tell. That was the way luck went.

It was just as likely to go bad as good. I never can forget a pitiful case that occurred at Dunkirk in the spring of '17. Number Ten Squadron, R. N. A. S., had just been formed, and, although none of us knew it this particular evening, they were due to be moved down to the Somme at dawn.

Stationed in the same drome as my own outfit, they invited us over that night to play poker.

That was a night of nights. I never had such luck—before or since. We played only twenty minutes; but in that time I had raked in every chip on the table and had sold some several times. Riches were already mine for the cashing.

AND now—for the first and last time in my life—I held, close against my beating heart, a royal flush in a split-ess jack pot, with my opponents standing pat and bidding their heads off.

All of them apparently had good hands. I was on edge, trying to look as if I held merely a pair of deuces. In about two minutes I was going to make the most appalling clean-up in the history of the flying game. I would have money to leave to my grandchildren. If I did not lose it all—

But just then the Hun came over on a bomb raid. He was always inopportune.

He laid eggs all over the airdrome. Some of them fell too close to be comfortable. One of them plopped just outside the mess. And everyone dived for the dugouts.

The game was called.

It was impossible to resume that night, and next morning Ten Squadron left for the Somme. I was never able to collect a cent.

If that wasn't tough luck—like that of the Irishman, offered a drink in his dream, who asked for water with it, and wakened up before it was brought—then here is another bomb story to match.

I was stationed at Bray Dunes, attached to the Fourth Squadron, R. N. A. S.—this was also in the spring of 1917, just before the amalgamation of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps into the Royal Air Force—when we had the Fifty-fourth Squadron, R. F. C., one night to dinner.

It was a very nice dinner, quite doggy. The thirty-odd officers present were just warming up nicely when along came Old Man Hun with a bag of bombs.

No one paid any particular attention except our armament officer. Bombs were his special hate. He could not stand them.

Usually we were inclined to help his wind rise. Only a few evenings previously Chadwick and I, each with a couple of empty gas

cans, had crept up to the side of his hut. Then, while another chap imitated the drone of a machine approaching, we had banged them together. And "Guns" had nearly knocked us down as he dived for the dugout.

This night, with visitors present, we spared him. He did not want to show the white feather before these Flying Corps chaps. But he twittered pitifully.

The bombs were really banging about most unpleasantly. Matter of fact, they blew Fifty-four's huts to smithereens. Another case of luck. Our mess was untouched.

Guns held his wind down manfully. But at last it blew. A *c-c-crump* came rather close. With a sort of moan, he jumped up and shot through the door.

"Jove! That lad got out quick!" Our visitors were astonished at his lack of tact in not excusing himself from the table.

We laughed: "Oh, that's Guns in a funk."

We all drank to his absent welfare and forgot about him.

IT was perhaps an hour later, with the raid long since over, that Huskisson, Fourth Squadron C. O., brought him to mind.

"Where's that armament officer?" he asked. We looked around to see if he was hanging from the wall or under the table. "Pop out, Ron, and see what's happened."

Five minutes later Ron Kierstead came back looking as if he'd met a ghost.

"He's dead," he said hollowly. "Right by the dugout."

We all rushed out to see if he had a spark of life or—failing that—to wish him well on his way to Valhalla. Sure enough, he lay there with an ugly gash across his forehead.

But he was far from dead.

Fact of the matter was, the poor blighter had been in such haste that he had forgotten to duck at the dugout. The railroad iron over the entrance had sent him down for the full count.

He was out for a couple of hours.

If he had stayed in the mess he would have been all right. On the other hand, he might have proved a Jonah and brought a bomb on the lot of us. You never could tell about luck.

Personally, I hated dugouts worse than I hated bomb raids. I preferred to stroll about in the open rather than sweat in an underground hole with its stinking candles and moldy air.

Then he jumped clean out into the night.

There was no particular courage in my attitude. That's merely how it happened to strike me.

One night of a raid on the Dunkirk drome, I was keeping, according to custom, in the open, when an impulse drove me to peek into the dugout and kid the troops.

"COME out into the open like men, you yellow-bellied moles," I called.

They answered in kind. Then someone called:

"Oh, Brownie, come on in and see Slim Silton. He's scared shirtless."

Hunching down, I crouched in past the sandbags to look at him. And at that very moment a dud dropped—*zonk!*—just where I had been standing a moment before and buried itself in the mud.

If I had not moved in to laugh at Slim, it would have cleft me to the teeth.

"Dugouts," I said, "are too damned dangerous."

I had no further desire to see Slim. I got out. I was afraid that he would see me.

Of course, there were times you could make your own luck—in a dog fight particularly, if your wits were working, your engine was running right, and your machine guns did not jam.

Rollicky Haine proved that when he pulled himself and Goodenough out of a tight jam by luck plus sheer nerve.

Rollicky was an Englishman. Goodenough was an American. They belonged to a flight led by Kiwi Beamish, Australian, which in turn belonged to 203 Squadron, R. A. F., commanded by Raymond Collishaw, the Canadian ace. Which, at least, gives you some idea of the cosmopolitan nature of the Air Force.

Goodenough, just fresh from the pool, was making his first patrol when the flight mixed it with a large congregation of Huns and was scattered to the ends of heaven.

The sky was full of Huns.

Haine and Goodenough found themselves together. They were seven miles inside enemy territory, and everywhere they looked there were Huns. Huns to right of them. Huns to left of them. Dived and splitessed. Volleyed and thundered.

Haine said, "Now I lay me down to sleep." He had his wind up vertical.

It was a nice initiation for Goodenough. He did a wise thing. He followed close on Rollicky's tail.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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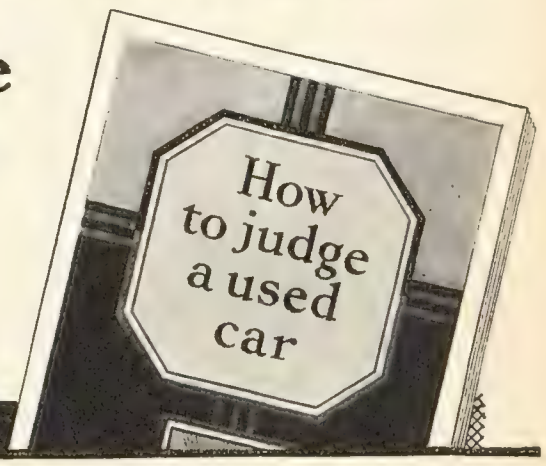

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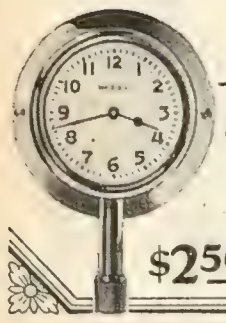

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[LUCK ON THE WING Continued from page twenty-five]

Both expected to leave the Air Force for the angels' chorus any moment.

But suddenly it dawned on Rollicky that, by some trick of luck, they had become mixed up with a squadron of Huns. And the Heinies did not seem to be aware of them. There were ten or twelve in formation and they were headed for the British lines.

He was right under their tails, cold meat hanging on a hook, and they did not even know it.

"By Jove!" Haine's wits were working. "I'll take a bally chance, what!"

He swung in behind and beneath them and sat there. Goodenough followed suit. All the way to the British lines, the pair of them, Englishman and Yank, flew along in the shadow of the German staffel. For seven miles! And the Huns did not know a thing about it. They buzzed along, singing Deutschland über Alles, no doubt, between their set teeth.

I never had such luck—before or since. Riches were mine for the cashing.

At last the lads were over their own home plate or thereabouts.

"Thanks very much, old dears," sighed Rollicky, waving his hand. "So nice of you to oblige." And he led Goodenough down on a long, sweet dive.

That was rolling your own luck. You see, there were several kinds.

IN The Red Knight of Germany, recently published in LIBERTY, an American airman told of being pitched out of a plane on a dive, but of landing back on it, fortunately for him, before reaching the ground. I remember a case that matches it.

This happened at Chingford, a training drome in England. A man named Merriam was an instructor there. His method with cadets was to make 'em or break 'em quick. Not that he was hard-boiled. No. He was merely an efficiency expert.

"Got a sensitive backbone?" he'd say to a quirk, or student, as he pulled on his gloves.

"Hope so, sir. Why, sir?"

"If you haven't you can't fly. Get in."

He never wore goggles. He was very shortsighted and claimed he could not see anyway. But he could fly.

On this particular occasion his pupil was Tubby Wallace.

They went up in a Grahame White two-seater—this was early in the game—an animated box kite that looked like a bird cage on wings. It was a pusher type, with a little nacelle instead of a man-sized fuselage, in which the instructor sat in front, with the quirk behind.

They went up 4,000 or 5,000 feet.

Tubby had forgotten to fasten his belt. He did not seem particularly interested. Old Merriam was a crank. He did not know that Tubby's belt was loose, but he did know that Tubby was not very impressed with the lesson.

Without warning, to jolt him, he whipped up and over in a sharp loop.

And suddenly, as they flung over coming down, Tubby felt himself leaving the cockpit and starting a vertical dive on his own.

He was pitching over the bow earthward.

That was nasty. He became interested right away.

He got busy trying to clutch something.

As he shot out over Merriam he managed to wrap his legs around the instructor's neck. He gripped and hung on with his feet locked, nearly choking him.

But it would have taken more than that to have fussed Old Merriam, who could fly without looking.

He pulled out of the loop, glided down, and made a perfect landing with Tubby's legs still around his neck and Tubby's head hanging out over the front of the nacelle.

IT was fortunate for Tubby that the machine was a pusher and not a tractor with the propeller in front, or he would have been guillotined.

It was lucky that he had strong legs, or he would have broken his neck.

It was lucky the pilot was Merriam, or the pair of them would have crashed.

And it taught Tubby to fasten his belt.

Talking about belts, one played a funny trick on another instructor whose name I cannot give.

He had just landed a quirk from an Avro, a dual control bus, and gone up for a solo flip, not knowing that his pupil, climbing out of his cockpit, had carelessly let his belt catch over the top of the forward joy stick.

He found out, though, when he looped and, at the end of it, tried to flatten out.

His joy stick, which acted in unison with the other, stuck. He tried to push it down. It stayed put, hard back.

And the Avro, answering its control, started in again to loop.

It had not the speed, of course. Halfway up, it stalled and flopped like a shot duck.

WHILE the pilot fought in vain to shove the stick down, the machine gathered speed on the dive and once more flung up drunkenly in a hop, skip, and a flop.

Half a dozen times, over and over, it staged this game of shuttlecock, losing height, and with each flop dropping nearer and nearer to a crash. He was powerless. It was merely a question of gritting his teeth and waiting.

The crash did not come.

His wheels happened to spin along the ground as the machine swung flat before beginning its last half loop. He shut off the engine and came to a dead stop.

Luck—pure luck!

On examination, he found that the belt, caught over the top of the student's joy stick, had slid down when he pulled the rear one back to make the first loop. There it had held taut.

Speaking still of belts, mine was the instrument of as queer a case of luck as any I know. This was in the spring of 1917, when my squadron, the Ninth, R. N. A. S., was stationed at Hondschoote, southeast of Dunkirk, just over the French border from Belgium.

We had just achieved Sopwith Camels, and this was one of our first patrols in them. The latest

thing in scout machines, they came to us with a great reputation for speed and flexibility.

But we had been warned of an exceeding trickiness of the controls. Look out especially on a vertical dive, was the word, or you'll find yourself over on your back.

Of course, there was only one way to learn their vagaries—by experience, if you lived through it.

THE patrol in question was a high offensive, from Nieuport on the coast to the forest of Houthulst, just north of the salient, and back—up and down over the flooded Yser Canal zone.

We had perhaps 12,000 feet, when just in front of Pervyse, between Nieuport and Dixmude, we sighted, directly underneath, a flock of four or five enemy aircraft.

We stuck our tails up. We whanged down, full out, at them.

I had picked my Albatross—a green one, heavily camouflaged. I was coming at him like a dropping hawk. He knew it. He was split-essing to escape. Away below I could see him begin swerving and flipping to throw me off. I had to tighten my dive to keep a bead on him. My nose was dead on the middle of his plane. I was about to press the triggers and let him have it straight and hot when—*fft!*

Heaven and earth suddenly changed places.

The Camel was over on her back. She was tearing through the air, throttle wide open, upside down.

And I was hanging by my belt out of the machine, head down toward the earth.

To say that I was upset is putting it mildly. I was scared spineless. The belt was elastic, and stretched to the limit. The strain on it was fierce. The two elastic straps that held me to the longerons might give way any second.

And I would flop 3,000 feet!

Fortunately, I had fallen forward. My chest rested on the machine guns. That gave me support.

One pilot banged into a church steeple.

My first thought was to right the bus. Desperately I flailed with my feet. One of them struck the joy stick. I do not know what it did, but the machine rolled and sideslipped. I struck the stick again. The bus lurched, stalled, and swooped over on her nose in a way that nearly gave me heart failure.

That was no good.

I managed to get a hand on each of the side struts, and gripped them as if they were parallel bars in a gym and I was doing a short-arm balance.

Then I felt around gingerly with my feet. But I could not get a toe hold on anything.

Desperately, once more I tried to kick the stick over. But the only effect was to make the Camel lurch, pitch, sideslip, dive, like a crazy kite in a gusty wind.

It made me sick. There seemed no hope of righting the machine. My arms felt suddenly weak. My head was bursting. Under my clothes I could feel the sweat of fear running down me in little rivers.

I knew I had lost height. Below, the ground now showed up in terribly plain detail.

And every moment I expected to hear the *r-r-rat-tat-tat* of guns and feel the sear of tracer bullets. In fact, I wondered why someone had not already plugged me. I could not know that my mad maneuvering had the Hun's wind up and was sending my recent opponent skittering in front of me in a blue funk.

VERY gingerly I shoved myself up to a full arm balance on the side struts. That took my chest off the support of the guns. The pressure of the wind forced me back and nearly threw me off my balance. But I got my feet hard against the cushion of the seat. That gave me stability. I braced myself in an arch.

How I managed it I don't know to this day. But at last I found myself back in the seat, still upside down, it is true, but at least in the seat.

Holding myself jammed against one side with one hand, I shot out the other and shut off the engine.

A mere flip at the controls—and I had rolled over right side up.

Phew!

I was now in a normal position. A glance showed me the ground less than 500 feet below!

I looked around to get my bearings. My hand was reaching forward to start the engine—when there, right in front of me, was a Hun machine.

It was a green one, heavily camouflaged.

He was not coming at me. He was trying to get away from me! He was stunting, swerving, zigzagging.

My thumbs tightened on the triggers. My two Vickers ripped out a double burst.

I got him on the fly. He lurched, sideslipped, fell out of control like a falling leaf.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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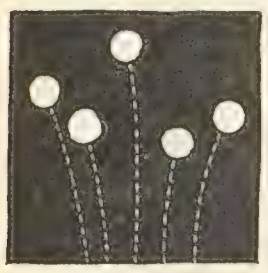

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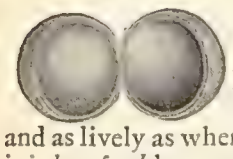

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[LUCK ON THE WING Continued from page twenty-seven]

Starting my motor, I circled down after him. But the one drag was enough. He crashed in the flooded area and I saw the water break up around him as he hit.

It was only afterward I learned how I had caught him.

My antics in the air had sent his wind up. Peculiarly enough, my plane, out of control, had kept right on his tail, apparently following him to the end.

I swung west over the sunken machine. I was very low. I flew along the front-line trench, almost touching the heads of the Belgian troops.

They had their hats off, waving. I knew they were cheering, too, for I could see their faces, though I could not hear them.

Waving in response, I flew on and picked up the rest of the flight.

The Huns had all disappeared. We finished the patrol. Half an hour later we landed back at the drome.

My wheels had scarcely settled when Mellersh, who had been out with me, came running over.

"Brownie! By Jove, old man, that was terrific stunting!"

He put his arm around my shoulder. I grinned. I thought he was kidding. But there was an awed look on his face and his tone was the solemn one you use in the presence of a master.

"I never in my life saw anything like it."

Other fellows came over.

"Some show, Brownie! It was a wow. How in flames did you do that roll?"

I looked very mysterious. Took it all without saying a word. What could I say? And why disabuse their minds? They were delighted. And so was I.

For Luck had just handed me my own life on a platter, with a victory for which I did not deserve the slightest credit.

Explanations would only have taken the edge off the gift.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The BANKS O' DOON

By Robert Burns

[Robert Burns (1759-96) was the great lyric poet of Scotland. In his brief life he composed hundreds of poems, principally in his native dialect, which have made him loved throughout the English-speaking world.]

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

DULL HAIR-
DULL COMPANY
~men seem to think!

Why not be rid of this handicap tonight?

So needless, now — that depressing dullness that spoils the effect of lovely frock or pretty face! Just *one* shampooing with Golden Glint will banish it *tonight!* Rich, generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly — all trace of dullness gone! Hair soft, fragrant, lustrous, alive with those dancing lights that speak of youth! Of course "he" will notice the difference! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. F, 613 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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Also relieves Catarrh—Asthma—Hay Fever —Sinus Trouble. An ingenious patented device (18 karat gold filled). It opens your nostrils gently and effectively and soothes you to sleep. Lasts a lifetime. **Price $2.00**

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Jan. 16 Round the World Cruise, $1000 up
Jan. 30 Mediterranean Cruise, 66 days, $600 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

They Offered Her A JOB if She Wouldn't Marry

So Now She Heads the Corporation—and Has a Husband Too!

An Article by
GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 18 minutes 42 seconds.)

THERE was a time—within the recollection of all of us who are more than thirty—when a creature called "the new woman" was causing considerable stir and fuss in the public mind.

Society and the newspapers were chiefly interested in the "new woman" because she furnished a novel and defenseless object for ridicule.

In the midst of the thunderings from the press and the warnings from the clergy in the year 1903, a young girl wearing a sailor hat applied for a job with the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, located at Coney Island.

She had no idea of emulating or subjugating man. She simply needed work. She was merely a child in the world of business: eighteen and just out of Erasmus Hall High School, where she had all but completed her course. A girl with pigtails down her back—pigtails that aroused some envy in her set because they had been successfully trained to terminate in curls.

The small job seeker was not a stenographer. She could not even use a typewriter. But because she was earnest and possessed that much advertised business asset—a high-school education—she was taken on as office girl at the then amazingly high salary of ten dollars a week.

Her name was Mary E. Dillon.

Two years ago this same Mary E. Dillon—now smartly shingle bobbed—was elected president and chairman of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company at a five-figure salary that many men might well envy.

She was not elected to serve as a figurehead. Miss Dillon was made chief of her firm because the directors honestly wanted her and because she knew more about gas and the needs of her community than anyone else. She now heads 500 employees, four-fifths of whom are men.

For years before that she had performed all the duties of president. Her induction into the big office involved no readjustment, no expansion of her knowledge.

It was merely a matter of ordering her secretary to type "President" after the delicate signature that represents the company's highest authority.

Miss Mary Dillon, who won the presidency of a public utility corporation.

A meeting of employees of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, being addressed by Miss Dillon, their chief, on the platform at the left.

Although many elements of character and many years of hard work have put Miss Dillon in the big job she holds today, her advancement at one stage hinged on a simple promise—her pledge not to marry.

In that early day—which has already passed into history in the more American and sophisticated minds—the average woman preferred any fate to the pitied plight of "old maid."

Women married drunken men who beat them up on Saturday nights. They entered into loveless unions so as to escape being single and supposedly unwanted after twenty-five. Others took mates who could not support them and grew prematurely old and wizened battling the grim ogre of poverty.

A life with anything in trousers, apparently, was better than to drift into drab spinsterhood and see oneself caricatured on comic valentines labeled "old maid."

MISS DILLON had been working for the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company for three years when the general manager, J. J. Humphreys, suddenly found himself in need of an office chief. He said he was willing to put Miss Dillon in the job, despite the fact that she was only twenty-one.

Then he looked thoughtfully at her sparkling blue eyes and curling brown hair. And he reconsidered, remarking that he wanted an office manager who would stay. The eyes and the hair and the diminutive girlish figure didn't augur well for the permanency of the Dillon applicant.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Exclusive features—such as the patented closed crotch, and encircling waist-web of "B.V.D." union suits—the highly specialized *methods* of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of *all* "B.V.D." garments, provide the coolness that comes from definitely better fit and greater ease.

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Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
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Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

[A JOB IF SHE WOULDN'T MARRY]
Continued from page twenty-nine

"But I'll give you my word I'll not marry," declared Miss Dillon.

Thus bravely defying the bugbear of spinsterhood, which was a real bugbear then, little Mary Dillon became office manager.

Five years ago, freed from antimatrimonial pledges, she yielded to the ancient but still potent argument that her life experience would not be complete without marriage. She took a husband, Henry Farber.

Farber is not merely Miss Dillon's husband: he is a successful man whose interests are not in gas. His business is coal and towboats. Although he is sixteen years older, their marriage is a notable success. Never having had enough of each other's society, each continually craves the companionship of the other.

Both love to dance. They delight in swimming. Their home at Sea Gate, Long Island, is so close to the Atlantic that in stormy weather the waves come over the sea wall and break in their driveway.

They are as old fashioned a married couple as their active lives permit them to be. No ultramodern twice-a-week breakfasts here!

"Mealtime is one of our few opportunities to be together," said Miss Dillon recently. "We breakfast together at eight-thirty and dine together at six-thirty. I like to go home and have dinner with my husband, even if I have to return to the office afterward because of an extra crush of work."

ALTHOUGH enthusiastic about her home, Miss Dillon does not attempt to oversee the details of its management. An executive by nature, she remarks:

"That is what I have a housekeeper for."

The arduous double rôle of homekeeper and business woman has never appealed to her. Perhaps that is why she has natural color in her cheeks at forty-two, and the sparkle of youth in her eyes despite twenty-five years of hard plugging.

"Why should a business woman undertake the responsibility of housekeeping?" Miss Dillon asks. "Men don't do it. Of course there are many cases where a woman wage earner is obliged to do housework at night. There are some, I suppose, who even like it.

"They get a thrill out of seeing dirty dishes come shining and clean from the suds. That has never been my hobby."

And as for babies— Hear this unusual woman who dares to state what she believes and not what the palpitating old fogy of tradition hopes she will say:

"I love children, but I have no particular desire to raise any. My thirty or more nieces and nephews bring me into pleasant and complete contact with the younger generation. They satisfy all my requirements in that direction."

Miss Dillon, head of a $12,000,000 corporation, the only woman in America at the head of a public utility, did not stray into the gas business with any strong minded notions about carving out a "career." The need of money shaped her destiny, as it shapes the destinies of nearly all successful men.

HER childhood was unromantic enough. Except for the astrological sign under which she was born, or whatever it is that makes individuals of us, she would have gone through the familiar program of high school, marriage, babies, and corpulency at forty.

The potential public utility chief came into the world in noisy Washington Street, near Morton Street, New York, June 15, 1885. She was the seventh in a sturdy procession of twelve children. Her mother named her Mary Elizabeth, which cognomen she now cloaks under the businesslike signature, "M. E. Dillon."

In the modest home at 77 Horatio Street, where she grew up, Mary observed that twelve children are not raised on the $1,800 salary of a post-office employee except by expert management.

Today she points out that her gas company has reached its present solid financial footing through years of operating on an economical budget.

P. & A. photo

The busy executive at her desk, and (above) as a schoolgirl of eleven.

She attended Public School No. 41, at the foot of Charles Street in New York's Greenwich Village.

Then she went to the Grand Street annex of Wadleigh High School, and before she knew it found herself president of the freshman class. There was a society composed of the leaders of the various school organizations. Mary became president of that, too, and

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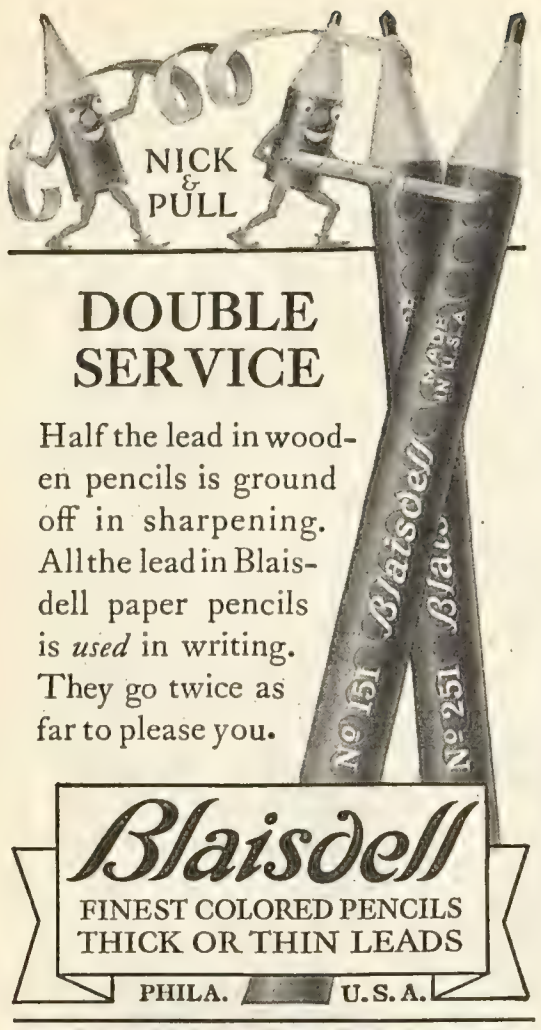

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AND FALLING HAIR

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

at fourteen gloried in the overpowering title, "President of the Presidents."

When her family removed to Brooklyn she attended Erasmus Hall High School. Her brilliant work in physics, which made her president of the Physics Club, revealed the mathematical and precise mind which today enables her to wrestle with construction contracts, the technical details of purifying and condensing apparatus, and other mysteries which play a part in providing gas for 225,000 persons.

During a summer vacation at Coney Island Mary went to work at Louis Stauch's bathing pavilion. Her job was to size up the female customers and hand them the bathing suit adequate for their proportions. In time she protested against her slim six dollars a week wage for this expert service and demanded seven dollars.

The proprietor said she wasn't worth it. About this time the gas company offered her ten dollars, and off trotted little Mary to begin her truly remarkable climb to position and affluence.

She waited on customers—there were only 800 on the company's books then—she checked over meter records, and she balanced cash.

EVEN then, her old associates will tell you, Mary Dillon was a natural executive. She took the lead in any job—she couldn't help it.

Office manager, assistant general manager, vice president, and finally president of the company and chairman of its board of directors—those were her stepping-stones through the tumultuous and chilly torrent that threatened to engulf the pioneer business woman.

In those twenty-five years "little Mary Dillon" has learned much. But she refuses metaphorically to stick her thumbs in her vest and chestily hand out a formula for success.

She is not a prude—not even a churchgoer—but with a touch of mysticism in her blue eyes she volunteers: "Learn to pray. It starts good forces moving in your direction. I did not pray to be president, but I often pray over problems that come up in my work."

We formulated the following rules, based on her life and works, and Miss Dillon gave silent assent.

Here, then, is her code. By these principles came a timid office girl to be president of a vast business:

1. Work unceasingly.
2. Opportunity is necessary—it would be foolish to say success could be achieved without it.
3. Learn to pray.
4. To girls: use your feminine personality—as long as you keep within the bounds of good taste. Business needs all the color women can bring to it.
5. Believe in people.
6. Anticipate emergencies.
7. Employ sentiment in business: its appeal is universal.
8. Handle people as a woman does; handle affairs as a man does.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A New Motoring Experience

A ride in a Graham-Paige 629 will reveal the beauty, smoothness, and swiftness of this fine six—and permit you to enjoy at first hand the delightfully new experience of driving with *four speeds forward.* We want you to enjoy this new experience.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices beginning at $860, f. o. b. Detroit, for Model 610.

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GRAHAM-PAIGE

The vestless season's here!

Look to your belt buckle

That belt buckle of yours! You haven't given it much thought lately, perhaps. All winter a kindly vest has sheltered it from the critical glances of the outside world.

But it's getting warmer. Pretty soon your vest's coming off. Then what will people see?

Examine that buckle now! Is it of precious metal—a real article of jewelry—or just an ordinary buckle?

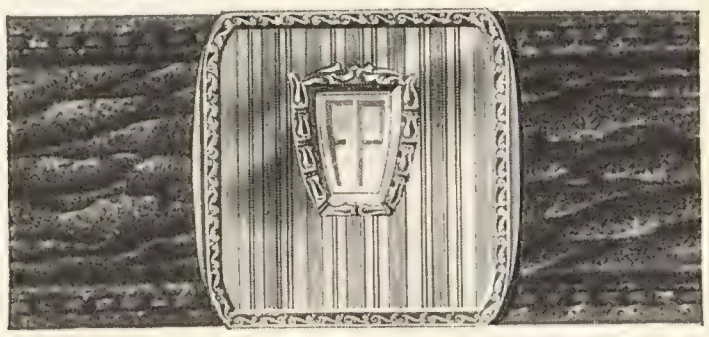
Consider if it isn't time for a new one. And this time make it a *real* buckle—a buckle up to the minute in style, made in precious metal to give you dependable service for years.

Go to your jeweler's for it. Let him show you a Wadsworth, permanently non-slipping, with a patented grip that locks itself tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

You'll find the price surprisingly moderate for the value you get. And to be sure you get that value, look for the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped on the back of each buckle.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio

Case makers for the leading watch movements



Wadsworth Buckles are obtainable in pleasing variety. Sterling silver, $3.25 to $7.50; 14-kt. gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $6.25 to $15; 14-kt. gold filled, $15 to $20

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[A JOB IF SHE WOULDN'T MARRY]
Continued from page thirty-one

9. Never become too important to bother with small customers.

10. Get an education if you can.

Customers who come with their troubles to the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company never suffer from that impotent feeling that vexes most patrons of a public utility. Reason? The president herself is always ready to listen to a complaint even if it is only a tenement mother wanting a gas burner adjusted.

Miss Dillon anticipates emergencies and prepares for them with fervor. She was her company's chief witness in the reduced rate hearings before the New York State Supreme Court. This famous case was precipitated in 1916 when the New York Legislature passed a law reducing gas from ninety-five cents per thousand cubic feet to eighty cents.

P. & A. photo

The Dillon house at Sea Gate, Long Island.

WHEN this blow fell, Miss Dillon's company had just paid its first dividend, and was keeping its head above water only by the most painstaking supervision of costs and income.

The Brooklyn Borough Gas Company felt the law was confiscatory. It was headed straight for bankruptcy, it contended, and was permitted to file a bond and continue charging ninety-five cents, pledging to return the difference to consumers, if it lost its fight in court.

The Brooklyn Borough concern, owing to the then sparsely settled and vast areas it served, found itself in an alarming condition. It had invested heavily in long mains, serving only handfuls of consumers here and there, in the belief that the Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay sections would become well settled in a few years and its equipment would become profitable.

This prediction has since proved correct, but at that time the action of the Legislature threatened to wreck the company's high hopes.

Thus it came about that the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company came before former Governor Charles E. Hughes, as master appointed by the court, to battle the combined forces of the State, the city, and the Public Service Commission.

The hearings started in May, 1917, dragged throughout that hot long summer, and were not concluded until January of the following year.

Public utility experts who have gone through a rate war will tell you that nothing is more exhausting, more nerve-shattering than these court hearings and the preparation for them.

Strong men, after a session on the witness stand, frequently leave the room in a state of nervous collapse, almost as pitiable as the condition of a woman murderess who has fought for her life under the verbal lashes of a State's attorney.

Miss Dillon was the sensation of the controversy. Day after day she sat at the long mahogany table in Hughes' office in New York, in the chair reserved for the principal witness, and pitted her brain and knowledge against the combined onslaught of attorneys for the three powers she was fighting.

The usual tactics were employed. They cross-

Henry Farber, Miss Dillon's husband.

questioned her, they ridiculed her, they thundered complex questions that would try the brain of a dozen Solomons.

At night she tortured herself with imaginary questions that might be asked in cross-examination, and studied in anticipation of the next day's barrage.

Through it all Miss Dillon kept her temper. Wearing a simple blue dress, dimpling in faint smiles at the thundering questions, she was invariably the calmest person in the room.

HIGHLY technical details on operating expense, financial structure of the company, geography of the territory served, replacement value, and cost of equipment drew lucid, unhurried answers that would have been a credit to any male expert in the business.

She had notes, of course, as is customary in almost any technical testimony. But many of her replies, involving figures and difficult facts, were given entirely from memory.

She was not only defending her own knowledge and business reputation: she was fighting her company's life-and-death fight, and fighting to keep gas going to the mothers and children of Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay.

Afterward counsel for the city complained laughingly that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It doesn't have to be Christmas

to make somebody a present of a good flashlight. Man or woman, boy or girl, will find a hundred uses for it, indoors and out, daytime and night.

Of course I'd be choosey if I were making the present, and I'd be sure the one I gave was a genuine Eveready—loaded for darkness with genuine Eveready Batteries. That'd be my way of making *sure* that my gift was as trusty as it was good-looking.

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If $5 to $10 an hour sounds good to you, here's your opportunity! Right now we need more men in each locality to start work at once —with profits running as high as $200-$400 a month and more!

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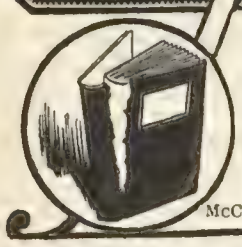

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

witness had been reading the minds of the cross-examiners; that before their questions were fully formed she had her answers ready.

"What chance did we have with such a witness?" he asked.

There were months of suspense, before the decision—a victory for Miss Dillon and her company—was rendered by Mr. Hughes.

She is the only woman who has ever participated as a witness in a public utility rate hearing, and today is accounted one of the finest experts in the business.

And through it all Miss Dillon has kept her health. Her strong face shows none of the worry wrinkles brought about by agonizing over trifles.

"An executive must be able to select the important from the unimportant," she says. "Mental confusion in this respect is no more frequent in women than in men.

"I have no particular health régime. I try to sleep nine hours —but how often I don't! Last summer I worked overtime every day. When I get home after an evening at the office I don't give my house a thought. A hot bath—and to bed. If I am tired in the morning I don't dream of taking violent exercise."

MISS DILLON subscribes to no set opinions on the question that has tortured reform zealots—the appearance of the business woman.

"A woman should be allowed to dress as she likes. You wouldn't think of dictating to a man as to whether he should wear stiff or soft collars, long or short hair. I do not object to my girl employees using rouge if it makes them more attractive.

"Our sex has been long-suffering in the matter of personal criticism. Some women are stunning in tailored business clothes; on others they are not becoming. The world would lose half its fun if we were all cast in the same mold."

Miss Dillon herself is an exceedingly feminine person, five feet two in height—exactly as tall as Napoleon.

But you cannot imagine her in a state of nerves. Her personality, either by nature or cultivation, is calculated not to jar on the temperaments of men. Her voice is never shrill—distinct, but always pitched in a low mellow key.

Miss Dillon never takes her work home. Outside the office she is more interested in the theater or the newest novel than in gas. She has learned what more women in business need to learn—how to keep herself distinct from the battle in hand. She looks *at* a problem —never becomes a part of it.

Apparently she does not suffer from that ancient foe of an achieving woman—masculine jealousy.

"There is no sex consciousness in our company," she declares with pride. "There should be none in business anywhere. When promotions are considered in our firm, it is only the applicant's suitability that counts. It is said of women that they are more conscientious than men. I haven't found it so.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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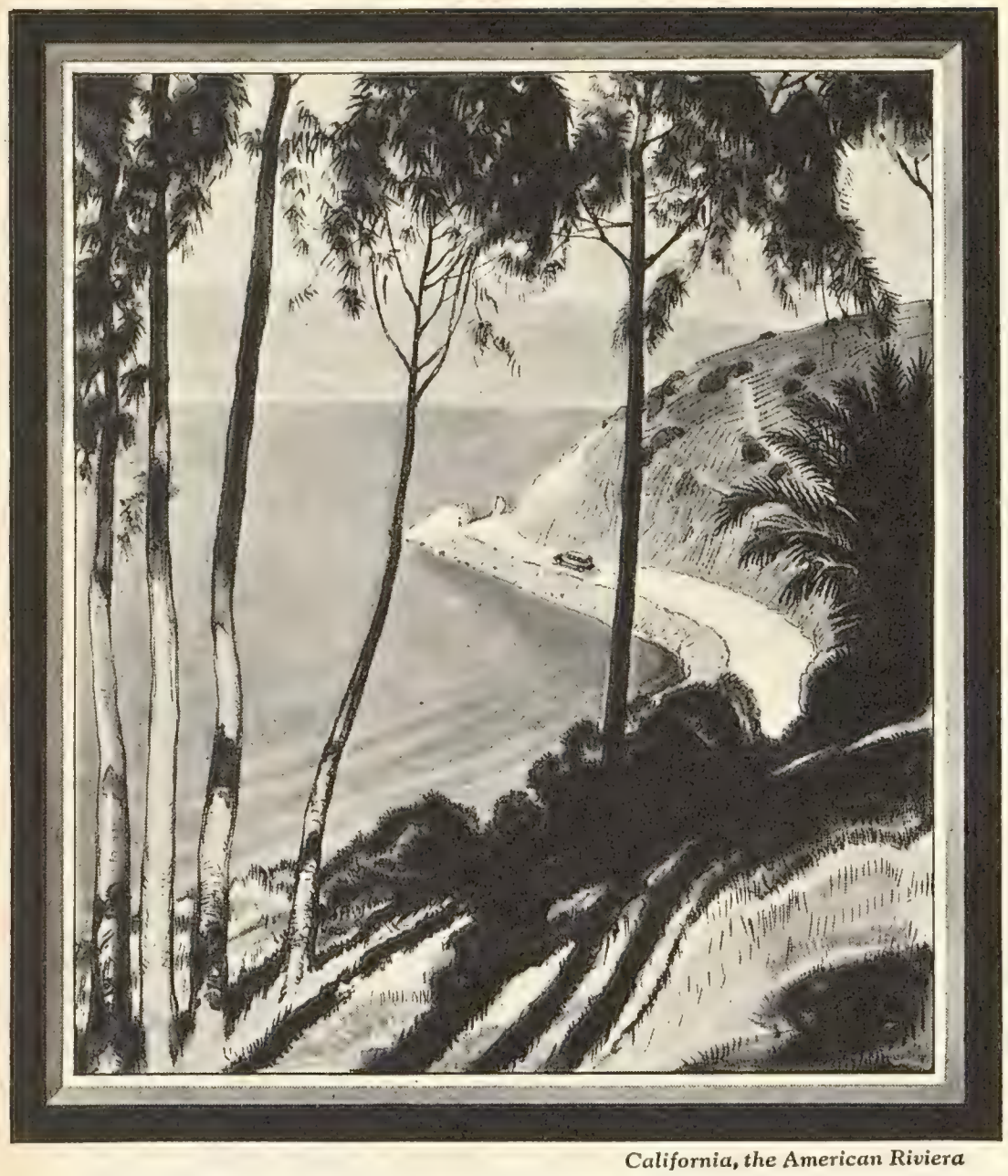

California, the American Riviera

Don't you hear the West a-calling?

Calling you who have been there before and you who have yet to sense its bewitching charm for the first time. The Union Pacific West calls you to a vacation that will live forever in your memory.

Nothing is commonplace there. Grouped in an area traversed by the finest of railway trains are some of the most stupendous, wonderful and beautiful things on earth!

Geysers hurling columns of boiling spray hundreds of feet skyward, waterfalls with sheer drops of half a mile or more—mountains, thousands of them thrusting bediamonded peaks from green forests high into cloudless skies.

Canyons of bewildering grandeur, graven deep into the earth and filled with gigantic architecture of stone painted with all the colors imaginable! Trees, forests-full of surpassingly big trees that were saplings five thousand years ago!

Motor trails along the seashore, to the heights, to mountain lakes and tumbling streams, cool valleys, luxurious but inexpensive chalets far from smoke and hustle.

And don't forget the cities—they're different too. Denver, mile high Queen City of the Plains; Ogden; Salt Lake City, capital of the Mormons; Portland, the Rose City; Seattle and Tacoma on lovely Puget Sound; San Francisco by the Golden Gate; Los Angeles, metropolis of the movies — each with its own atmosphere and charm.

Come out into the West this summer — the West of recreation, romance, adventure, mystery, and you will never be satisfied again until you return. And it's not expensive on a low cost independent or Escorted All-Expense Union Pacific tour.

Low Summer Fares via the Cool Summer Route to All the West

California, Yellowstone, Pacific Northwest and Alaska, Colorado, Zion and Grand Canyon National Parks, Bryce Canyon, Ogden, Salt Lake City. Nine fine trains from Chicago, three from St. Louis. Two extra fare trains.

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C. J. COLLINS, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 236
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet.
☐ California ☐ Colorado ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska
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Name ---------- Street ----------

City ---------- State ----------

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

[A JOB IF SHE WOULDN'T MARRY]
Continued from page thirty-three

In fact, I have found few differences due solely to sex. I can't classify brains on the basis of whether an individual wears skirts or trousers."

Miss Dillon's employees repose a personal faith in her. For years she was a kind of bank, lending money to those who needed it. Now her firm maintains an emergency fund, to which workers who desire to do so pay a limited amount. In time of unusual expense they may borrow up to $150 at 6 per cent interest. When profits accrue, they are paid as dividends to the shareholders. All loans are handled confidentially.

For years a lone woman at conventions, Miss Dillon felt keenly the lack of opportunity to confer with male executives on their own informal ground. At first men hardly knew how to take her. Now they seek her advice.

Miss Dillon had always planned to retire at forty-two. Retirement to her means giving up business but continuing to live and work. When forty-two came, she explained, "But I can't leave things in the middle. I have ideas for the company. I want them fulfilled." So she is still plugging away.

"I want to go to college some day," she says. "I have always wanted to put in some real work on history and literature. And then I want to travel. I've had so little time—I've only been abroad once. And I want to put in long months on my farm at Tyson, Vermont, near Plymouth Notch, where President Coolidge was born.

"It is heavenly there. I love to walk and swim and shoot and canoe. I could follow a little brook all day just to find out where it goes.

"It is in the country you find real beauty—although in my work I have at times seen beauty in human relations. But life in my hills could never be dull."

ONCE there was a threatened strike in Miss Dillon's company. A gas fitter started the rumpus. She won't talk about it because "now the men are all on my side."

But the promised strike did bid fair to shut off all the gas in Coney Island and the huge adjacent territory of homes served by the Brooklyn Borough concern.

Miss Dillon called a general meeting and addressed her employees.

In the course of her talk she wept—honest-to-goodness salt tears. And lovely Mrs. Helen S. Steers, now treasurer of the company, also wept—equally salt tears.

The result of all this was that the strike died a-borning. The engineers flatly refused to join the strikers. Hadn't they all known little Miss Dillon for years? The agitators complained that the men talked differently in the big meeting than they had in their preparatory assemblies.

Thus the housewives and babies of Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay escaped a gas famine.

"Employees of a public utility have no right to strike," says Miss

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gives Perfect Foot Comfort

To have a body tingling with vitality you must exercise. To exercise properly you must have comfortable feet. Massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm before you go out, and you will be able to walk, golf or dance with perfect comfort.

Apply it even after you have been on your feet for hours, and are suffering keenly from your feet and you will get immediate relief. It dispels all foot aches, pains and burning sensations, reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions.

At all drug, shoe and department stores—35c per jar.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

BIKE
Athletic Supporters

Cool, Comfortable, Economical Protection and Perfect Freedom. Your satisfaction guaranteed

No. 55—50c—Sizes large, small or medium. Double seams stand strain. Smoother and softer—won't slip or chafe.

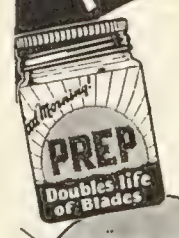
No. 77—$1.00—Fine quality. Soft, all-elastic mesh front. Cool. V-seam gives extra stretch. Large, small, medium sizes.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us

Bike Web Mfg. Co., Department H
4121 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

The best support for all athletic sport
BIKE

Hard-to-Shave MEN



Prove this Barber's Secret

20 million barber shaves prove that *only* with "PREP" can a *tough beard* or *a tender skin* be shaved without pull or pucker—no tiny scratches—no razor rash—two minutes saved—ask druggist or barber for home size package or send dime for travel size to Mark Allen & Co., Detroit, Mich., or Windsor, Ont., Can.

PREP
Prepare your Face For a Painless Shave
NOT A SHAVING CREAM

We start you in business
and help you succeed

New plan. No experience or capital needed. We furnish everything. Spare or full time. You can easily make

$50-$100 weekly

Write at once
Madison Organization, 560 Broadway, New York

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Dillon. "Their product is a matter of life and death to the people."

If you had any lurking suspicion that President Dillon's brain was that occasionally encountered phenomenon—a man's mind in a woman's body—your doubts would be dispelled after a glimpse at her office.

CHAIRS upholstered in cretonne. Bits of Colonial furniture. A comfy window seat. Built-in bookshelves of womanish aspect. But on the shelves such books! Reports of the Public Service Commission, Proceedings of the American Gas Institute, The Laws of New York, including the statutes applying to rates.

All reference books, of course. At home Miss Dillon goes in for Hugh Walpole, Anatole France, and books on the French Revolution. Her hobby is books about women.

Her office is on a charming balcony, with green shutters and flower-filled window boxes simulating a cottage. From her desk she can look out on the salesroom.

Within shouting distance of this dainty retreat the Coney Island side-show spielers bark their attractions and roller coasters roar through space with their cargo of giggling, shouting humanity.

Vacationing with her husband in Vermont.

Miss Dillon's company did $2,225,000 worth of business last year and spent $1,230,000 on construction. The firm has 52,000 accounts, including all the great Coney Island restaurants. The business has doubled every four and a half years.

Recently the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company was ranked among the twenty-five largest of the 900 gas companies in the United States.

For years the company's success has been attributed largely to Miss Dillon's handling of its affairs.

She is one of the chief proponents in this country of the establishment of that much discussed "good will" between the public utilities and the people. Years ago when men officials were spending vast sums on lawyers, Miss Dillon urged that a cordial relationship with the public was more important than court victories.

Her company plays an astonishing part in Coney's community life. Boy Scouts and various racial and fraternal orders meet regularly in her company's building. One million dollars' worth of the company's stock is held by its customers and employees.

The Brooklyn Borough Gas Company conducts domestic science classes for women and girls on the theory that if women know how to use their gas stoves they will burn more gas making good things to eat.

WHEN Coney Island was torn by a bathing-suit controversy in which the bathhouse barons were pitted against the private householders who wanted to walk from their homes to the beach, the factions settled their differences in a mass meeting held at the gas company's office.

When next you go to Coney watch for the big black gas storage tanks on the left of the subway, which at this point is an elevated railway.

There, on thirteen acres of land, are the generators, the water-gas sets, the purification apparatus, the power plant, the boosters (which force the gas through the mains), the oil tanks, and the rest of the gigantic equipment that caters to the cookery of a vast community.

For that company is operated by a youthful woman with blue eyes and dimples—a trail blazer of this generation.

THE END

England's Woman Preacher, a study of a unique person by Miss Robinson, will appear next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

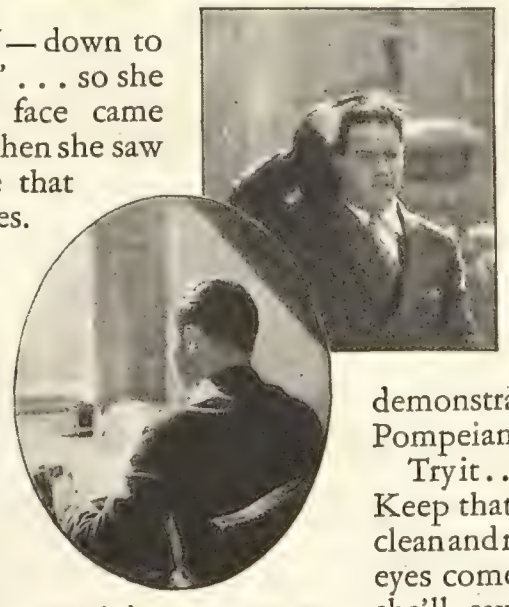
(Answers will be found on page seventy-three)

1—What is meant by trying a case in camera?
2—Who was called the Iron Duke?
3—Who was William Lloyd Garrison?
4—With what century is Sheraton furniture identified?
5—Who was Terpsichore?
6—Who is the Speaker of the House of Representatives?
7—How many cards in a pinochle deck?
8—What is anthropology?
9—What is common to the following names: Essex, Chester, Victoria, Cheshire, Tamworth?
10—What is curry powder?
11—What is the motto of the United States Marine Corps? What does it mean?
12—What is the capital of Kentucky?
13—What was the ancient name of Scotland?
14—What is a samovar?
15—What is sophistry?
16—What is a nonagenarian?
17—What is meant by adjourning a meeting *sine die?*
18—Who was David Crockett?
19—What is a panacea?
20—What is paleontology?

His manners .. perfect— *but his skin?*— er .. well ..

"A GENTLEMAN—down to his fingertips" . . . so she thought until his face came close to her eyes. Then she saw that gray skin-tone that pore-dirt always gives.

HE knew that he'd washed and shaved. But he didn't know that pore-dirt can NEVER be scrubbed or scraped away. It's UNDER the skin.



Even indoors, as you can see from a ray of sunlight, the air is dirt-laden.

Tiny specks of soot—millions of them—are afloat in the cleanest air. There are countless thousands, the U. S. Weather Bureau says, to every inch. This swarm of dirt rains on you all day long. Slips into the pores. Gets jammed in . . . tight!

You can scrub your face. Still pore-dirt hides in your pores. But try Pompeian Massage Cream on your skin and see what happens to pore-dirt.

Roll out pore-dirt— Make skin CLEAN

Scoop a fingerful of Pompeian from the jar. Notice the clean pink color as you start to massage. Rub it into your face over the chin, around the nose, across the forehead. Rub until the cream rolls out in dried pellets. What's the color *now?* GRAY! Gray with the dirt that dulled your skin, that robs you of that well-groomed look of utter cleanliness.

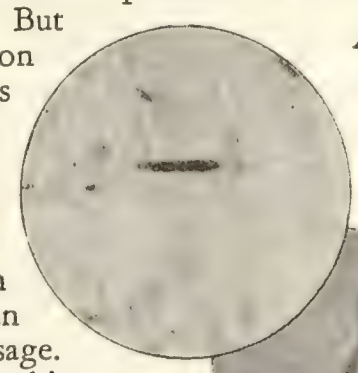
The air is alive with millions of tiny particles of sooty gray.

That's what the remarkable photograph below—taken under a powerful microscope—tells you. And that's the sensational demonstration you will see Pompeian work on your skin.

Try it . . . and try it tonight! Keep that date with a face so clean and ruddy that when her eyes come close to *your* face she'll say, "How GRAND and clean you look tonight!"

This FREE test convinces thousands every day!

A generous jar of Pompeian is 60 cents at any drug store. You are welcome to test it free. Fill in this coupon and mail to us NOW.



After a few minutes' Pompeian massage. Left—Photo taken under the lens of a microscope showing dried pellets of cream laden with dirt that clogged pores.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Dept. 904-F

The Pompeian Company,
595 Fifth Ave., New York.
In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

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Street_____
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Sifting *for* LAUGHS

Trials, Remakes, Eliminations—Wotta Life, Making a Harold Lloyd Comedy!

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 21 seconds.)

COMEDY making has become the most difficult field of screen endeavor! Anyone can evoke hokum to get a celluloid tear, but it takes skill and ingenuity to attain a laugh. Witness the many failures among the shadow comedians.

Consider Harold Lloyd's newest comedy, Speedy. It cost over $750,000 in the making. Lloyd spent eight months filming the eight-reeler, almost three of them in New York getting the Manhattan and Coney Island shots.

When you consider that Hollywood can turn out a drama in eighteen days, you will understand the hard work and the study which are necessary to complete a successful moving picture comedy.

Lloyd is something of a doctor of comedy. However, he does not depend upon himself. He maintains a battery of gag men, the best to be obtained in Hollywood. These unsung heroes of whimsy are John Grey, Rex Neal, Howard Rogers, and J. A. Howe.

Lloyd takes the combined staff ideas, works over them, discards some, builds others, until he has a comedy.

Speedy, his latest, would seem to have a simple story. *Speedy* is just a boy who can't hold a job. But he prevents the father of the girl he loves from being robbed by a ruthless traction corporation.

It seems that *Pop Dillon* owns the last little horse-car line on Manhattan. If he can be kept from driving his car for twenty-four hours he will lose his franchise and the nasty old corporation can gobble up his property.

The company hires a gang of thugs to steal the ancient horse car. *Speedy* recovers it and drives it madly across New York. He lands it back on the old tracks just as the twenty-four hours expire. So *Pop* gets $100,000 and *Speedy* gets the daughter.

After eight months of shooting this story, Lloyd had 350,000 feet of negative on his hands. This was cut to 14,000 feet. The comedy was taken to an obscure California town and previewed.

In other words, Lloyd and his experts clocked the comedy and watched the unsuspecting audience's reactions.

Then the Lloyd staff retired to the studio and began recutting. Some episodes were remade. The comedy was previewed again and again, until it had had seven trial showings.

Out of this stiff process of elimination and editing came Speedy. Not all comedians take this care. That is why Charlie Chaplin and Lloyd alone hold their own. Aside from this painstaking attention to detail, Lloyd has a great editorial sense of laughter. Indeed, to me he is more an editorial expert than a comedian. He blue-pencils until he gets what he wants.

HERE it is interesting to note the cinematic terms used in a comedy studio. A comedy is divided into factions. Thus Speedy has its drug store, its Coney Island, its taxi, and its fight factions. Inside these factions you find what are called gags and situations. A situation is a comic adventure growing out of its surroundings.

A gag is an inserted laugh, such as the moment in Speedy where the boy, at Coney Island, gets rid of an annoying hungry dog by deflating a toy balloon. Then he lets the canine chase what appears to be a floating hot dog through the crowd.

Now, a good laugh or a sequence of laughs, growing out of a gag, a situation, or a faction, is worth a great deal to a comedy. Lloyd told me the other day that he believes the high points of his comedies were the incident of the cats following the odorous goose grease on the boy's shoes in Grandma's Boy, the episode of the monkey with the big shoes in The Kid Brother, and the moment when the nervous lad mistook the wounded Central American revolutionists for dancers in Why Worry?

A flash of comedy imagination such as any one of these three is priceless. If you could create one as good as any of these and you sent it to Lloyd, he probably would mail you a check for the same amount that *Pop Dillon* gets from the street-car corporation. But laughs cannot be created that way. They grow from a chance glint of something comic, they are worked upon by a staff of experts, they are filmed and refilmed. Finally, after months of labor, the apparently spontaneous laugh is caught.

Thus a good feature comedy means months at hard labor. Not exactly on bread and water, for the reward is great.

Lloyd is a millionaire several times over. Speedy will earn close to $3,000,000. It already has broken records in New York and some twenty other cities.

However, the avalanche of gold has left Harold untouched. His sanity, proved by his even editorial judgment, stands unmoved.

Speedy is a whale of a comedy, with some remarkable humorous acting by our favorite Latin sheik of the galloping shadows, Babe Ruth. *Speedy*, at the moment a taxi driver, takes Babe upon a breathless trip to the Yankee Stadium.

And the chase of the old horse car through Times Square, down Broadway, and past Washington Square, is both startling and hilarious. There is nothing phony about this, for the old car actually was driven across New York in early Sunday-morning hours.

One of the laughter-provoking scenes in Speedy, Harold Lloyd's new comedy eight-reeler.

The Mirth Dispenser himself in his latest rôle, that of a boy who just can't hold a job.

Do you know that—

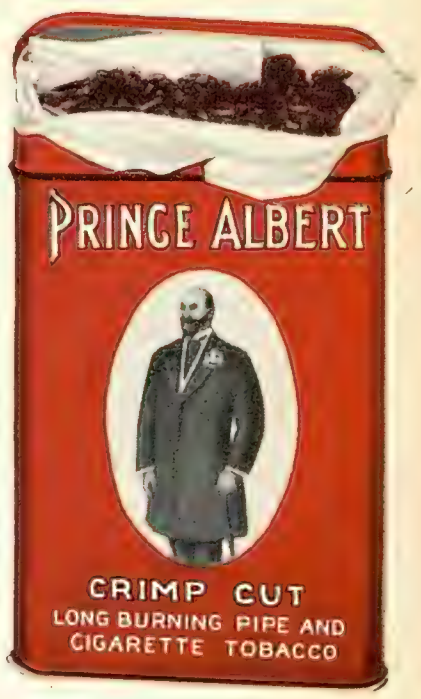
Among Hollywood's youthful players, the leaders in popularity right now are Janet Gaynor, Buddy Rogers, Joan Crawford, Charles Farrell, and Sue Carol? . . . These are the survivors of the last two years' frantic search for new faces by Hollywood producers? . . . Another year is likely to lift Miss Gaynor up with Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert, Harold Lloyd, Emil Jannings, and Clara Bow, the box-office élite of the screen? . . . The movie moguls are talking of moving part of their production work back to their idle New York studios?

I'll make a prediction

FROM the first pipe-load, you'll be boosting P. A. like a small boy bragging about his dad. That's my prediction. I started smoking and talking P. A. about the time pet dogs were being named for Admiral Peary. Good old Prince Albert and I have been pulling in double harness ever since.

I like to turn back the lid on a tidy red tin and whet my smoke-appetite with that P. A. aroma. Gently I pack a load into my pipe. Then a match sets that P. A. flavor to work. Cool as a wind-blown derby rolling down the street. Sweet as retrieving it without a dent.

A pipe and P. A. keep the smile-works running like a clock. And I have mine going from early a. m. till the end of the day. Mellow, mild, long-burning tobacco with a rich, tasty body that never wears off on the edge. That's what you want in a pipe. That's what you *get* with P. A. Try it!



Here you are, Men, TWO full ounces of top-notch pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

These soft, rich foods, so highly refined, so delicately prepared, *break down the health of our teeth and gums!*

COOKING, once a plain and homely art, has changed. It has lost its old simplicity. Chefs have set the style, and our wives and hostesses have followed it. An abundance of delicious things to eat, daintily prepared and appetizingly served—these, modern taste demands, and gets.

But no one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that herein lies the reason of modern gum troubles. As your own dentist will readily testify, the profession traces the wide prevalence of these gum disorders directly to the dining tables of the nation!

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. And in times gone by the vigorous chewing of coarse, fibrous foods kept gums active and constantly nourished by the brisk flow of fresh blood which this wholesome friction sent coursing through the tissues.

But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give gums the stimulation that should vitalize and sustain them. Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease and luxury, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

All of us today live on a diet rich, creamy, over-refined. But these same soft, fibreless foods that we enjoy so much deprive our gums of stimulation and health.

This modern tooth paste, so delicious to the taste, so cleansing to the teeth, *tones and strengthens weakened gums!*

As the outcome of long research, the dental profession now offers a simple means to combat these prevalent gum disorders—to supply the healthful stimulation denied our gums by our modern soft diet.

Massage is the method they recommend—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth. And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak and under-nourished gingival tissue.

The first time you use Ipana you will like its delicious flavor, and you will quickly see how much whiter and brighter it makes your teeth. The ten-day tube the coupon brings will readily prove these things.

But a fairer way to test Ipana is to get a regular tube at the drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. For when you observe its benefits to your gums, very likely you, too, will decide that you have found the tooth paste you want to use for life.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-68
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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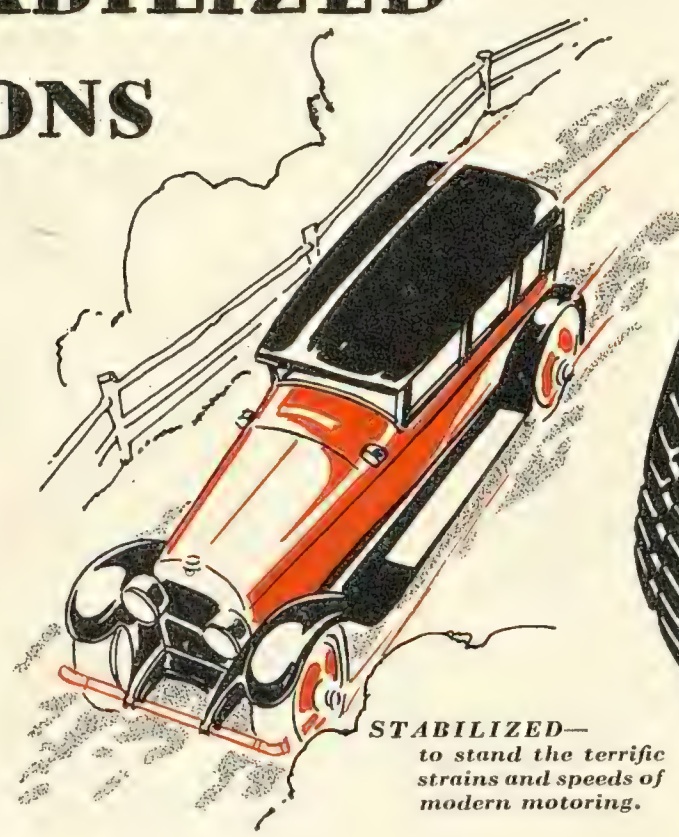
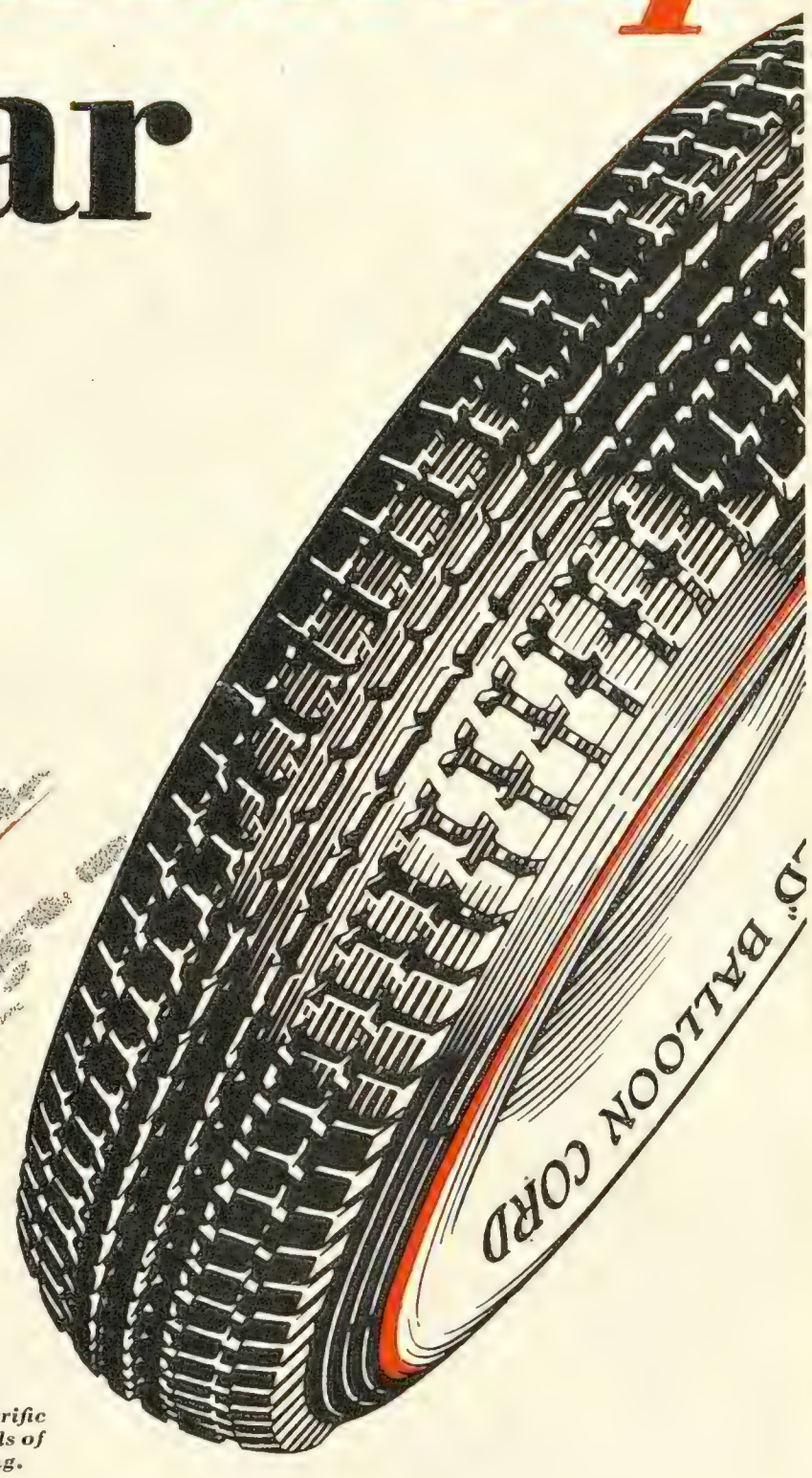
Don't tolerate tires that handicap your car

Go *where* you like, as *fast* as you like—on DAYTON STABILIZED BALLOONS



STABILIZED—to stand the terrific strains and speeds of modern motoring.



QUICK starts—grueling miles at head-long speeds—sudden stops! That's what you expect of the car you buy. But your tires must be able to stand the strain as well as your car. They will if they are Dayton Stabilized Balloons.

Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to take punishment—built with the rugged toughness—the stubborn resistance to puncture and blow-out that will give you a new confidence in your car.

While they give mileage far greater than ordinary tires, they should be bought with this thought: that while mileage is important, freedom from tire trouble is even more so, *and safety is essential above all.*

That's why you should buy Dayton Stabilized Balloons even though you trade in your car long before your tires have served their usefulness. The extra thousands of miles built into them—whether you use them or not—justify their presence. The extra sturdiness protects you against the multiplied dangers of modern driving.

Equip your car with Dayton Stabilized Balloons today. Get the thrill of driving on them. You will find them a revelation.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio

Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

THOROBRED

Makers of Dayton Thorobred Extra-ply Cords for large diameter wheels, the pioneer low air pressure tires of America. Also makers of famous Dayton Maximaire Fan Belts, chosen by 85% of America's automobile and truck manufacturers as original equipment.

Dayton Thorobred Tubes—famous companions to Dayton Tires.

Lady New Luck

A Story of Two Thoroughbreds

By

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

Pictures by HARVEY FISK

IN Danny's hands the rifle rose and pointed firmly as he screamed with the last of his nearly spent breath: "Tetch her 'n' I'll shoot!"

(Reading time: 32 minutes 12 seconds.)

THE great racing mare, Lady New Luck, traveled like the equine princess she was. She had her private box car and her personal attendant. And every throb of the rushing engine sped her nearer to new triumphs in Tennessee.

But she hated railroads. Hated the noise, the lurching of the train around curves. Hated the smell of whisky on her personal attendant who lay drunk at her feet, sprawling on the straw litter, half under her stomach. Now and then she moved restlessly, but she was daintily careful not to step on him. She had never stepped on anything alive. Never would, if she could help it.

Very beautiful she was. Not with the rounded, fat curves of a Norman. Hers was a slim, aristocratic perfection. She just missed being thin, for her form was pure speed made alive. Her coat shone brown satin. Her great brown eyes were softly kind, though they had fire in their depths. Her forehead lay wide and tranquil between and above the eyes, and her profile showed no dish-faced meanness.

From outside she heard the roar of the great Tennessee River. The train ran furiously along the edge of its rocky shore toward Chattanooga. Train and river clamored against each other. On the right hand huge Lookout echoed back their roar.

The mare shivered uneasily, but the drunken groom slept on. He was too young in his treachery of trust to have been found out yet, but for months thirst had crawled in his veins, broken his peace. Now he slept stertorously. She didn't like his snoring.

Presently her little pointed ears pricked. Beyond the sharp curve they were approaching her keen hearing caught the roar of another engine, though the engineer of her own train heard nothing.

Then came the crash. From both of the colliding trains cars toppled into the river. It was spring. The Tennessee was in flood. Its current snatched greedily at broken cars and drowning men.

Lady New Luck's car went over the steepest part of the edge. It crashed on a rock. The whole side of the box car smashed open. Had the mare been properly haltered she would have drowned, but the groom's drunken fingers had not even knotted the rope. It slipped through the ring as though greased, as the car rolled over again, fell into the boiling river, and sank, anchored by its heavy wheels.

The groom drowned there. But in the wild flood, under a cloudy night sky, the great racing mare rose to the surface. Bruised she was, and one hip marked with cuts, but not badly hurt. She swam steadily, heading obliquely for shore. When she gained it, and rose dripping from the flood, she was well beyond the groaning confusion of the wreck.

Behind her she heard shrieks and the incessant screaming of one engine's whistle. Terrified, nervous as a stag, she fled into the night.

WHEN morning came she was on top of Lookout Mountain and heading south. This enormous tableland runs into three States: Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. Far past Lula Lake, beyond even McKaig's Settlement, the mountain widened into huge stretches of free range country where valley cattle came up in thousands each year to graze on the free grass. This was the year 1912, and in the white oak and pine forests only occasional log cabins broke the primeval woods.

The mare moved steadily south and reached these solitary stretches, owned chiefly by great coal companies. She frequently was seen by the mountaineers. They merely thought her one of the common range horses, "too light in bone to be much good."

They took no newspaper, cared for no news beyond their own dramatic personal affairs, and never dreamed how Colonel Carrisford of Thomasville had burned the wires with frantic telegrams about his missing mare. They would have found it hard to believe that a great reward had been offered for her, and that, when her death had been accepted as a fact, the iron-jawed Colonel had actually wept in secret.

Meanwhile Lady New Luck prospered. Her halter caught on a snaggy dead limb and was torn off. She was glad to be quit of it and its rope.

She fed along lovely solitary creeks set with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LADY NEW LUCK
Continued from page forty-one]

tall ferns and long glossy lines of rhododendrons. Range cattle looked placidly up from their grazing as she passed through them. Raccoons watched her with beady, glittering eyes; gray squirrels played around her; and hermit thrushes made the solitude exquisite with song. She was delicately content. Near her heart another life prospered also, fed by her veins and claiming a sire as famous as herself.

Then fall came. The grass grew tough. Good grazing vanished; the valley cattle were driven home. Starvation nipped at her heels. In desperation she turned down a trail and at last descended into one of those little buried valleys, cedar set, that hide in the shadows of Lookout, flanking the main valley.

It was night when she reached it. It was morning when she came to the paintless gate of an old log cabin and whinnied anxiously; for food she must have, and that very soon.

A BOY—he was ten, but small for his age—ran out. His wide face was thick with freckles. He clutched a piece of corn pone in one small fist. He hurried to the gate, puting a red head over it. The great mare nickered pleadingly, her eyes feverish with hunger. Instantly he gave her the bread, and grinned with pleasure over the eagerness with which she took it. But that taste of food only made her hunger more avid. She whinnied beseechingly.

The boy glanced back at the cabin and scowled. Then he muttered to the mare:

"You're gonna get somep'n to eat anyhow. Yes, you are."

He slipped out of the gate. But a figure, crooked and hard in outline, darkened the open cabin door. A voice harsh as a corn crake's called suspiciously:

"What you doin' with that big-bellied skeleton out there? Rock it off!"

The boy came inside the gate and blinked two steady eyes, brown as the mare's, at his grandfather, shrewdly considering what bait he could throw to his relative.

"It's a stray mare."

"Then let 'er keep a-strayin'. Rock her!"

"I'm a-goin' to take her up. She'll be advertised in nex' week's paper. We'll git th' money. That's better'n chunkin' her away."

"Reward?" The bitter miser face lighted in reaction to his life's only passion. Then it hardened. "Wouldn't nobody pay a dime for that bag o' bones! Rock her off or I'll tan your hide."

The boy looked at the old man and felt in imagination the bite of his whip. He looked at the mare—and the soft, piteous beauty of her eager eyes shook him. He revolved the situation with a boy's shrewdness.

"I'm goin' to take her up. Ef nobody advertises for her, we'll git her free fer nothin' to haul wood with th' sled. We wouldn't have to hire ole Jed's yaller mule any more."

The miser hesitated. Instantly the boy headed for the ancient barn, leading the mare by her forelock. Old Harney yelled after him:

"Don't give her more'n a bundle o' fodder. No corn!"

The boy nodded. But in the barn he fed her two quarts of corn besides the fodder.

THAT afternoon the great racing mare hauled her first sledload of wood. Harness had never before touched her delicately formed body. She disliked it. But she delighted in the boy, in his swift but gentle movements, his fearless piping voice, his perfect confidence in her. So she suffered the sled, drawing it swiftly along as the boy led her by a short rein. Only now and then did she glance back nervously at the queer thing dragging behind her.

Her work slightly mollified old Harney, temporarily only, as he sat hunched over his big, ill laid hearth, warming his crooked claws incessantly at the fire fed by the waste wood the boy "knocked up" before hauling. Old Harney had a predatory profile and cruel eyes of hawk yellow under his sparse

Bigger Rat Face set down the lantern and caught up the shovel. Littler Rat Face discovered a broken-handled spade.

white hair. His long white beard was tobacco stained. His rusty jeans and rustier boots were patched and repatched. Yet under the hearth over which he crouched lay buried nearly $3,000 in gold—

Both began a furious, greedy digging.

a fortune as large in the tiny hidden valley as Rockefeller's in his bigger world.

The boy knew the money was there and knew his only relative, this grandfather, was very old. But it never occurred to the boy that the gold would some day be his. It seemed to him that grandpappy had always owned him and always would. And he was a diligent, conscientious little slave, able beyond his years, and accepting his barren life without complaint. There was none to tell him he craved love.

Much wood was hauled, but old Harney grumbled continuously about the mare's presence while waiting the coming of the county paper. This was all the mail they ever received. It was always left on Fridays at the R. F. D. mail box just outside the miniature valley's east wall of foothills.

That Friday Danny Harney rode the racing mare to the box. Very delicately and quietly she went, too starved to feel like running, and soothed by the firm little figure on her bare back. He had a naturally light hand on the reins and he let her choose her own gait.

When old man Harney put on his glasses and read the paper aloud to himself the boy listened and trembled. Was the mare advertised or not? Passionately the boy hoped she wasn't; but it took the whole morning to find out, for old Harney always started at the first column and read straight through, and nothing could make his perverse mind vary this routine.

Painfully alert, Danny heard one rural item after another. At last the Lost and Found column. There wasn't a horse in it.

OLD Harney looked malevolently over the paper's edge.

"I done told ye nobody'd waste an ad on that bag o' bones. Haul in more wood this afternoon and then take her to the crossroads an' rock her off. Or, if you're a mind to, give her to ole nigger Sam. He's movin' to Alabam' tomorry." Then, with suspicion and angry emphasis, "You hear me?"

The boy wiped a sweating hand across his freckled face.

"Yessir, grandpappy, I hear ye."

Yet that night the mare ate again in her accustomed stall. When morning came and Danny was milking the kicking, wall-eyed cow into a rusty pail, Lady New Luck was eating a good breakfast.

She was in the middle of it when old Harney suddenly hobbled into the barn.

A moment he stared at the corn in her manger. It was rapidly being gathered up in lipfuls by Lady New Luck. Gray with fury, old Harney swore until foam stood on his withered lips. Then he made for the great mare's stable door.

A stunted, resolute figure got there before him. A blazing pair of brown eyes shot fire at him.

"Git away from her door! Ef ye touch her I'll jam this here pitchfork through yer middle!"

Before the armed and desperate defender, old Harney, amazed, hesitated, stood still. He threatened angrily:

"You'd go to hell if you was to hurt your grandpappy."

"I'd go thar to save her. She's all I got. 'N' I'm all she's got. Leave us alone! Before ma died she told me this wuz her land, bought with her money. You done took it, like you done took the money she left. Half o' what's under the hearth was her'n. You done took everything. But I found the mare my own self. I'm a-goin' to keep her."

Before the white courage of the square, freckled face, before the advanced tines of the glittering pitchfork clutched in sturdy, freckled hands, old Harney retreated, snarling.

FROM then on arose a duel of wills in the white oak cabin.

The mare was not fed less but more, and daily the boy saw a greater beauty in her. He found an old currycomb and cleaned her. He crawled over and under her. He spent nearly all his spare time with her.

But as his love for her increased, the old man's hate of her waxed as well. At last the restless hostility in his eyes warned the shrewd boy that, in some covert way, the mare was in danger.

In his anxiety, Danny began to sleep lightly; to have horrid dreams that woke him, a-sweat with fear. At last, one bitter February night when a bad dream tormented him, he woke shivering in the cold moonlight to see his grandfather's bed empty.

Danny sprang from under his quilts. He was already in shirt and trousers, never having owned night clothes. He searched the cabin, but old Harney was gone. So was the ax which was nightly brought in and left by the fireplace, that no dampness might rust its cruel edge.

Color faded from the boy's face. But his eyes burned. He hurried into his shoes, dragged a chair to the mantelpiece, sprang up, snatched down his grandfather's loaded rifle from its deerhorn supports, and, coatless and hatless, dashed from the house.

He reached the barn. As he had expected, old Harney wasn't there —nor the mare either. Although the sky was clear and luminous with a midheaven full moon, a light snow had fallen hours earlier. On its virgin page was written that the mare and old Harney were gone forth together; that he was leading her.

The boy took up the trail. The old rifle impeded him, but he clung to it—it might be needed to save her. As he ran he muttered:

"I'm a-comin', Luly. I'm a-comin'. He shan't hurt ye! He—"

Along the base of the mountain

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LADY NEW LUCK
Continued from page forty-three]

ran a rough path. Dead limbs crossed it. Boulders fallen from the escarpment above impeded it, but it rambled on past many little hollows eroded in the mountain side.

The boy went in a stumbling run along the path, gulping for breath, craning his head as far forward as he could without losing his balance. His burning brown eyes picked up the mare's tracks steadily in the sharp moonlight.

He rounded an outthrust foothill and saw on his right the largest of the hollows. Lime rock ledged and darkly cedar set, it yawned at him like a huge open grave. And into it ran the tracks of the mare.

Danny reeled in past the first dwarfish cedars. The sight he saw nearly stopped his hammering heart.

The mare was standing by a dead white oak which had fallen across the hollow. She was haltered to a scrub cedar. Along the dead white oak inched old Harney's crooked form. Plainly he intended to reach the log's butt, near her head. This would give him added height for a down driving blow. In his hand he clutched the ax handle. The blade glittered brightly. Its executioner edge cut the light in ugly flashes.

DANNY leaped forward. In his hands the rifle rose and pointed firmly as he screamed with the last of his nearly spent breath:

"Tetch her 'n' I'll shoot!"

The mare started, then whinnied happily. Old Harney fell off the log. He rose instantly, peering furiously over its ramparts, his ax still in hand.

"You—you brat! You dast speak to *me* that away!"

"I dast kill ye if ye try to murder her!" the boy sobbed out wildly.

"'Murder her'—you freckled little guinea aig! It's nothin' but a mare!"

"It's murder! She breathes—jest like us. Her heart beats. She talks to me—she's mine—all I got. Git over that there log 'n' start home."

The miser's green-gray gaze blinked at the rifle muzzle, ran along the barrel to the hammer. It was at full cock. Slowly he crawled over the log and slowly he hobbled homeward, ax in hand, without a backward glance.

The boy uncocked his rifle and ran to the mare. He let the rifle fall at her feet. He flung his arms around her neck, sobbing convulsively, and gasping out his words:

"Oh, Luly, if I'd a-been a minute later—a minute later—"

Buried in the cedars further up, a little screech owl shivered out a thin-edged wail, but the mare only whinnied softly and blew warm breath against the boy's ear. She comforted him finally, and he was able to pull himself together.

Danny rode her home, carrying the rifle. He fed her well, then came into the house, shuddering with cold as he entered. A glance showed him his grandfather in bed, watching him with rat-keen eyes. Neither spoke. The boy put up the rifle, made himself some coffee from yesterday's grounds still in the pot, drank it, and ate some corn pone. Then he took up his vigil by the fireplace.

Still neither spoke. An hour passed. The boy sat wide awake, but the old man, wearied out by his walk, slept now, and snored like some strange beast.

In its corner the grandfather clock ticked loudly. Danny listened to it. "*Here—there! Here—there!*" it said emphatically. Here? He knew about that. But what of There?

HE remembered what he had heard once at the railroad's battered station. It was the greasy cattle drover who spoke from the back of his saddle mule, his tones thick with his cheek-pouched "chaw" of tobacco, but his trick of overemphasizing some words as marked as ever.

"*There,*" he'd said, "down in Thomas County, Georgy, *there's* a man (by the name of Carrisford, Colonel Tom Carrisford) that plum *loves* hawses. Yessuh, I was down there oncet. It sure is a *hawse* country, grass green the winter through. This here Carrisford lives near Thomasville. They say he thinks *more* of hawses than humans. Gimme a *mule;* hardier, just as good ridin'. But down *there* it's sure hawse heaven. Free range, green th' year round. . . ."

To every word of this the boy's tenacious, unburdened memory had clung. He never forgot a conversation if it had any meat at all.

"I ain't sure-enough small, ma'am. I jest kinda look that way."

Now the drover's idle words came back. Came like a flame blowing through him. He arose and began to gather his scant belongings. If a mere mule could "make it" down to horse heaven, so could Luly.

When old man Harney creaked out of bed at daylight, boy and mare were gone. Old Harney rubbed an iron jaw and twisted an implacable mouth as he addressed the kicking cow:

"I'll hev to milk you, you cloven-hoofed she-devil—yit I'm plum glad that brat's run away. He—knowed too much about—it."

By "it" he meant his hoard under the hearth.

Two tramps, a boy and a mare, crossed over the wall formed by the junction of Lookout and Pigeon. They dipped into McLemore's Cove, reached Bower's Gap, went up the ruined road there, crossed Lookout, dipped into Trenton valley—and went steadily south, acquiring directions from day to day.

The mare sported a patched blind bridle. Her saddle was an old sunflower design quilt in faded scarlet and white, folded small and strapped on her by a piece of wagon line. There were no stirrups.

Danny had his "saddlebags" on behind him: two "crocus" or gunny sacks tied together. In one went such grain for the mare as he could beg or "work out." In the other were his scant personal belongings and the mare's one toilet article, the rusty currycomb.

Whenever he stopped to ask a night's shelter, the boy had a ready story to allay any curiosity. As, for instance, to a soft-bosomed wife who thought him far too small to be riding alone, and who demanded his destination:

"I ain't sure-enough small, ma'am. I jest kinda look that way. Jest wait till you see me chop you some kindlin's." This as he slid off the mare.

"You ain't told me where you' goin', sonny."

"Thomasville, in Thomas County. I got a friend down there. He's a-goin' to let my mare eat on his pastures while I chop cordwood fer him."

THUS you may say there was always a third with Danny—the unseen friend, Colonel Carrisford, whom he imagined and believed in, although he had no tangible evidence of him. But the drover's assertion that there was really a man who loved horses as Danny loved the great mare, was supported by Danny's firm faith that there must be such a horse lover because Danny himself was one.

Further and further south went boy and mare. They passed Atlanta. The mare was footsore now, being unshod. So Danny stopped at a crossroads smithy and engaged the leather-aproned, grizzled smith in conversation:

"My mare she needs shoein', mister, but I ain't no money. Will you furnish shoes an' put 'em on, in trade fer me haulin' you some wood?"

"Whose boy air you?" demanded the surprised smith in a voice that roared like his own forge, and scowling with perplexity at Danny.

"I b'long down in Thomasville where ther grass grows green all winter. I'm a-headin' there. Say, mister, I'd stay here two days an'

haul extry ef you'd lemme feed my mare."

"What erbout your own belly?" growled the smith ferociously. "You peaked-face, hollow-eyed son of a gun!"

"I seed plenty turnips in yore garden. I could eat 'em raw. They ain't worth much, an' your wife wouldn't have to cook 'em. But th' mare kain't live on turnips. She needs corn. She needs it orful bad." His voice shook. "She—she ain't had nuthin' today but dead grass 'n' weeds."

"You get the hell into the barn," snarled the smith, his black eyes suddenly, oddly liquid. "Feed that big-bellied skeleton. I'll shoe her later on. Then get ye into th' house 'n' tell Mrs. Harp I said to let ye wash fer dinner."

Two days were spent at the smith's—two days of glorious recuperation without any wood to haul. But intimate questions hounded Danny much too closely, and on the morning of the third day he appeared before dawn at the smith's bedside, waking the friendly couple. He announced steadily:

"I thank you both an orful lot. Good-by."

The smith sat up and filled the air with profanity.

"Back to bed with ye! Ye little freckled galoot."

Danny smiled at him, an exquisite, understanding smile, full of childhood's mystic comprehension of tenderness, however roughly expressed. Then he disappeared.

BEFORE the couple rose, Danny and the mare were well on their way south—always south.

The weather was capricious. Frosty winds often nipped at them and knifed the boy through his ragged coat. An overcoat he had never owned, but both he and the mare were hardy from exposure.

Further—further south. Stray live oaks appeared, and at last, like a flag of promise, a segment of solitary gray moss swung from a tree limb. But that day the mare seemed actually lazy. She must be sick, thought Danny.

When night came they had missed all the farmhouses. A promising gateway led only to a deserted dwelling and an equally deserted barn. But the barn was stacked with fodder, rich, well cured fodder, stripped in bundles from live corn plants. There was corn, but the corncrib was locked.

Danny stabled the mare and fed her fodder liberally.

"I'll pay 'em back first money I earn down in Thomas County," he told her reassuringly. "These folks is milyumnaires, er they couldn't have all this here horse feed, so they won't mind waitin'."

Then he sturdily invaded a window of the locked house. It was decidedly spooky inside. Queer Noises lived there, awful Queer Noises. They cracked and pattered at him from wall and floor as soon as he got in.

The folks musta been gone a year, thought Danny, for those Queer Noises to get so biggety.

In reality, the house had been occupied recently. A grown person would have seen at once that the family was merely off on a visit.

But Danny hurriedly got a fire going on the kitchen hearth to scare off those Queer Noises.

It was a typical Southern small-farm kitchen of earlier years. A big, hospitable fireplace, where

In the wild flood, under a cloudy night sky, the great racing mare rose to the surface.

many a "sweet tater" had been baked, flanked by the wood-burning stove which marked modernity.

Two big cupboards with perforated tin paneled doors held respectively china and food—when food was there. Now only a plate of forgotten and slightly moldy hand-shaped biscuits offered refreshment, but the boy seized on them as heavenly manna. He made coffee expertly and had a feast.

That night he slept on a pallet which he had compounded of quilts. He covered himself with other quilts, and pressed his bullet head and red hair into a soft goose-down pillow.

He woke late and found the sun laughing in at the window as though it had a joke on him. He sprang up, slipped on his coat and shoes, all he had discarded, and hurried to feed the mare before "getting a wash" and doing his cooking.

A RANGY legged little creature, black as midnight, was lurching around the stall in a coolly exploratory fashion, while the great mare turned on it eyes of deep maternal love.

"By golly!" muttered Danny, overcome. Then he shook his head reproachfully.

"Luly, it was powerful good of ye to give me a present, but whyn't you wait, Luly, till we got to Thomas County? Don't ye *know* that critter kain't walk much fer ten days? It ain't no steadier than that kickin' cow's calf was—an' it took ten days fer that calf to git gallopin'."

Thus was the great mare reproached for presenting the colt so hoped for by Colonel Carrisford. But the son of Man o' War, staggering around the stall, cared for no reproaches, and presently was drinking again from an udder of bursting sweetness. He was ten hours old and found existence highly intriguing.

Danny fed the mare, returned to the house, washed his hands and face, made coffee, and finished up the biscuits. Then he went back to the barn, led the mare out to water, and watched her drink thirstily. Beside her lurched and even swaggered the black colt.

Danny returned them to the stall.

Back in the house he considered affairs with anxiety and concluded he must camp here for ten days. He found meal enough to live on and potatoes in the cellar. There was a lot of canned fruit, but it was locked in a cellar fruit box and the boy never tampered with locks.

For nine days Danny and his "fambly," as he called them, remained in strict seclusion. After deep consideration, Danny named the colt Pete, and Luly seemed pleased with the name's sound. She was eating a plumb scandalous lot of fodder. Assuredly they must move on tomorrow.

That night the storm came. It began with a patter of light rain and moaning wind. Danny built the fire higher yet, until from the curtainless kitchen window it shone out in a challenge of warm cheer. It was visible a long way, even through the storm, and it caught and held the eyes of two human wolves lost in the dangerous night. They turned and made for the farmhouse, cursing the cold rain in a sulphurous continuity.

DANNY heaped on more wood while the wind snarled and tore around the house corners, snatching at the tin gutters. Through it rolled the thunder. Now, thunder belongs in the skies, but suddenly it swooped and battered on the kitchen's porch door. And while Danny gaped in terror it took voice:

"*In! In! Let us in!*"

Only humans! In exquisite relief the boy dashed to the door and unbarred it. Two men fled in. Danny slammed the door, barred it, and turned to welcome the pair crouched by the fire. But his words died in his throat, for just such fellows he'd never seen before. With instinctive wisdom he feared their pointed, hard faces, their coolly vicious glances as they shed their raincoats and stared around. The elder snapped:

"Folks all asleep?"

"I'm all the folks."

"Where's the rest?"

"Away."

"Comin' back tonight?"

"I don't reckon so."

The men slept there. He liked them even less than the Queer Noises, although they went out to the barn with him next morning and quite civilly looked at the mare while he fed her.

After coffee and flapjacks the older man stopped picking his broken teeth to snarl:

"Looky here, you boy. We're gonna take your mare—'n' ride her double, cross country, to where we can swing a train. Don't start no squallin' about it, onless

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LADY NEW LUCK
Continued from page forty-five]

you want a knock on the head."

Danny made no answer. A sick feeling rose in his stomach. He looked at the hard faces, the rat-quick eyes, the implacable mouths. He sat on in silence, his thoughts racing as fast as the mare's feet had ever done.

Then he said grumpily, looking indifferently at the one he had inwardly named Bigger Rat Face:

"She's nothin' but trouble. I'm plumb tired of her." He added childishly, "I found me somethin' here better'n any little ole hawse. I could buy me a stable of hawses." He yawned. "My foot's sore where she tromped on me the other day. Reckon I'll git a foot wash."

HE kicked off his shoes, while over his head Bigger Rat Face and his mate, named in Danny's mind Littler Rat Face, exchanged swift glances of keenly wakened interest.

Bigger Rat Face looked searchingly at Danny's freckled face.

"If you found something nice here, kiddo, maybe you could go with us. I might show you an elegant time. Come clean! What you found?"

Danny stared hard at the fire. He drawled:

"You know—how some folks—buries gold—money under the hearth?"

"Yes—yes!" Both men's ears were stretching now. "Yes, sonny—they say th' hicks are always doing that! An' you dug under this hearth?"

"This hearth?" He grinned owlishly. "Why, it's mortared down!"

"Then where—what—"

"Naw! Ye'll go a-takin' *that*, same's you did the mare."

Bigger Rat Face sprang at him, seized and twisted his arm. Danny screamed with a pain not in the least pretended.

"Quit! Quit! I'll show ye!"

Released, he whimpered:

"I was gittin' taters out the cellar. I noticed a place had done been dug up and packed down again—'n' I dug in—an' found—it. An' kivered it up again till I was ready fur it—an'—"

"Come down. Show us!"

He nodded sullenly, then hesitated.

"Kin I have half?"

Bigger Rat Face kicked him. Littler Rat Face unbarred the cellar door.

Sniffling with pain, Danny lighted the lantern and gave it to Bigger Rat Face.

"There's a shovel down there," he whimpered. "Come on! I wisht I'd never spoke. I hate ye!"

"You'll hate us worse if you don't show us that money hole," snarled Littler Rat Face, driving the shoeless boy before him into the cellar.

Midcenter of the clay floor were a wheelbarrow, a couple of empty fruit crates. To the left the locked fruit box. At the further end of the floor a newly packed square of earth. To this Danny hurried them. Bigger Rat Face set down the lantern and caught up the shovel. Littler Rat Face discovered

A rangy legged little creature, black as midnight, was lurching around the stall in a coolly exploratory fashion.

a broken-handled spade. Both began a furious, greedy digging, attacking at opposite ends the freshly packed earth which showed a yard-square space, very promising and cache-like. It covered only a new drainpipe—but Rat Faces couldn't guess that.

The lantern lighted the "cache" surface—and but little more. Like most farm lanterns, it smoked and its glass chimney was none too clean. There was light from the cellar's open trapdoor, but this light only struck down the stairs in a stair-wide stretch. Between the edge of the lantern's limited radius and the stair light, there was deep gloom.

DANNY shifted backward—backward—on noiseless feet. He didn't turn until he reached the rickety stair. Then he whirled like a gray squirrel and darted up.

The first warning the greedy diggers got was the slam of the trapdoor, the shooting of its outer and heavy iron bolt. In five minutes Danny, the mare, and the colt were off again. He let the mare lope, and the surprised colt fell instantly into a valiant if leggy gallop.

Until noon they traveled south, pausing only when the colt needed a short rest.

Finally a dingy little crossroads store loomed in front of them. Danny halted. A much gnawed hickory tree sported a horseshoe nailed on it, calks up. Over one of these Danny threw his bridle reins, then hurried into the store, eying its fly-specked stock with deep respect. A spidery old dame, with suspicion in her little gray eyes, popped up behind the one counter and peered at him over her glasses, demanding in a thready voice:

"What chu want, boy?" Her enunciation of "boy" made the noun a crime in itself.

"You got a telefoam?"

"Kain't you see it?"

"Yessum. I seen one oncet at the station. Please, ma'am, I wanter telefoam the sheriff. What does it cost?"

"A nickel. But I never heard of no boy small as you phonin' a sheriff! Where's yore money?"

"I ain't no nickel. I got a quilt I'll trade ye."

SHE hesitated, then snapped:

"Fetch it in!" Quilts were her hobby.

The quilt, so recently a saddle, was brought in. She peered over it as Danny spread it out.

"Needs washin'! Needs it *bad!* An' one end is tore. But I'll trade. Go call him up."

"Y—you git him fer me," gasped Danny, embarrassed by his ignorance of how to manage the magical "telefoam." "Soon as you git him I'll talk to him."

She reluctantly complied.

"There's a child here wants speech with ye."

"I ain't no child," muttered Danny, very indignant.

She snapped at him:

"Git up on that soap box, you freckled flea, 'n' talk."

Danny mounted and, with a shiver of excitement over the act, poured his piping tones into the queer hole, setting the receiver valiantly to his unaccustomed ear. Instantly the sheriff roared back:

"What's that? You got two bad men locked up in a cellar? Whose cellar? . . . You don't know? Well, what was you doin' in th' house? . . . Oh, you borrowed it! Well, sonny, describe them bad 'uns."

Now, *that* is something a forest child can do—describe you to a frazzle. An accurate verbal picture of the treasure diggers came steadily over the wire in Danny's own queer phrases. It ceased. The sheriff roared:

"Son—locate the house for me—an' I'm on my way. Them birds is killers. They're wanted in two States. Big rewards out."

The piping voice of Danny again turned to descriptive matter: There were two sycamores at the front gate. The well had an orful heavy old chain on the bucket. The

house was corn-shuck color and had vines on it. There was two chimbleys, one at each end. The front porch railin' was busted. The path from the steps to the gate was all pebbles. There was white shells stuck each side. The gyarden had a little ole scarecrow in it. It wore a black hat 'n' a white shirt, all tore, 'n' had black pants. The martin house stood over it. It swung five gourds—

"Quit. 'Nough," roared the sheriff. "Old man Jack Johnson's house. I'll drop you a line, buddy. What's your address, fer I'll split that reward with you."

"Oh, mister, give my share to Mister Johnson, will ye please, suh? Me an' my mare has done eat on him a lot. Give him ther money. Good-by, suh."

"Wait, darn ye!" roared the sheriff. But Danny had hung up and had left the soap box.

The old dame eyed him witheringly.

"Ef that sheriff knowed boys well as *I* do he'd never let yore lyin' send him on no sech wild-goose chase as *that!* A little tad like you shuttin' men in a cellar. *I* know boys' lies. I know 'em when I hear 'em. 'N' I don't want yore quilt. I reckon you stole it at Jack Johnson's. Take it, an' git outer here."

Danny gave her a look. Somehow its hurt dignity stayed in her memory afterward and troubled her. He took up the quilt and disappeared.

THREE days later there came into the great Carrisford estate, just outside of Thomasville, a very thin though healthy mare, an insolent, swaggering black colt, and a freckle-faced, hollow-eyed boy.

Passing through the open rose-vined gateway, Danny saw before him an emerald sea of green lawn. He rode out on it, and behind a wealth of blooming shrubbery he slipped off, unbuckled the reins from the bit rings, and left the mare to graze. Then he marched sturdily on the great house.

Before him loomed its tall white pillars, its wide-floored piazza, its whole great expanse. But Danny had been far more afraid of the Queer Noises and the "telefoam" than he would ever be of a mere house.

The front door was open. He marched on into the big hall with its ice-smooth floor that nearly tripped him. He saw no one. Then he heard a voice coming from a big room at the left—a clear, cold voice:

"No, there's no hope of it. I'm confident her bones are in the river, and— What the devil's this?"

Danny had marched on into the library.

He hastened to establish his right of entrance by firmly demanding:

"Will you axe Colonel Carrisford to come here? I got business with him."

The tall man turned back to the phone. He hung up and wheeled on Danny, asking cynically:

"How d' you know he lives here?"

"Folks said so."

The tall man folded his arms, a distinguished figure in his immaculate white suit. To Danny he loomed like an ice mountain, unhelpful, unkind. The cold voice announced:

"If you'll describe this Colonel Carrisford to me I'll try and find him for you. Ever see him?" The man was scowling faintly, but there was a quiver of amusement on this thin, cynical mouth.

"I ain't never seen him, but I reckon I'd know him," Danny answered quietly. "Colonel Carrisford he loves hawses like I do. All his hawses has a bellyful twicet a day. I reckon he looks like a pictur' of Santy Claus I seen at the station."

The tall man laughed outright, then said:

"You've got a disillusionment coming. I'm Colonel Carrisford. What's your business?"

The boy turned pale under his freckles. He was weak with hunger and with a sudden fear of this cold, white-clad figure. Then he thought of Luly. Her life hung on his courage. He swallowed the ball of fear in his throat and made his offer: He would chop cordwood forever for Luly's board and his own.

"Oh, you would? And who, if you please, is Luly?"

Danny explained.

"Oh, a mare, eh? And where is she? Oh—on my lawn! The devil you say! I don't allow horses on my lawn."

The boy turned paler still.

"I'll put her anywhere you say." Then, in a sudden hysteria of terror, he gave way and cried in a voice strangled with sobs: "Oh, mister, fer Gawd's sake don't go back on Luly! There ain't no way but you—evvybody despises her—throws off on her—there ain't no way but you!"

THE floor began to turn under him. He sank into a chair. Colonel Carrisford touched a bell and a Negro servant entered.

"Fetch me some biscuit, quick!"

While the Negro ran for them, Carrisford unlocked a cellaret, took out a bottle of wine, and filled

a glass. He bent over Danny, commanding sharply:

"Drink, sonny. That's right—now this biscuit." Then, presently, in quite a different voice, "Feel steady now?"

"Yessuh." Danny rose. "I kin stand up all right now. Seemed like somep'n came loose in my laigs. They're all right."

"Then listen to me. I'm going out to look at your mare. But, first, whatever she is, I promise you she shall live from now on in my pastures and eat my grain—free. And I'll give you a better job than cutting cordwood."

The light that never lay on sea or land glowed on Danny's freckled face. He gasped:

"Oh—oh, mister—"

"Never mind talking now. Come show me the mare."

Danny showed him the mare. She was cropping the lush grass in sturdy, regular mouthfuls, undisturbed by the light snaffle in her mouth or the rusty blinders at her eyes. The colt had wandered off. Danny was glad of that. He had yet to battle for the colt, and preferred issues one at a time. He glanced anxiously at the Colonel.

That gentleman literally reeled against a tree. His dark eyes were dilated. He muttered:

"Can't be! Yet I'm certainly not lit!"

WITH gentle swiftness he moved to the mare and slipped off her bridle. He took her head in his hands. She looked at him with sweet, kind eyes. He gasped out:

"By God—it's she!"

With trembling fingers he tore off the quilt. There on the thin withers showed a small star of white hair.

Danny edged up nervously.

"Colonel— I— Colonel—it's a-comin'! An' I was feared to tell you—"

"What's coming?" Colonel Carrisford wheeled as he spoke—and beheld a leggy black colt galloping up. It shied off at sight of the Colonel, loped around to its mother's opposite side, and began to suck.

"D' you mean to tell me," gasped Colonel Carrisford, "that that colt's *hers?*"

"Oh, I'm jest *awful* sorry!" wailed Danny. "I couldn't help her doin' it. She never knowed no better, er she'd waited till I could afford that there colt."

"Afford! *Afford!* Man o' War's get! My God!" The Colonel hurried around the mare and gloated over the leggy black colt. Then he shouted, and men came running. Danny heard orders given, saw excitement and joy in all faces, comprehended at last that he had brought his stray home to her actual owner; that she was not Luly, but Lady New Luck; that her son was also the son of horseland's king.

He ran away, sobbing in long, heartbroken sobs, as the mare was led off. The Colonel pursued him, picked him up, demanded the cause of his grief.

"She's yours—I'll never be 'lowed to see her again!"

"Your home is here, always. And you can feed her, ride her every day. Now, come have dinner."

A washed and hungry boy ate a marvelous meal. Afterward, in the library again, he told the whole story, from the hour Lady New Luck appeared at his gate.

Colonel Carrisford was silent. Then he said slowly to himself:

"The stable shan't have him. I thought of him as a future jockey—but I need a son like that."

THE END

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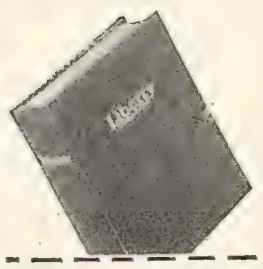

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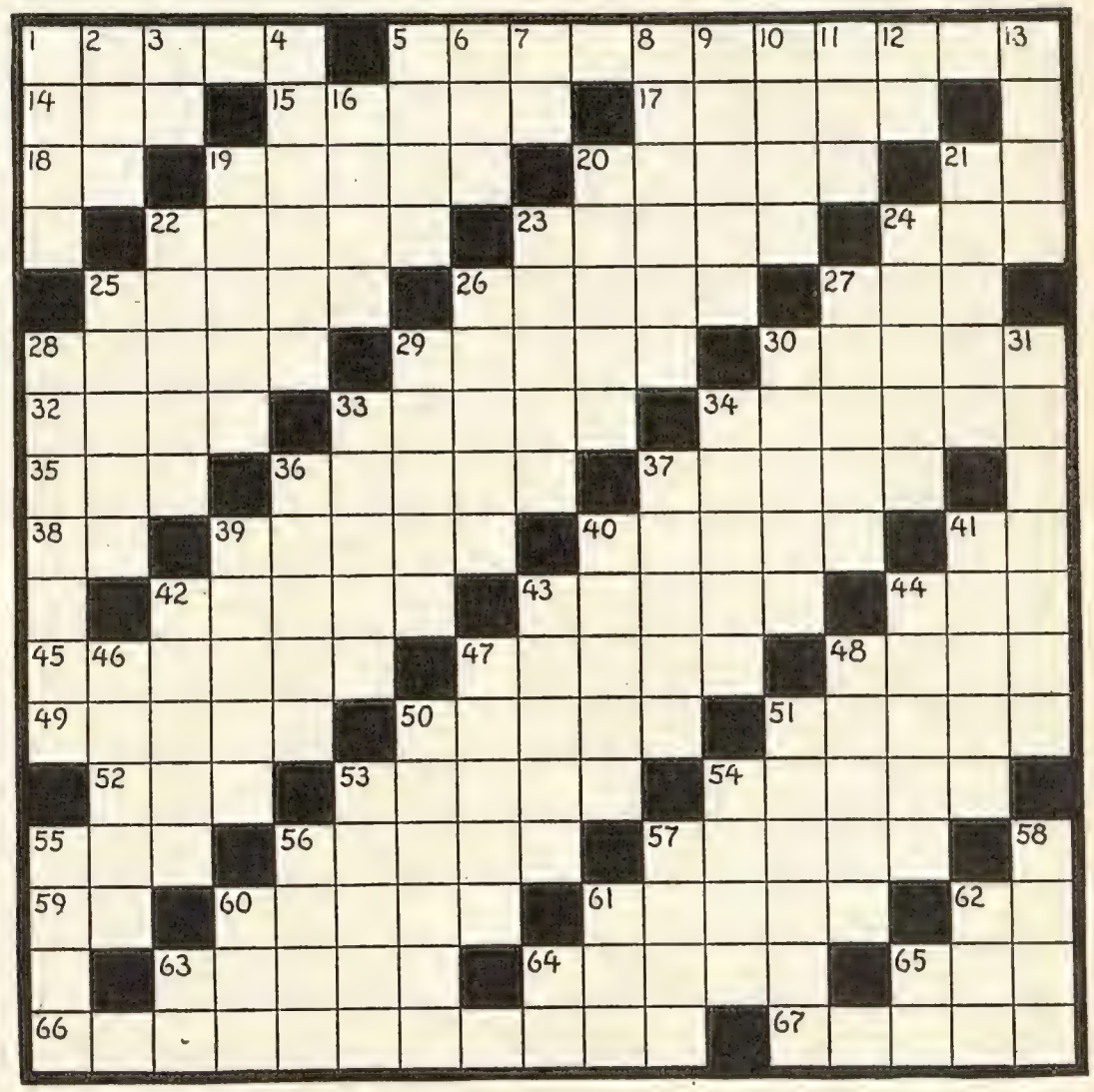
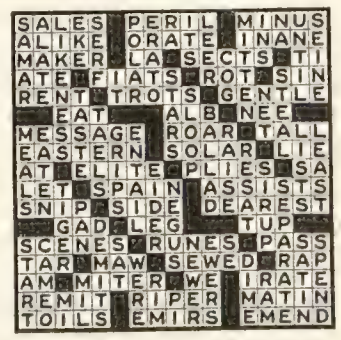


HORIZONTAL

1 Belgian coin
5 Clothed richly
14 Small island
15 Make amends
17 Like an old woman
18 A fish
19 To plait
20 Magnificent in extent
21 The sun god
22 Satan
23 Ponder
24 Ugly crone
25 Even
26 Island in the Mediterranean Sea
27 Compensate
28 Gowns
29 Showery
30 An American Indian
32 Iniquitous
33 Measure of weight
34 Calm
35 Joined
36 Roamed
37 Ceremonies
38 Either
39 Gallops
40 Proceeds by vehicle
41 Pronoun
42 Hut
43 Serpent
44 Japanese coin
45 Eludes
47 Parts of an animal's skeleton
48 Unimportant quarrel
49 Large stream
50 Exercise sovereign power
51 Dens
52 Subject matter in law
53 Drags
54 Irritates
55 Of a yellowish brown color
56 Feminine personal name
57 Melodies
59 Exists
60 Ascended
61 Implement for grasping
62 Proceed
63 Off the main track or way
64 Hindu princess
65 Total
66 Turbulent
67 River in Switzerland and France

VERTICAL

1 To fall short
2 To free from
3 By
4 Cuts up into pieces
5 Spiral
6 Furthermore
7 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
8 Infrequency
9 Silly
10 Submerge
11 Ancient
12 Compass point
13 Haul
16 An appendage
19 Sloping edge
20 City in Belgium
21 Silklike fabric
22 Charge
23 Group of three
24 Hell
25 Sweetheart
26 Responsibilities
27 Small orifices
28 More distant
29 Unmesh
30 Measuring instrument
31 Unites firmly
33 Contends with
34 Takes the part of
36 Wanderer
37 To mature
39 Ore veins
40 Circles
41 Heeds
42 Refuge
43 A thin dress material
44 Observes clandestinely
46 A morbid poison
47 Misrepresent
48 Auctions
50 A kind of apple
51 Tarry
53 Trudges
54 Character of an early alphabet
55 To dent
56 A county in New York
57 Measures of weight
58 Large volume
60 Viper
61 Letter of the Greek alphabet
62 Firearm
63 Exist
64 Proposed international language
65 Thus



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Consider the MANNEQUIN

By
EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by BONNEY

NO wonder she steps out when clad in this Redfern ensemble (above). Over a white mousseline frock is a gold and silver lamé wrap with which the Medici cap of gold and silver wire mesh accords perfectly. Here is illustrated the typical French walk. Note that the chest is lifted and that the body swings freely forward from the hips. Straight lines in the back and a spirited freedom of action characterize this movement.

JEAN PATOU'S bathing suit of black crêpe de Chine (above, left) is worn by a mannequin who is an enthusiastic swimmer. Notice how firmly the abdomen is held upward and back.

A SECRET of standing well is to keep the feet close together. No matter how you place your feet, they should be separated by only a few inches, and this is always necessary for a full-length photograph. Because she illustrates this principle and because her body is like an arrow for straightness, the model (above, center) is able to do full justice to Patou's graceful gown of white satin.

HEAD up! Chest up! Stomach up and back! Shoulders soft and natural and feet close together! Chantal's model, who shows the designer's jumper frock in French-blue wool, has obeyed all of these commands. Such posture gives distinction to any woman and it helps to slenderize the figure.

ONE of the most glaring of our common faults of posture is the carriage of the head. Instead of holding it up and back on the shoulders where it belongs, most of us thrust it forward and down—turtle fashion. To carry the head high gives even a small woman a regal look. Note the peculiar effectiveness of the lovely head pose shown here (left). It is essential if you're not going to be smothered in the mink collar with which Lelong finishes this charming robin's-egg-blue satin evening coat.

MANY a pretty frock is ruined by the way it's worn. No matter how perfect its own silhouette, it is obliged to assume a slump if its wearer does. On the other hand, a charmingly poised figure brings out every bit of grace given the costume by its creator.

For this reason, the mannequin, although by no means always possessed of perfect posture, has learned to stand and walk and to use her feet far better than the average woman. To see these young women filing across the stage in slow parade is to receive a continuous impression of light balance. If you question them they will tell you that what has helped them most is to get the feeling of being suspended in air.

When this inner conviction of lightness is supplemented by holding the stomach up and back, carrying the head well, and placing the feet along a straight line—never toeing out—you have the rudiments of excellent posture.

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Quick Thinking

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

A Baseball Play that Looked Too Good to Be True

By

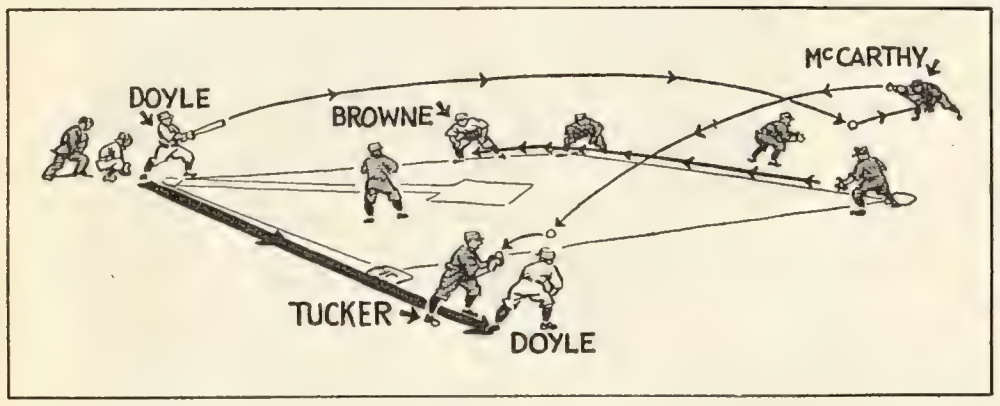
HUGH FULLERTON

VETERAN baseball players, the majority of whom are severe critics of the modern system of playing baseball in the major leagues, claim that the degeneration in the sport, from the standpoint of science, is due to "looking at the bench." By this they mean that the modern team is directed by the manager, who does all the thinking, dictates all the generalship, and orders each play.

The veterans assert scornfully that the modern "master minds" have signals to tell a player whether to slide feet or head first while running bases. They claim the system has robbed the players of initiative and the sport of its greatest thrill—which was the unexpected—and has reduced it to mechanical playing.

Possibly the present system produces more scientific baseball, but there is no doubt that the era in which the game was developing was the most interesting in its history. Players then invented and made plays on the spur of the moment.

Comiskey revolutionized first-base play by playing deep in right field, forcing the pitchers to cover the base and take thrown balls. Kelly invented the "hook slide" and the "fall-away." Little Butler, whose career ended when he blew his throwing hand to pieces with a cannon firecracker, evolved the "drag bunt." Almost every play now standard in the tactics of managers was discovered by some individual who studied the game.



The diagram shows how Doyle overran first and was caught by McCarthy's quick, accurate throw to Tucker. The latter's feint held Browne anchored at third.

Among the men who thought out new plays and executed them with rare skill was Tommy McCarthy, the famous Boston outfielder, and one play he made in a game against the New York Giants, either in 1893 or 1894 (I think 1894, but have lost the score book), stands out as one of the finest bits of quick thinking, knowledge of the game and opposing players, and brilliant execution in the annals of sport.

It was the play that caused the famous feud between McCarthy and Jack Doyle—the one over which they wrangled for years.

The game was played at the Polo Grounds in New York. McCarthy, who usually played right field for Boston, shifted positions and played left field at the Polo Grounds because of his ability to gauge balls in the sun field. That fact indicates that the game was played in 1894, as Cliff Carroll, who had been a catcher, was playing left for Boston that season and always changed positions with McCarthy when the sun troubled outfielders.

The Giants and Boston were fighting for the lead of the league. Boston had taken the lead by scoring one run in the sixth inning and was clinging desperately to that slender advantage when the ninth inning came, and Tom Browne reached second base after one runner had been retired for the Giants.

Browne was one of the fastest runners the game ever has known. He was a sprinter in college and a ten-second man on a straight-away course.

Brown Brothers photos

Tommy McCarthy, Boston outfielder, whose quick thinking won the game and started a feud with Doyle.

Jack Doyle was at bat. Doyle was a fine right-handed hitter, and he was especially dangerous in a pinch, being one of the nerviest and most daring of players. As Doyle went to bat, McCarthy moved closer in toward the infield, knowing that Doyle was a "straight-away" hitter, driving the ball to center or left. Doyle drove a clean line single over the head of the shortstop, a hit that seemed to mean a certain tie and perhaps victory for the Giants.

McCarthy leaped forward, scooped the ball on the first bound, and, without stopping to look or straighten up, threw with marvelous speed and accuracy across the diamond to Tom Tucker, who was playing first base for Boston.

The ball came to Tucker on a perfect first bounce, and Tucker, turning quickly, saw Doyle, who had turned first base, stop with great suddenness, whirl, and turn to dive back to safety. Tucker blocked him off the base, touched him with the ball for the second out, and with a fast motion drove Browne back to third base. The next batter hit a long fly to an outfielder, and New York was beaten.

Jack Doyle, the old-time Giant, and victim of one of baseball's brainiest plays.

That evening a bunch of players from both teams gathered, as was the custom, to drink beer and discuss the game. McCarthy was sitting at a table when Doyle entered the place.

"You lucky stiff!" said Doyle to McCarthy. "You throw the ball away and win a game doing it."

"I had it all figured out, Jack," said McCarthy.

"Figured, hell!" snorted Jack. "You tried to throw home, threw wild, and caught me."

McCARTHY laughed. Some of us who were outsiders asked him to explain the play.

"It was simple," he said. "I played close because Doyle hits hard and dead to left field against that kind of pitching, and Browne is so fast I couldn't throw him out from deep left. Browne is the fastest man in the game and a smart base runner. He knows me, and he knew I could throw him out at the plate on a sharp hit, from where I was playing. I knew he would not try to score or take any wild chances at that stage of the game. I knew if the hit came to me, Tom would turn third base, stop, and look around to see where the ball was. If I had fumbled it he could walk home. If I fielded it cleanly he would not try to score.

"I know Jack runs with his head down without looking to see where the ball is. I knew he would go to first, turn the base, then stop, and look to see whether Browne was going on to the plate. If I was throwing to the plate to catch Browne, Jack would go on to second. If I wasn't he'd go back to first.

"I figured that a fast throw across the field would catch Jack after he turned first base, standing still and looking for Browne, so I threw there."

Doyle was so mad about the play he walked out and refused to speak to McCarthy for a year. Then they made up. But in the next ten years they argued that play a dozen times, and each time quarreled over it—although Doyle finally admitted Tom was right.

THE END

The House Behind the Shutters

Being Some Further Memories of a Yellow Journalist

By

ADA PATTERSON

Picture by JOSEPH A. MATURO

" Oh, yes," she laughed. " I had plenty of Sunday school. But it hasn't done me much good, you see."

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In previous articles Miss Patterson has told how she saved Annie Bradley, murderess, from the gallows, and how she risked her life, in a cage of lions, to further a publicity scheme. This is the third installment of her series.]

DANGERS. Difficulties. Delicacies. Dough. These in direct or inverse ratio compose the yellow journalist's professional life.

The dangers are many. I shall, farther on, relate an event that is one of a bristling train of them in my memory.

Difficulties abound. A philosopher discovered that the troubles of this trouble-laden world are caused by an obstacle encountering a force. The person unwilling to " give up " a story is an obstacle. The representative of a yellow organ is a force.

The force is applied *ad infinitum* and the result is usually an exclusive story.

Delicacies. Princess Amélie Troubetzkoy was one of those who reminded me of the lack of them in the class of newspaper making I served.

" But you must admit there is power in such stories," I pleaded.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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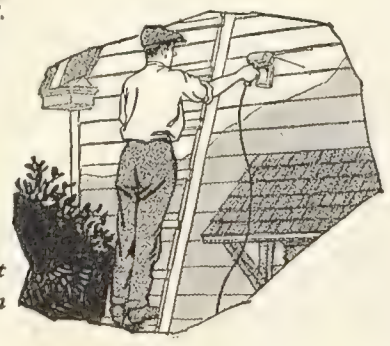

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[THE HOUSE BEHIND THE SHUTTERS]
Continued from page fifty-one

"Yes," responded the author of The Quick or the Dead; "the power of a bad smell." And she went on emasculating a story which, through some secret dispensation, she had been accorded the privilege of editing. The story concerned the settlement made upon her by her ex-husband.

"But it is all true," I protested plaintively as her relentless pencil went through my laboriously garnered facts.

"Yes. But there are some things that may not be printed." The second third of my precious narrative died beneath her stabbing pencil.

Dough. Forgive the slang that expresses succinctly the compensation that every yellow journalist sorely needs for his hard job. Uneasy lies his always troubled head.

The perils that beset the yellow journalist are not all of life and limb. There are more insidious dangers. I have gone to a fire, most of the time on one wheel, with the fire commissioner. I have walked a plank ninety feet above ground to describe a view from a new building. But I had faced greater than these.

Clear must be the head, cool the pulse, and schooled the susceptibilities of the female of the reporter species who pursues the path of radical realism.

ONE of my cameolike memories, associated always with distinct distaste, is of the investigation of an alleged matrimonial bureau.

I went in the disguise of one who was husband seeking. There had been some correspondence with the head of the agency, a most unprepossessing woman. She told me:

"The gentleman I had in mind for you is engaged just now. He's upstairs with another young lady. But in the meanwhile I'll introduce you to one that's waiting."

She had four rooms in which candidates for matrimony held their premarriage interviews. They were all engaged, but I might wait in the hall until a vacancy occurred. Two shamefaced men passed downstairs, went out, and closed the door with a slam.

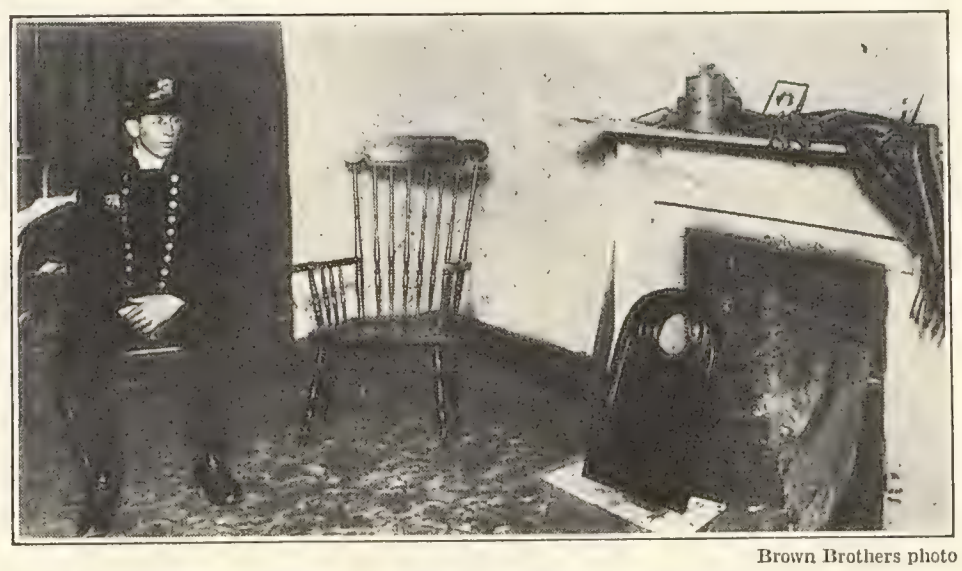
"They wouldn't do for you," said Cupid's representative. "One is a laborer. The other is a widower with two children."

Presently I was introduced to a candidate. Sitting at the farthest end of a divan, close to the door, I made the interview as brief and as unromantic as the demands of the story would permit. With the second I talked upstanding, expressing keen regrets that our chat must be so brief because my family "expected me home that very moment."

I no more believed that those men had called with intent to wed than I believed the apparently ingenuous but suggestive advertisements that once appeared in the columns of a New York newspaper under the heading, "Object, Matrimony."

"THERE is a house masquerading as a cheap theater that is the wickedest place in the city," said my editor. "Go up there at midnight and write what you see."

The theater, so called, with its red light in front, was in one of the then segregated portions of the city where bowed shutters jutted upon streets that were narrow and dirty. Through the openings between the shutters peered waiting women with challenging eyes and loose garments.



Brown Brothers photo

The room in which Albert Wolter killed Ruth Wheeler and burned her body.

The theater was small, weather stained and unattractive. Within, men sat alone or in leering groups at round tables, drinking from small glasses or from foaming mugs. Their eyes sought, to a man, the little latticed boxes in the gallery, which were screened by coarse red curtains.

Occasionally the curtains parted. A woman leaned down and beckoned with a smile intended to be alluring. A man left jeering companions, joined her, and the red curtains were drawn.

At one end of the room was a stage built of rough boards. It was occupied, when I slipped into the theater and over to a rear seat beside a table, by a woman of at least fifty years. No generosity of rouge could hide the deep creases that bespoke flabby facial muscles.

A brisk, lively young person in striped trousers and blue shirt, whose face was blackened with burnt cork, appeared. She trotted down a staircase, turned a few somersaults, delivered some indecent jokes, and returned to coquet with her admirers.

A solemn-faced, bald, gray-whiskered man sat at a table near the three-stepped stairway to the stage. The young person in striped trousers swooped upon him.

"Why, hello, Daddy!" she said, and ran her thin, cork-blackened fingers through his beard. "Daddy" grinned in a silly manner. She wound her arms about his neck and laughed.

Espying a thin, sore-eyed, undersized thing, by courtesy called a man, who was diffidently closing the door, she left the graybeard and flung her arms about the newcomer.

"Daddy" was by no means disconsolate. He busied himself smirking at a small, *passée* woman who sat beside him. She had a weak face. Her eyes, that she forced to smile, were dim. Her smile, that she tried to make gay, was sad.

I caught myself pitying "Daddy's" miserable companion. She was the only one of the "actresses" who looked as though she were the victim of a malign fate. The rest looked wholly responsible for their choice. They were free-will agents who had chosen their paths and liked them.

A dancer in green plush and pink satin joined the pleasure seekers. She screamed, out of all time and tune with the pianist and the fiddler, that the world was wide and she didn't care. I'm sure she didn't. None of them do. With the death of that beautiful, intangible something that we call womanliness, comes the don't-care spirit.

Miss Green-and-Pink was singing an encore number. It was a vile song accompanied by a viler dance.

An oily scent, half sweet, half repulsive, made me aware of a neighbor's presence.

"I wouldn't do that for three hundred thousand dollars," said someone at my elbow: a slim dark girl in a Spanish make-up, her cheap red satin skirt covered with torn black lace.

SHE wore a black satin bodice and a tawdry black mantilla. Her black eyes and vivacious features shone in the setting.

"That's my running mate," she said. She tossed a kiss to the clumsily capering creature in pink and green. "We room together. She's got lots of nerve to do that dance. We've been together for two years."

"How long have you been leading this kind of life?" I asked, trying not to seem aloof or chilly.

"Ten years. It began at Tacoma, Washington. I was born in Bangor, Maine."

This girl a Yankee? Thoughts of blue laws and visions of Puritans chased each other through my brain. She read them with ease.

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I had plenty of Sunday school. But it hasn't done me much good, you see." She laughed as though she enjoyed the jest.

"And why," I asked hesitatingly, for every human being has a thou-shalt-not line of his own—"why did you begin this sort of thing?"

She did not resent the question. Her ruling mood was amiability.

"I married a no-account fellow. He would not support me, although I was a good girl then. I was pretty. You can guess the rest."

"Do you like such a life?"

"Yes. Or at least I never worry. It doesn't pay. I never care enough about anybody or anything to worry over them."

The don't-care spirit again.

It was 3 A. M. The room was mysteriously emptying. There was laughter, or whispers, or silence behind the coarse red curtains of the little boxes in the gallery. The girl walked beside me to the door.

"Come to see me sometime. I live just three doors from here." She nodded from the door toward the row of sinister little houses with the bowed shutters.

Out upon the streets again, beneath the sky that God had made.

OTHER human dregs, seemingly irreclaimable, I worked among when I secured the only interviews published in the case of the State versus Albert Wolter—a case that pointed to the wisdom of restricting immigration to those of desirable character.

Albert Wolter was born in Europe of unwed parents. At seventeen he was living outside the law with an immigrant servant, Katie Mueller.

A child of a respected family, Ruth Wheeler, having been graduated from a business school, set forth to answer advertisements for a stenographer. From the morning that she kissed her mother good-by a great silence swallowed her.

Finally bits of her clothing and charred bones, found in a fireplace of a room occupied by the youth and the Mueller girl, led to the identification of the remains of the child who had set forth on the adventure of livelihood earning and met death.

Wolter, contrary to circumstantial evidence, denied any knowledge of the girl or the charred bones in the fireplace. But it was proved that he had paid for decoy advertisements for stenographers.

That Ruth Wheeler had clipped one of the advertisements from a newspaper and had answered it in person was beyond doubt. Public indignation rose to such tidal-wave height that in other communities the grim gray Tombs that lodged him would have been attacked.

Escorted by his attorney, I visited Wolter in his cell. He feebly repeated his denials. He said the murder might have happened while he was absent. To convince me that he was not of murderer stuff, he told me of his rescue of a kitten from its tortures in a boarding house.

An outstanding feature of the revolting case was the loyalty of the serving maid to her companion.

In the bare little reception room, within the smoke-stained brick walls of the house of detention, the pretty girl, in a shabby gray dress, talked to me of the suspect in one of the most hideous crimes of the century.

Through her speech ran again and again the sentences:

"I care more for him than for all the rest of the world. I don't believe he is guilty, but if he were guilty I would marry him anyway. I don't believe he was ever untrue to me."

A woman's love, a woman's trust, a woman's vast forgiveness ran as golden threads through a sordid, debasing story. One ennobling element was missing: Not once appeared any hint of discrimination between right and wrong.

She loved Albert Wolter. She had lived with him. Why not? The blackness of her situation was pierced by no sense of wrong to anyone else. Society? What was that?

There were in her world two persons, Albert Wolter and herself, and a trouble about which she wept and which she hoped to evade.

Katie was an individualist.

"Tell him I will always stand by him," she said, "because I care more for him than for anyone else in the world. Tell him I don't know anything against him anyway."

"Aren't you sorry for Ruth Wheeler and her mourning mother and sisters?" I asked.

"Yes, I pity them. But Albert didn't kill her. I had a letter from him today. He said he wants to go back to the country where he was born, he and his mother and father and me, as soon as this trouble is over.

"If Albert dies I want to die too," she sobbed.

"If he is convicted and pays the penalty, what will you do?" I asked her.

"I'll go on working," she answered. "But I will never marry anyone else. I won't look at another man as long as I live."

Wolter paid the penalty in the electric chair at Sing Sing. Assistant District Attorney Frank Morse, who tried and convicted him, took Katie into his household as a maid to his family. There she remained, I have heard, until his death.

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Ruth Wheeler and Albert Wolter, who murdered her.

I WAS the first woman to go down in a submarine. The cigar-shaped diver was well named by its inventor, Simon Lake, the Argonaut. Flags floated airily from it as it lay on the slow moving bosom of the Patapsco River at Baltimore.

The mayor, stout, complacent, smiling, sat in a rowboat beside the little craft. He had brought a friend to witness this addition to the seven wonders of the world.

A group on shore, to whose numbers the city contributed additions every moment, was witnessing a feat at which it voiced intense disapproval. The voice of a lean, jaundiced man floated out to us with startling clearness:

"Yes, they'll go down, I guess. I never thought they would, but they are hell bent to go. They'll never come up alive."

A red-haired man responded: "Bet your life. Something'll break and they'll be drowned like rats in a hole."

A woman pinned her shawl more firmly across her ample breast and alluded to the kind of folk who are born every minute.

A freckled-face boy screamed a farewell of his own: "I see yer finish!"

We entered through the conning tower, clambered down a fifteen-foot ladder, and looked about a circular walled and ceilinged chamber pungent with fresh white paint. Lake called to us from the conning tower:

"We are moving along the surface, bearing northeast. In a moment we will begin to sink."

THE beelike noise of the machinery deepened. Slowly the boat was sinking. The saucy waves of the Patapsco began to dash against the windows of the conning tower. The light that came through them took on the grayish tinge of the water. The captain held a tin cup beneath the stopcock in the tower.

Drip, drip, fell the telltale drops.

"We are submerged," said the captain.

There was no perceptible motion of the boat. The subdued, beelike whir of the machinery and the splash of the water against the windowpanes were the only sounds.

There were brief complimentary speeches. There was a toast to "the lady" and to the fair-haired inventor. Then silence. The eternal soundless calm of the waters had laid its spell upon us.

"However turbulent the upper seas, in the depths there is always quiet. A hurricane might be strewing the ocean with wrecks and you could not hear or see it at the bottom," said the captain.

Slowly we began to rise. There was nothing in the movement of the boat to indicate this. The captain's words and the silent testimony of the air gauge were our guides.

"We will run along halfway between the surface and the bottom of the river," Simon Lake said, and gave the signal to the captain.

One of the crew was telling a riotous story about Captain Sorcho:

"He got mad at a performing turtle that wouldn't perform and he sent for an ax to spank it—"

The story was not finished. Laughter was hushed. Every face was white in the gleam of the electric light.

Water was bursting from one of the tanks! It overflowed upon the floor. It spurted upon our clothes. Our faces were wet by its spray.

Captain Sorcho sprang down the ladder. Quickly, forcibly, he turned a crank. He shouted sharp, rapid orders.

The prophecy from the shore screamed again in our ears:

"They'll be drowned like rats in a hole."

The tank that had burst was re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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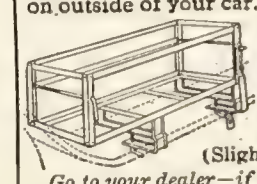

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[THE HOUSE BEHIND THE SHUTTERS]
Continued from page fifty-three

paired in five minutes. But they were awful minutes. The privilege of dying neither in the air above nor in the water beneath, but on the comparatively soft earth, seemed to me vast, immeasurable—the one thing to be desired in a fleeting life.

Gently we rose to the surface. We had been submerged for half an hour. The crowd greeted us with an equal mixture of praise and derision.

DIFFICULTIES beset when I hid the widow of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, for whose murder Police Lieutenant Charles Becker and four young East Side gunmen were executed.

The hiding was to achieve a beat by securing for my paper alone the experiences of that stricken woman on the night of Becker's execution. To set forth what she did and thought on that night was a vital and dramatic feature. On the morning after the execution all the New York newspapers save one said that she was not to be found.

Nor was she by them, because that night and the next night and the intervening day she shared my apartment and bared her heart to the public through my newspaper.

One reason it secured the beat was that I had been the first to secure an interview with her after the murder of her husband, and had continued the sympathetic acquaintance then formed through the three years that intervened. In part, because I liked and had a genuine sympathy with this plump, pretty, heartbroken woman who had been the wife of the millionaire theatrical manager, Sam H. Harris, and loved him not, and had wedded and loved and mourned the bankrupt gambler.

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Mrs. Charles Becker and (left) Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, who was electrocuted for Rosenthal's murder.

International Newsreel

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Mrs. Herman Rosenthal and (right) Herman Rosenthal, who was murdered by Becker's orders.

Also, partly because I foresaw the climax of the execution and knew the dramatic value of her story, I had asked and received her promise that she would spend the day of Becker's execution with me, and that she would talk with no one else.

A month before the date of the execution I visited her in her New Jersey retreat and reminded her of her promise. She repeated it. She kept it.

But to do so she had to wait until the cordon of reporters surrounding her house was diminished by hunger. Veiled, enveloped in a borrowed cloak, and escorted by a relative, she passed the remaining sentries while her escort explained that she was a cousin whom they did not know and who had nothing whatever to do with the case.

Meanwhile, as 8 o'clock, the hour of her promised arrival, passed, a quarter past 8, a quarter of 9, I dared not telephone her lest a rival story cherisher hear the message. Her guarding relative relieved my anguish by a muffled call:

"She's coming. She's just waiting until more of these hounds get hungry."

Late that night she arrived, pale, wide-eyed, but resolute.

"Would you like to walk past the house where you used to live?" I asked. "It is only two blocks away."

She went whiter, trembled, faced me, and said, "Yes."

We would be safer from detection if we did not take a taxicab, we agreed.

Two or three women and a man who sauntered past sent a curious glance at the figure that stood trembling and sobbing before the vacant house at 104 West Forty-fifth Street, where she had lived and from which Herman Rosenthal went forth to his death.

"Doesn't it look awful?" she whispered, while my arm supported her shaking form in the shadows. "It was a fatal house. I stumbled as I crossed the threshold the first time. I am superstitious. I said to Herman, 'This will be an unlucky house for us.'

"There at the basement window I sat for four hours, waiting for him to come home after that mysterious telephone call. Up those steps I saw a crowd running. I opened the door to hear a man say, 'Your husband is dead.' I ran out at that gate and toward Broadway and right there"—she pointed to the spot—"I fainted."

We walked to Broadway and turned into Forty-third Street, stopping for an instant in front of the renamed restaurant at the door of which Herman Rosenthal was slain.

"Let us go," she said wearily. "I seem to see the stains of his blood on the sidewalk."

A quivering pause beneath the green lights of the police station.

"It was here that I met District Attorney Whitman," she whispered behind her concealing veil. "He looked kindly at me and said: 'Don't wait here to identify Herman. I will do that. Go home and wait to hear from us.'

"On the day of the funeral I was dazed. They took me down to look at Herman. I said, 'That isn't my husband.' They had shot him between the eyebrows and that had changed his face so."

The soft voice, like a grieved child's, hardened. "How does a man's face look when he has been electrocuted?" she asked.

WHEN we reached the seventh-floor quiet and the subdued lights of my apartment, she sank into a chair. But presently she was up and pacing the floor.

"Rest!" She laughed wildly. "I cannot rest until this night is over. I want to count the time until Charles Becker has paid his debt to me."

She sat down facing the clock, her wide brown eyes searching its face.

"At a quarter of six my prayers of three years will be answered," she exulted. "God understood. 'Grant my wish,' I said over and over.

"I have been ill ever since Herman was killed. My heart seems to pull downward. But I determined not to die until my prayer had been answered. The last week I was afraid that some witnesses might be paid to perjure themselves and put off the day.

"But I knew the day would come. I began the morning with, 'God grant my wish.' I fell asleep with it on my lips. Such a prayer will be answered."

The frenzied look passed from her eyes. Pity succeeded it.

"What a night for Mrs. Becker!" she exclaimed. "I would rather be in my place, wretched as it is, than in hers."

In the deep post-midnight silence that fell upon the house, she said abruptly:

"Those who think there was no motive for Becker to have my husband killed don't know the man. His furies were terrible. They were murderous. You remember the play, Ivan the Terrible, that Richard Mansfield played so realistically that it made people scream with fright? *Ivan the Terrible* died in a rage.

"Becker had such rages. The messages he sent when he knew that Herman had resolved to report his graftings to the district attorney proved that. They always included me. 'Why don't the cur leave you out of it?' Herman would say.

"'I'll force you and your wife to the wall,' Becker would say. 'I'll make you and your wife live on a crust.' He was a bully. He thought he could rule everyone as he ruled his little police kingdom. His fury, when baffled, and his belief in his own power, made him mad. They made him willing to dare anything.

"Herman had baffled him. He determined to destroy Herman, and he did." She drew my blue kimono around her shoulders as though she were cold.

"Four o'clock," she said. "In an hour and three-quarters my prayers will be answered. I wonder, when it is finished, whether I will see Herman in my dreams any more. I have often seen him, but he never spoke. He always had a frown on his forehead above the hideous bullet wound.

"I believe he was not at peace because the murder had not been fully atoned. Those ignorant East Side hirelings have gone their way. But the crime will not be expiated until Charles Becker dies."

I told her that I was in the courtroom when, as the clock struck 12, midnight, Charles Becker was brought in to hear the verdict of "Guilty."

"While he listened to the verdict he stood like a man of bronze. But the muscles of his throat worked. Like this. Hereafter, in crises, I shall watch a man's throat."

I switched off the now needless lights. The shades fluttered. A breeze blew the curtains inward.

The outside gray changed to pink. The air grew cooler and fresher. The hands of the little mantel clock indicated a quarter to 6. Lillian Rosenthal bent her sleek brown head as worshipers do in church.

A click of the telephone. I lifted the receiver and heard the three-years-awaited message:

"Becker died in the chair at five forty-five. It took two shocks to kill him."

She lifted a trembling face toward me. "What did it say?"

I repeated the words.

The face of Herman Rosenthal's widow was flooded with color. But her eyes filled. "He has paid the penalty." Her weak voice had the timbre of a bell. She clasped her small white hands, useless little hands, and raised them in supplication.

"He has atoned! Now God forgive him! Save his soul!"

She flung herself upon the bed where all night she had refused to lie. Broken words interrupted her sobs:

"Now Herman—will rest—in peace."

WITH the delicacies which figure in other forms of human association yellow journalism does not concern itself. It is too intensively busy, too absorbed in the immediate purpose.

At the funeral of a distinguished woman I saw a young man move nervously toward the line of mourners. He pressed his way agitatedly toward the leading figure, the daughter

who was following her mother's rose-blanketed coffin out of the church to the grave. Into her black-gloved hand he thrust a letter.

"It must be a process server. The fellow ought to be kicked out," an indignant friend of the bereaved voiced his wrath.

The young man slipped into the crowd and out upon the street. There he wiped his forehead with a trembling hand, saying to no one in particular: "It's ghastly. I would rather have swum the Atlantic than done that. But," with a hysterical laugh, "it's for the dough."

He was a reporter on a yellow journal. He had been assigned to ask the woman whose mother had died to write a series of articles.

"I haven't been able to get to her," he said he had reported to his chief. "She seems to be overcome by her mother's death. It was sudden."

"Get to her somehow," ordered his commanding officer. "If you wait, one of the other papers will make her an offer." Then a happy inspiration: "She will be at the funeral. Hand our letter to her there. No one else will think of that."

The young man had covered his assignment. No, the young woman did not contribute the series of articles. But the reporter's chief told his chief, who reported to his superior, and the report reached the high chieftain that their offer had met her eye first.

"THE boss wants to see you," the office boy informed me one morning.

"The family is keeping Robert Ingersoll's body in the home long past the usual time for burial. This, I think, is the eighth day. They say Mrs. Ingersoll sits day after day beside it and doesn't want it taken from her sight. Take the next train to Dobbs Ferry and ask her whether she expects to see her husband again."

He handed me a news clipping about the long vigil and pressed the buzzer on his desk.

On the train that carried me along the Hudson to the wooded hill where had dwelt in a model family life the great agnostic, I recalled my meeting with him and his gentle, dignified wife in St. Louis. I remembered his laughter and her mild restraint.

Of them Octave Thanet had written words that would lift any tender wife to the high heavens of elation: "He was the lifelong lover of one woman."

Mine the task to ask her, as she sat mourning beside his bier: "Do you expect to meet your husband again?"

A servant in mourning admitted me to the never inhospitable house. I told him I had a message from my newspaper to one of the family. Mrs. Ingersoll's pale, slender sister came, with a strained smile, into the drawing room.

I told her frankly my errand, told her how deeply sorry I was to ask that question. "But the public that heard and read Colonel Ingersoll would like to know," I pleaded in extenuation of my gruesome errand.

A wait of fifteen minutes. Then the agnostic's home furnished an example of Christian tolerance.

"Mrs. Ingersoll says she remembers pleasantly their meeting with you in St. Louis. And she remembers your call at their home at Gramercy Park. She says she knows you will understand that she has not the strength now to talk with anyone. But she has written here what she thinks will help you."

Penciled in a small, refined, irregular hand were the words: "I do not know whether I shall meet my husband again. But I know as much as anyone else does. That is —nothing."

LATER there was an assignment that seemed a harbinger of joy in contrast to my usual work.

A new beauty had been discovered in Harlem.

"According to the picture printed here, she is a stunner," my editor said; "but you never can tell. Go up and see what other pictures there are of her, and who she is, and whether it would be worth while to have photographs made of her."

It was evening. Huge families were gathering, as families do in the congested parts of Harlem, on the doorsteps and the fire escapes. The possible beauty was not at home. But her father, a meek, grizzled male, sat, knees far apart, on the dusty upper doorstep.

His daughter was at the movies. He did not know which one. His wife had gone down the street. Would I come to their flat while he looked for photographs of Becky?

Up three flights I followed him. Through a dark hall. He opened the door. "Come in," he said from the depths of the dark room. "Where is them matches?"

While he groped on the mantel for the match box I waited on the doorsill.

There was a quick, panting movement in the hall. I was aware of a hotly breathing presence behind me. I turned just as the match hunter proclaimed the success of his search by lighting the gas.

Facing me in the hall was a woman with flames for eyes, and pointed teeth like those of a great cat. She raised a vigorous arm surmounted by a tight clenched hand.

"How long has this been going on?" she hissed.

Brown Bros. photo

One of the early submarines—the Argonaut —in which the author risked her life.

Miss Patterson's experience as the only woman who ever "covered" a hanging will be told in an early issue of Liberty, in the concluding installment of her series.

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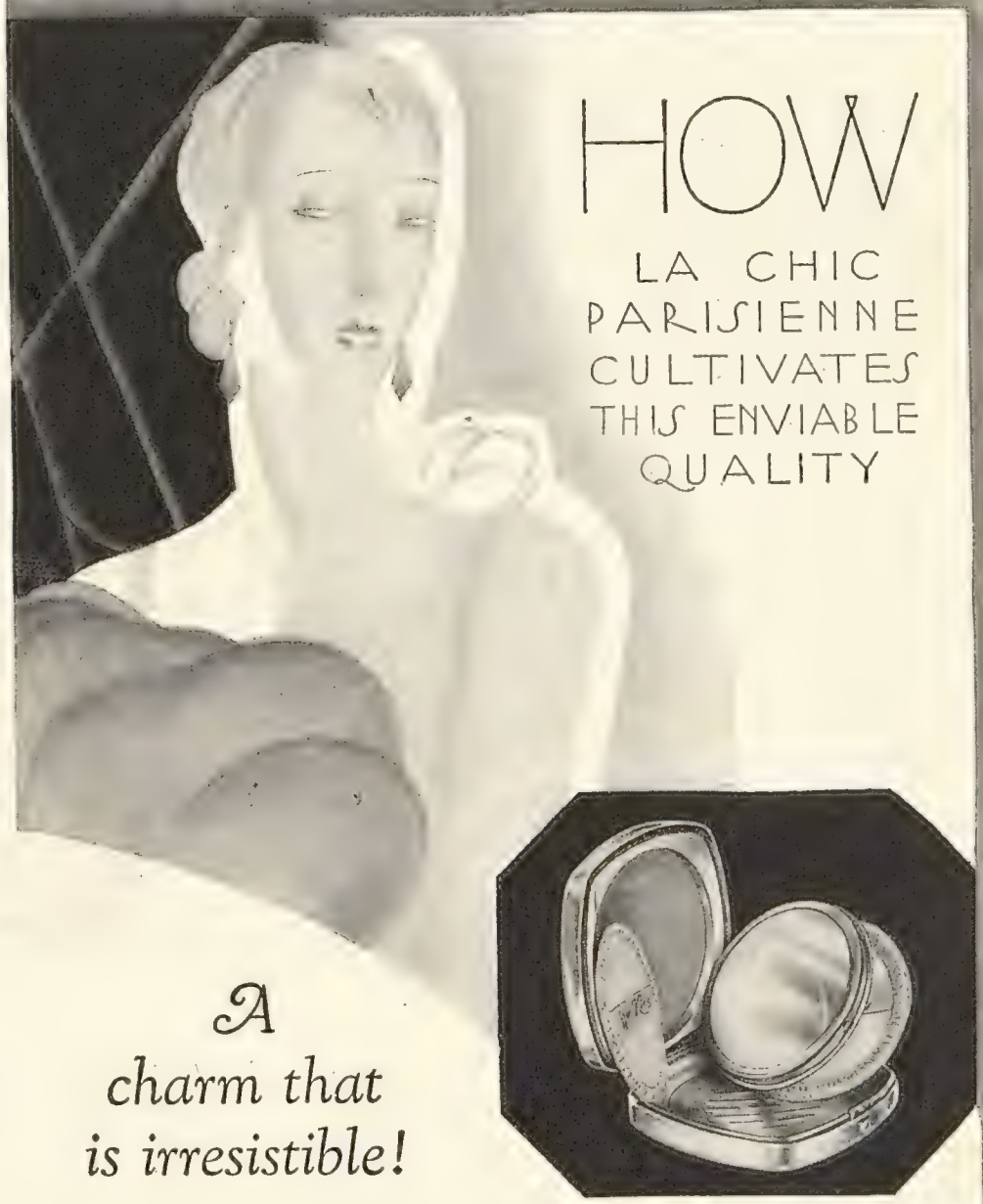

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"Daddy says," Mary tole him, "that fellow with the specs is a ter-RIBBle dud." "What's wrong with him?" says Auntie's caller, taking off his specs.

We Didn't Spill Anything

As Dictated by TONI, JR.,
To ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Do you know what's a enter-tain-er? I don't either. Mary doesn't also. But we're NOT one. Aunt Toni says we're NOT.

She said it the night *he* came. He is her beau. I mean he was her beau before that night. She says he is only a friend. I mean she said he was only a friend. He's less than that now. All because Mary and me thought we were enter-tain-ers, she says. In future, long before the doorbell rings two young women she knows will be put away where they can't tell all they know.

"You spilled the beans that time," Daddy said. But honest, we didn't spill anything. Not on our dresses or on the floor. We were good. We tole Aunt Toni we didn't spill anything. She said, O-h, N-O-o-o, you didn't. You just busted up that little friendship for me. You shouldn't say busted, Auntie, we said. Don't worry, she said. You won't hear it again. You'll be where there won't be any o-kay-shun for its coming up.

Aunt Toni was MAD. Only she said she was more hurt than mad. We asked where she hurt. We'd rub her. She said we'd done enough of that.

He didn't stay long that night. I thought he came to stay a long time. He took off his hat and coat and his cane. He sat down in the big chair. He said this is great. Mary asked him where he was going to sleep. He said in his yewz-shull place. Mary said where's that? He said in bed.

"Tell me," he said to Mary, "what have you been doing with yourself all day?"

He wasn't paying any 'ten-shun to me. So I said what's that? He said that, young lady, is a mus-tash. Do you like it? I said No. He said what do you like? I said candy. He said I didn't bring any. I said not for Aunt Toni? He said I thought she didn't eat it. She said she didn't dare. So Mary and me tole him she dared. Her beau from last night brought a beau-ti-ful big box. She only gave us a little piece. She must have eaten the rest all up, because the box when we found it was on her dresser with hanker-chuffs in it.

He said where's your Aunt Toni?

I said she's getting dressed. Mary said no she wasn't. She was putting paint on her face. I said no she wasn't. She was putting it on her mouth. Mary said she puts it on both places. I said Oh yes she puts it on all over her face. He said she does? He didn't believe it.

"She puts it on her eyes, too," I tole him. "An' on her eyebrows."

"She ties up her hair and puts some greasy stuff on first," Mary said.

"When boys are coming," I said.

"Beaus, not boys," Mary corrected me.

"Do many of these boys—beaus, I mean—come to see your Aunt Toni?" he asked.

Mary said yes—eleven. Mary always says eleven when you ask her something. I say four-teen.

"I LIKE the one that came last night," Mary tole him. "He gave me a dime. He tole me to slip it in my bank. It was a secret. I like secrets. Daddy says he's the mos' reg-a-lur fellow Auntie knows. And Auntie says he IS."

"You're sure it was 'ast night he was here?" he asked. We tole him we were sure. He mutter-ed, "She said she had work she had to do last night." So we tole him no she didn't work.

"And Daddy says," Mary tole him, "that fellow with the specs and cane is a ter-RIBBle dud."

"What's wrong with him?" said Auntie's caller, taking off his specs and wiping them. Mary said she didn't know. I didn't either. Only Auntie said, we tole him, he was good for a quiet evening and a lady had to have one once in a while.

"Auntie pins her hair on," Mary tole him. I said no she doesn't. She keeps it in the drawer. Mary said no she only kept it in the drawer when nobody was coming.

So he said I think we better talk about you. Where did you get that pretty dress? I said I got panties on, too. See?

"What's your doll's name?" he said quick.

"Aunt Toni hasn't got a dress like mine," I finished. Hers is another dress, I 'splained Aunt Toni's got fourteen dresses. Mary said no—eleven. He said she's an extrav-a-gant woman. We said what's that? And he said it's too much for me.

"Do you know what my Aunt Toni eats?" Mary asked him. He said no he didn't want to hear it from us. So we tole him she gets up in the morning and eats everything she shouldn't. That's what we heard her telling Mom she had to stop doing, anyway.

We would have tole him a lot more about Auntie, only just then she came in. She was smiling indull-gently like they do in the storybook.

"How do you do, Mr. Bliss?" she says. "And how have you been?"

"Highly enter-tained," he said.

"Have the darlings been making you tell them stories?"

"On the con-trary," he said. "They've been telling me a few." He didn't laugh very hearty.

"What have they been telling you?" Auntie asked.

"That you keep your hair in a drawer when nobody's here. That you paint your face all over. That a fellow that comes around here with specs and a cane is a dud."

"Aren't they the limit?" Auntie said, laughing uneasy like they do in the book too.

"Yes," he said. "And what about that work you had to do last night? And what about the eleven other poor fish?" And Auntie said well, *what* about them? And he said I forgot about a long dis-tunce call I was expecting tonight. Will you excuse me?

"I'll see you later," he said when he was going out the door.

It's later. But he hasn't come back.

All because Mary and me were trying to be enter-tainers, Auntie says.

I got panties on, too. See?

O-o-o-o! Toni and Mary go to the circus. Of course Daddy and Mom trot along—"just for the children, you know." The "kids" have a good time, but you'll have to read Liberty next week to see who the "kids" are.

"It's a Boy!"

A New "FOR THE LOVE O' LIL"

"LET us hope it'll be a bouncing boy!" Pop Morse said, after a two-hour sojourn of suspense in the hospital waiting room.

"Yes, let us pray," Ma added, sniffing at her smelling salts.

Poor Sandy didn't add any verbal lettuce of his own. He simply sank even lower in the red plush chair with its one uncomfortable spring out of order. His face bore a seasick hue. He felt kith and kin to the proverbial camel and its last straw on its broken-down hump. The last minute of torture had completely broken down Sandy's nerves.

"Mr. Jenkins?" a sweet voice asked. It was a nurse!

This week's cover picture.

Sandy looked toward the doorway, blinked, and choked out a weak "Here!"

The young lady eyed this latest member of the Royal Order of Fatherhood. She had seen nervous fathers-to-be before, but this one seemed absolutely toppling over the brink of collapse.

"It's a boy!" she announced, and then retreated with a Mona Lisa smile which said everything or nothing, according to the beholder's state of mind. In Sandy's case, it meant nothing because his state of mind was a blank.

"Hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-AH!" Pop yelled.

Ma began to cry. Then she mopped her eyes with an "Amen!"

"Hurrrr—" Sandy tried to say, but his vocal cords wouldn't work.

"I said it would be a bouncing boy!" Pop yelled again. "I'm a grandfather! Hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-AH for Grandpa-pa!"

"An' I'm a father?" Sandy questioned.

"Yes, you are, you poor drib!" Pop told him, clapping him on the nervous shoulder blades. "And I've won sixty-three dollars in bets!"

"Better give it to Lil for a baby carriage," his wife suggested.

"Or next month's rent—it's due on the thirteenth," her son-in-law wished he dared to add. His drawn face had passed through an olive, yellow, and white gauntlet, and now it was bright red. Blood seemed to flow again through his veins. A boy! His son!

"I hope he doesn't look the way you do now, Sandford," Ma said practically, if not tactfully. "Get out your little pocket comb and spruce up. You look the way Pop looked when he told me he'd enlisted for the Spanish-American War."

"I'm so thankful that it's all over," Sandy owned up. "I don't care if I look like—"

"Hand me a dollar, young feller," Pop interrupted. "You nearly said a bad word. Now that you're a pop yourself, every time you swear you have to give me one buck for the baby's college fund."

Sandy kissed a one-spot good-by.

"I'll say it's a boy! *Nine pounds!*"

Ma, Pop, and Sandy jumped. There stood Dr. Howard with—

The baby!

Its eyes were slits. It was a boy! Did it look like the Morses or the Jenkinses? Sandy had prayed for a son and here he was—yelling for all his funny shaped little red head was worth. But had it been a girl, he would have been just as thankful—as long as it was a miniature of Lil.

"It looks like you, Sandy," Dr. Howard smiled. "Especially around the mouth."

"Waaaa-waaaa-waa!" The baby was crying for its mother. "WAAAA!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Heard What He Wanted

His mother had called Billy to lunch. At her last call she heard a playmate say:

"Billy, your mother is calling you."

Later, when Billy sauntered in, his mother asked him why he hadn't come when she called him. He replied:

"I didn't hear you call me, mother."

"But I heard Tom tell you I was calling."

"Oh, yes," said Billy; "but who'd believe that kid?"—Mrs. Will Moore, 468 N. Winter St., Salem, Ore.

There's a Thought in That

Jimmy was an active little fellow and not always careful about his clothes. One day, as his mother was changing his muddy rompers for the third time, she remarked:

"Jimmy, I don't see why you can't stay on the sidewalk and play instead of getting in the dirt."

Jimmy in surprise answered, "But, mamma, don't you know I can't get enough fresh air on the sidewalk?"—Virginia Allen, 92 W. Main St., Geneva, Ohio.

Boys! get a Dandy Bicycle FREE!

Harold Brown of California is one of the many boys happy with a wonderful bicycle—received free!

How would you like to get a wonderful bicycle free? Fill in the coupon, mail it at once and we'll show you how you can get a bike without cost! We'll send full details and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Besides bicycles, it shows radios, baseball equipment, cameras, musical instruments, and many other things you've always wanted. You won't have to ask Mother or Dad to buy you the things you want. You can get them—absolutely free!

You Can Earn Money, Too!

In addition, you can earn your own spending money. We'll show you how to make money the very first week and every week thereafter. It's easy. We have started thousands of boys. No experience needed. We supply everything. Work right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. Start at once to be independent. Be a happy money-maker and prize getter. Don't wait! Mail the coupon today!

MAIL THIS

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division*, 6-9-28
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Please, John Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

About thirty years ago science discovered a great cause for excess fat. It lies in a gland deficiency which science can supply. Physicians the world over now treat obesity in this modern way.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Note the results in every circle. Ask your friends about them. Slender figures are many times as common as they were.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. Correct the cause. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

A pamphlet in every package gives the formula complete. Also the reasons for the many good results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

Consider that Marmola has, for 20 years, been winning what you want. In an easy, pleasant way. Don't you think it time to learn how much this scientific method means to you and yours?

The cost is a trifle. You would gladly give many times as much for what a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Vox Pop

But Mitchell Was Not a West Pointer

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—In or out of the service, once a West Pointer, always a "Junker."

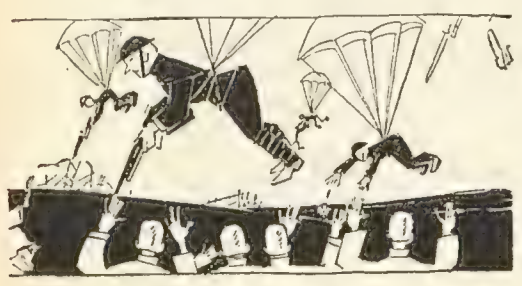
In Part Six of "Leaves from My War Diary," Colonel Mitchell puts the blame for the terrific and needless losses sustained by the American army in the Argonne on lack of organization and coördination of the troops engaged—blame directly attributable to the inability of Pershing's West-Point-trained staff to properly plan and direct a battle.

Mitchell, the West-Point-trained Junker, then says that, "in spite of the losses, General Pershing has never faltered in pushing the offensive."

How adorably heroic of the General! No doubt he and his staff have been amply rewarded with decorations. I wonder what decoration the doughboys who were in that chaos would vote them.—*W. M. Clayton—An ex-National Guard officer who was in that mess.*

And Furthermore—

ST. CATHARINE'S, ONT., CAN.—Have just finished reading another of General Mitchell's articles—the one in which he mentions having sug-



gested to General Pershing his scheme whereby he would attack the German army in the rear by sending down, on parachutes, a division of infantry.

To a late member of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, this scheme appears to have some merit, but why the necessity for a simultaneous frontal infantry and tank attack? The mere spectacle of a division of doughboys descending from the clouds, loaded with machine guns and bombs, would have finished "Heinie." He'd have just died laughing.

Don't stop these articles yet. They're too good!—*F. A. Pankhurst.*

If You Boys Can't Behave—

TULSA, OKLA.—I have took a slap on each cheek from the blooming British, who said we Yanks were only in the war five minutes, and we never met the German of 1914, and a lot of other *bunk*, and just considered the source from which it came.

But, to my surprise, up jumped a supposed to be real Yank, Billie Mitchell, and socked me right in the eye, by criticizing the *ground troops*, especially the Infantry, and Pouring the Fame all over the Air Force.

Now, Willie, just where did you see a Doughboy turn tail and run, except towards the enemy? And who told you we ground troops never got close enough to use our bayonets? And where do you get that stuff, that it requires more chivalry (or guts) to be an aviator than it does to be a Doughboy?

Listen, General, we Infantry never pulled our nose up and spun out of a fight, and if our guns jammed we knew how to release them. Nor was we ever chased off the front, like the Huns run you birds safely behind our lines. Outnumbered? Yes, a number of times, ten to one at Cantigny, and *we* never gave a *dam* inch unless ordered to, to straighten our lines.

We did without food for days, without sleep likewise, made forced marches, lived in Hell twenty-four hours a day, but had enough *chivalry* left always to make it interesting for anything we met.

Why, *why* all this argument? We know the Air Force is the safest place for little Willie (in time of war), so stop kidding us.

And give a little credit to the Infantry.—*An ex-member of Company F, 26th Infantry—a unit of the First Division, A. E. F.*

—You'll Have to Stop Writing

NEW YORK, N. Y.—While not joining in the bitterness of those who have wailed about the claims of General Mitchell in his "Leaves from My War Diary," I find that, after eighteen months in France with a combat division, just two recollections of the U. S. Air Force have stuck in my mind—both doubtless unjust.

The first: the only A. E. F. planes, recognizable as such, that I saw on the front, being chased back by half their number of gleeful Boches.

The second, a priceless tale heard from an infantryman: An observer telephones to an anti-aircraft battery: "Six planes have just crossed our lines, headed for the rear! Shoot the *sixth*—it's a German!!"—*B. L.*

They Do Say Buzzards Are Good to Their Children

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your issue of May 12 was so rotten that when I threw it down in disgust on the porch a buzzard came along and carried it off to its young.—*Disgusted.*

Better Try No. 2

CHICAGO, ILL.—It was in the dark of the Rogue's Moon that I felt the hands of Tom Cocklyn around my throat. I struggled with him for

several minutes. Then I saw that his head had suddenly turned to see who had come in. Luckily for me, for my eyes beheld the well built form of Mary Read, her arms outstretched, in her hand a long saber, ready to strike Tom Cocklyn.

This all happened so quickly that I found myself rolling all over my bedroom floor.

I know of only two remedies for my ills. One is to stop reading those wonderful stories of Robert W. Chambers, and the other is to find myself a wife who will hold me in bed after reading them.—*Edwin B.*

She Was a June Bride

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Would you kindly inform me *how long* Sandy and Lil have been married?—*Harry Abrams.*

And There You Are

UTICA, N. Y.—Of course, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments have been nullified in the South. If (as Senator George put forward as a possibility, even though he himself is a dry) the government police power backing the Eighteenth Amendment were abrogated, as it should be, leaving each State to decide its own method of enforcement and the alcoholic contents of beverages, the Eighteenth Amendment would settle itself.

But no chance—since the Anti-Saloon Leaguers, Professional Reformers, and Politicians who put it across, ever were and are looking ahead to the jobs—with their vast incidental graft and corruption—which the Volstead definition provides.

If there were a like chance for boodle in the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, there would have been laws with teeth to enforce them, but at best they could only look for easy picking around election seasons.—*J. Albert Taylor.*

Well, Doesn't It?

DULUTH, MINN.—Who wrote your one-way editorial on "Who Won the War"? What a dream that boy must of had! Why, he's so dumb he thinks the Grand Cañon shoots.—*Paul W. Trautner.*

Nice Weather We've Been Having

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—This is *too* much. Yes, absolutely too much. Everyone knows that Lil and Sandy have been expecting to welcome a little stranger into their home. Still that idiot who draws the worst covers in circulation today, for LIBERTY, has the nerve to draw her looking like a size fifteen model.

As I gasped out before, it is too much.

Anatomically speaking, Thrasher's education has evidently been nobody's business.—*Hortense's Aunt.*

Higher Mathematics

CHICAGO, ILL.—As a lover of fiction I have just enjoyed Hugh Fullerton's story, "The $200 Catch."

As an advocate of veracity, I have always found Mr. Fullerton to be my idol. He may have deviated from the facts, but you could never prove it by me. I recall when he took a tape measure and visited the old west side park here in Chicago and proved that if the second baseman stood on his right foot, he would be one fiftieth of a second closer to a line drive over second base than he would be to a pop fly back of first base.

I also recall that he'd rate players by percentages. For instance, he used to pick out the perfect ball player and say: "Granted that Hans Wagner is six and seven-eighths, that makes Lee Tannehill three and a quarter." From then on he employed the decimal point until it hurt.

I enjoyed his story of Lange's famous catch, and it so happens that I was there, but when he said: "With two strikes and two balls, according to my old score book, called . . ." Well, that was enough for me.

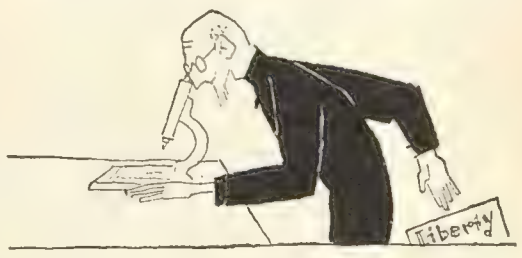
There never *was* a baseball writer who could tell what was the count on the hitter, two days after he hit—if he did hit. And Hughey is no different from the rest of them.

Hughey's all right, but he's all wrong.—*O. Kuffer.*

We're Crushed

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Note that a scientist believes an atom is not the smallest particle of matter.

He must have arrived at that con-



clusion after buying a copy of LIBERTY and sifting out all the bum stories, for surely the amount of interesting reading matter in the average LIBERTY is considerably less than an atom.—*W. E. Smith.*

But His Wife Is Still Alive

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is common knowledge that Governor Smith was carried on to the train dead drunk, after his wife's funeral. And that he made Protestants drunk in the State Capitol when he was leader, so they would vote his way. A fine (?) man with high (?) ideals for the President of our glorious country.

It is to laugh. Emotion overwhelms me. I say no more—*Mary Martion.*

Sometimes We Print Four

OAKLAND, CALIF.—When is a nickel not a nickel? When it's a female? To explain:

I am in an office with forty-one other girls. At noontime we discuss the bigger and better things, such as magazines, husbands, washing elephants, and what have you?

Our moan is that you cater to the male nickel only. We don't criticize your darn war, prize-fight, or political dissertations. We don't have to read 'em, thank God. But what is there left for us T. B. W. to enjoy?

I'm not Scotch, but I think three short stories an issue is not too much to expect for a nickel. Ain't?—*Mrs. C. Hood Jones.*

New Standard Six only

$995

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Never has the fine car field offered such a sterling value as the new Standard Six. For the first time in history, a Willys-Knight Six is actually priced below $1000!

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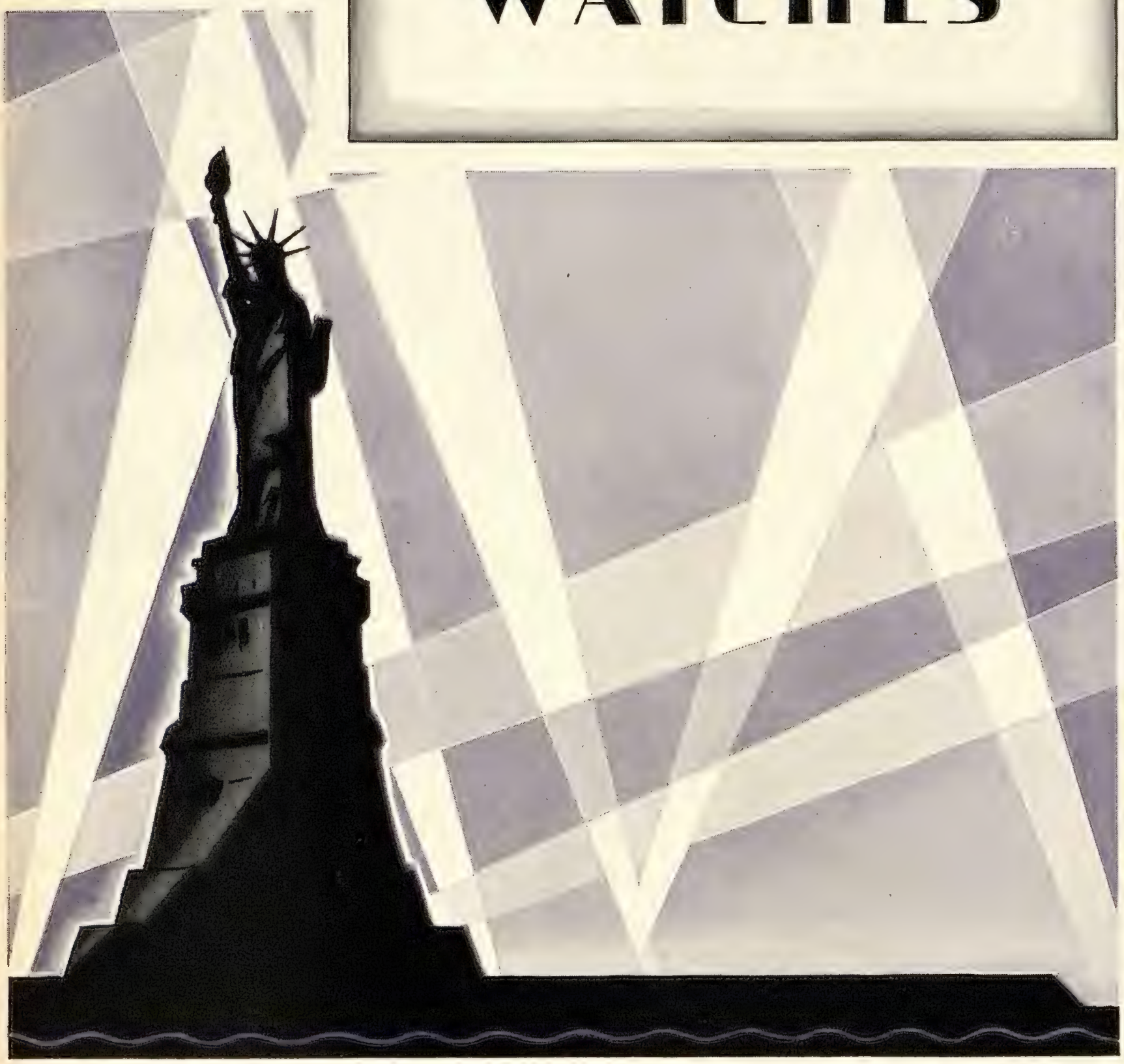
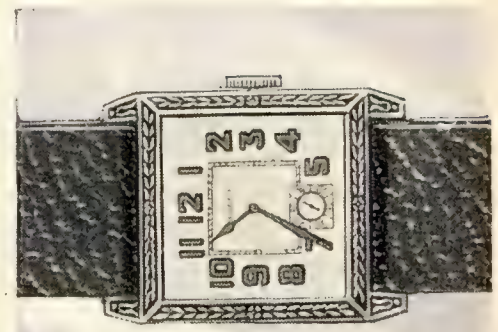
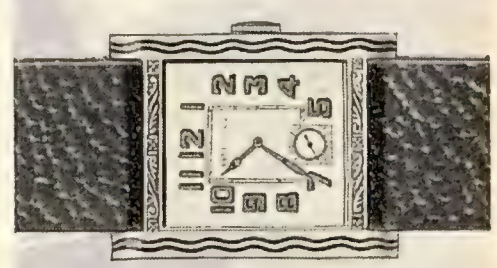
WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

WESTFIELD
WRIST AND STRAP
WATCHES

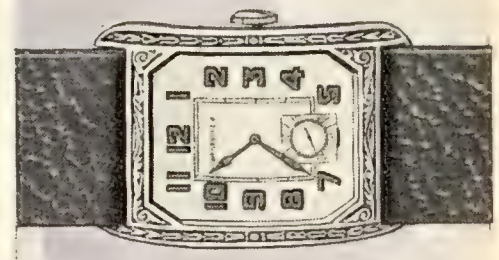




DALTON—engraved $9.75

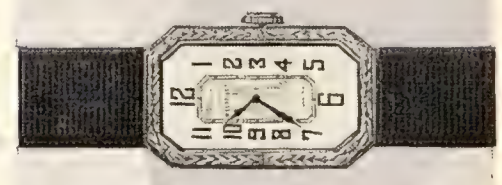


ASHTON—inlaid enamel . $12.75



STRATON—engraved . . . $17.75
(curved to fit wrist)

WENDELIE—engraved . . . $9.75



ROSALIE—engraved . . . $12.75

EUGENIE—inlaid enamel. $17.75

WESTFIELD Shock-Proof Watches... *real value at*

$9.75
$12.75
$17.75

WESTFIELD wrist and strap watches are designed for those men and women who wish to purchase a trustworthy timepiece for less than $20.00.

To them, Westfield Watches make their special appeal. They represent, at each price, the best watch value the money can buy.

The Westfield movement is shock-proof—and is standardized, which means that *each* Westfield Watch, whenever or wherever you buy it, will serve you well.

Westfield Watches are shown in a pleasing variety of smart styles—featured by those jewelers whose clientele demands real watch value within the Westfield price range.

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY, 580 Fifth Ave., New York

The New Art in FURNITURE

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE so-called new art as applied to the department of household furnishings does not consist in putting all of the sofa cushions and other accessories on the floor. Nor yet in the excessive use of tassels, which some seem to ascribe to it. Nor in the application of crude, raw, and clashing colors as garnishments. These are expressions of a taste more identified with the Greenwich Village or, as some call it, the soap-box school of furnishing, and are but features of a shallow, fleeting fad, semi-Oriental in tone and semiromantic in emotion. The furnishing and the attitude that exploited it are both dead.

This newest manifestation is a phase of a profounder movement and goes back to the oldest of cultures for its inspiration. When people grow weary of the culture they have evolved for themselves, they throw it over and turn to mathematics on which to base another. On the simple lines of geometry a new art is constructed.

The use of metal is a modern note. The wood in this dining room is painted to look like steel. It gives a fresh, live quality.

Rodier material used to cover a wall is a favorite trick, as shown at the back of the staircase. The form of the "banister" is worthy of notice.

tive in action. As you look at it you are supposed to be standing on the track next to the one it runs on, and you think you almost see the flash of steel rods and hear the whir of wheels as they cut past. What the artist has really caught and depicted is machinery in motion.

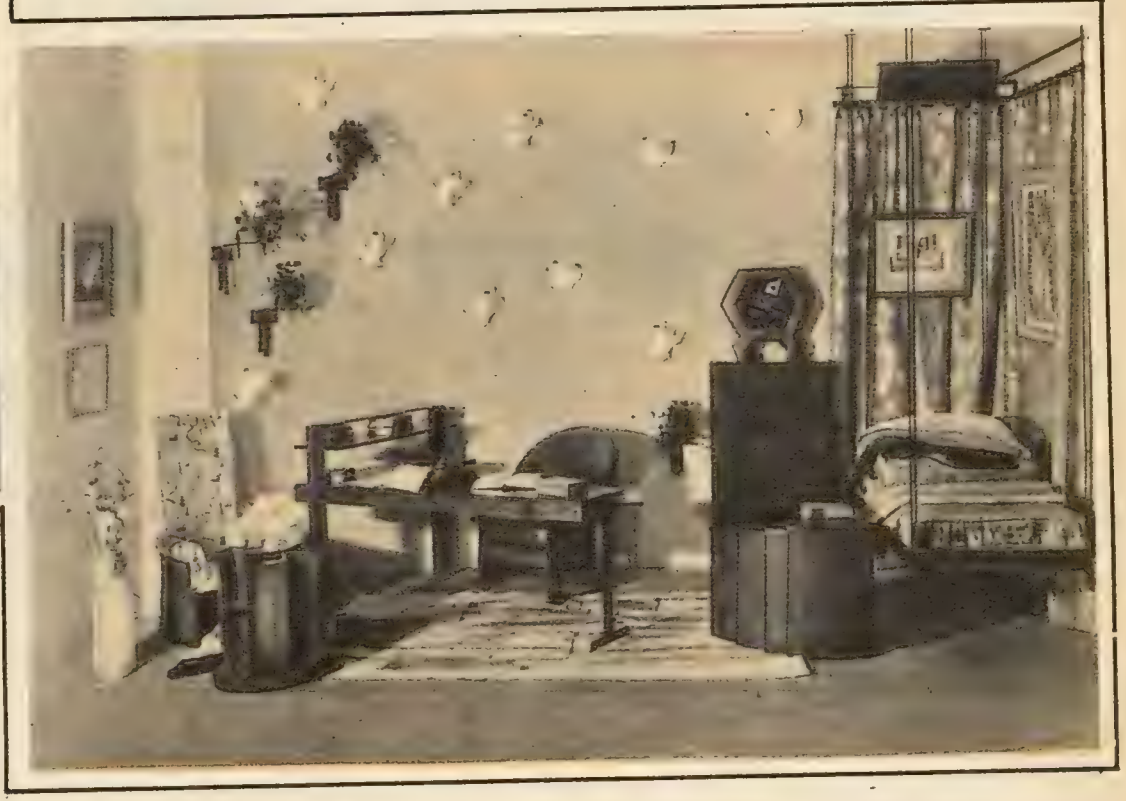
ANOTHER poster features a switch. Three long lines of track stream out from it like a star. You feel the hard, unbending move of that iron rail as it is thrown from one course to another, and if we had not thought of our local Long Island crossroads as being objects of beauty to glorify in art, then we might go out and examine them once again.

The deductions from these observations are that we didn't have any materials or any medium of our own. We did not have anything to express or anything to express it with. We borrowed our styles from the age of the Louis and Queen Victoria and others utterly inappropriate to our time. Now we are realizing that the clean-cut, austere lines of machinery are the ones for any art expression of ours, and the materials are stone, steel, and cement. When you produce an object exactly suited to its purposes, you have a work of art. The modern railroad locomotive and the switch track exemplify this.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The bed is the whole thing in this bedroom. The walls, rugs, and upholsteries are in honey beige and other blond tonings.

We of this century were weary of our rounded surfaces and inlaid woods borrowed in spirit from a remote day out of the history of the Louis. The staid columns and austere lines of our Anglo-Saxon colonial civilization also failed to satisfy us. We were waking to the fact that we had passed into an age of our own and we sought to express it. A milestone was reached in this movement when we discovered our materials.



Here's an arrangement of dull, frosted lights that is unusual. They are used for decoration as well as utility.

A great French poster in a Fifth Avenue window tells about the wonders of the train running between Paris and Amsterdam which is called Star of the North. The poster is illustrated with the clean-cut drawing of a locomo-

The cone-shaped lights beside the unbeveled mirror are significant, and the skyscraper andirons are amusing. This room gives a feeling of being lived in comfortably.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Behind the plate glass of great Fifth Avenue display windows steel spokes are featured in high powered and high priced motor cars, and they are gleamingly beautiful. The automobile was first called the horseless carriage and was literally a carriage without a horse. It was looking backward and imitating something out of the past that it was not. In the effort it was gauche and ugly. Now it has evolved into an object exactly suited to fulfill its purpose, which is speed. In its perfect adaptation to its need it has become a work of art.

When Lindbergh's airplane emerged from the hands of its fashioners in a form exactly adapted to accomplishing the greatest feat of all time, it was extremely beautiful. In its line and in its accomplishment of purpose it was lifted over from the department of science and exalted into the domain of art. As soon as the ice chest and the kitchen sink become as exactly adapted to their purposes, they too will take on the aspects of masterpieces.

A FRENCH architect has said that when a problem in our age is stated, it will find solution. The problem of the home and its furnishings has not yet been fully and clearly stated.

But we are on our way toward formulating the need and fulfilling it. The day bed as a piece of furniture was an American inspiration. Other nations, I believe, availed themselves of this idea of ours. All of us until lately, however, servilely copied the style of the Louis in its design and decoration. Very recently artists have fashioned it in a modern manner, with the bed pitched low between long plain surfaces of natural wood unpolished and very beautiful.

A bed of this kind is also very expensive. The one I inquired about—a simple piece, suitable to an artistic but unpretentious home—was $1,100. And this is but a specific instance of the restriction of the new furniture thus far. It is made in beautiful individual pieces for the rich and each article is a work of art. It cannot mean a great deal to us until it is made on no less beautiful lines in quantities and less dear.

Bookshelves we have often in the past built to mount to the ceiling and have laboriously filled them with books which we never read. The new idea is to have a rack on one's table or beside one's bed, and it is designed to hold some six or eight books. We keep that many in it near us—and read them.

The most characteristic structure of our day, as we have heard often, is the skyscraper, and what is it but cubes of air incased in steel and set one above another?

That is the typical modern dwelling we have to furnish. The tense shades of Oriental coloring do not become this.

To refurnish and emulate this new type of interior in our dwellings already established, we have first to clear the rooms and decorate the walls in some still, pale color such as gray. To give the space depth and warmth we may well use it in several tones.

The color is especially good because crystal is one of the favorite materials for modern lamps as well as for other decorations, and is excellent with gray.

HAVING rid our rooms of their old furnishings we must ask ourselves one leading question in re-establishing them: What piece of furniture is absolutely needed? Get it in the shape and the form in which it most nearly fulfills that purpose, and, having done this, abstain from cluttering up its effect and its usefulness by surrounding it with other pieces not needed. Whereas a hundred ornaments crowded a shelf in the old style of decoration, one little bronze Buddha with some significance and purpose to him creates a more thrilling effect, artistically speaking, today.

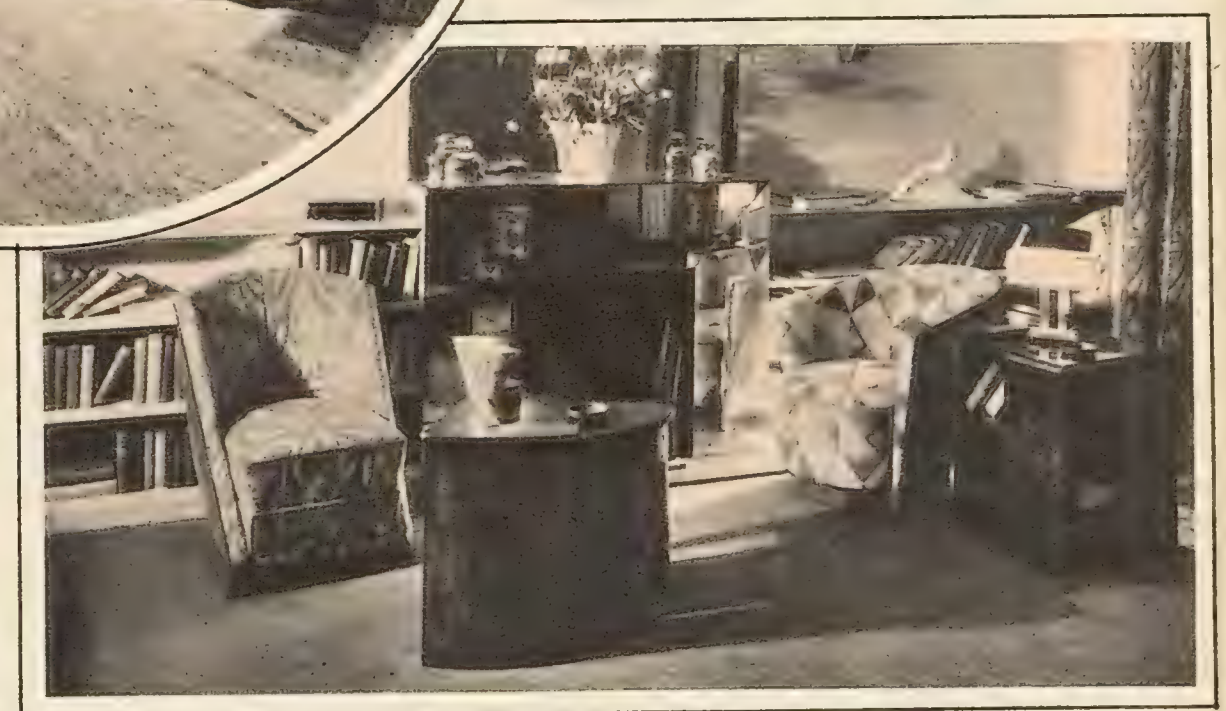
Let lights appear where they are needed and actually dispense useful illumination. Up the side of a dressing mirror they are effective, and standing beside a chair or a desk. The first striving of present decorating is proportion, and in this new epoch if sofa pillows and other trimmings are on the floor it is because the ceilings are low.

In such general principles and in the conception of a home as a whole, or even of individual rooms in their entirety, the new form is worked out almost perfectly. It is in the matter of individual pieces that we have not found ourselves. Some of the triangular shelves in iron and ornamented are as bad as anything the age of Queen Victoria ever produced.

In general, don't indulge in a lark of household furnishing, trying to outdo and surprise your neighbor. When in doubt, abstain and turn to simplicity unornamented, and you will not go far wrong in the new art. To quote a French critic, "The general tendency which manifests itself in the new art of furnishing and which ultimately will create a style is a sobriety that might become austere if it were not tempered by the splendor of the materials used and the harmony of the lines."

There is a marked inclination among modernistic cabinetmakers to substitute metal for wood as the material for furniture.

An example of some less violent modern productions that well might be combined with furniture of other periods.



A charming living room in shades of green from chartreuse to reseda. The mirror extends around the fireplace.

PARIS *Insists on Wraps for* SUMMER

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Louiseboulanger gives to the short evening coat of stiff white satin a diagonal hemline emphasized by beige fox.

This beige crêpe marocain cape coat (above) from Madeleine Vionnet is one of the choice cuts for midsummer.

Not only a new line, but an extremely smart line, is developed in this green taffeta cape from Cheruit, with its jutting ruffles.

Black crêpe satin combined with white flannel makes this afternoon coat from Paquin.

Paris, May 14.

IT pays to advertise. No intelligent person will deny this. It may be romantic to be "born to blush unseen," but this is an age of "I'll tell the world," and everything you do, say, or wear is for public perusal, whether it has anything to do with printer's ink or not.

Our clothes are a continuous advertisement, and the way in which they tell our secrets depends upon what we have to advertise and how we do it. Some women believe in poster advertising. You know the kind—broad, brilliant splashes of color, bold designs—everything to catch the eye and nothing to hold it.

The other extreme is the smudgy, colorless, neutral type which a single glance reveals as uninteresting. Only an excessive curiosity would inspire anyone to look further, and there are so many things to look at these days. Between these are the clothes that announce you as a person—nay, a personage—not to be missed or put aside for perusal some other time.

Everything we wear is part of our personality advertising campaign. The coat, cape, or whatever it is that wraps up our personal chic, is the headline, the title, the "come-on." The dress is the text, and so on.

We may dress to please ourselves. We do; but if we don't also please others, then we ourselves are no longer pleased. So everything we wear should be a delightful, harmonious preamble, leading up so entrancingly to our personalities—physical, mental, and spiritual—that the people we meet accept us without reservations.

To get back, then, to the introduction, the headline—the cloak. That has to be a little bit of all right, and then some. Even in torrid weather the wrap is necessary. Going without it is like writing a story or an advertisement without a beginning. The lone frock droops for want of a proper introduction. A sad case, and one that is rare these days, when wraps for summer are transparent nothings as heat inducers and everything in establishing an atmosphere of allure, mystery, and outside chic.

For her who goes out at the crack of dawn, or any time later in the morning, Paris creates a wrap made of some light, nonreflecting crêpe in tones that are cool and refreshing. No summer cloak from Paris is an ordinary cut, and the coat for daytime must be of an unusually choice cut, because it cannot make up in color and glitter what it lacks in lines.

Our second illustration is one of the choicest cuts of the season, a cape coat created by Madeleine Vionnet. This wrap is made of a very light rose-beige crêpe marocain, which, as you know, is heavier but not hotter than crêpe de Chine. The coat body is straight, with a narrow shawl collar and a wrap-around closing. Two half capes cover the unsleeved arms. The cape on the left side is cut in one piece with the left front of the coat, and that on the right side is cut in one piece with the right back of the coat. Both are loose from the shoulder at the other side, the one on the left side falling loose at the back of the left shoulder and the one at the right side falling loose at the front of the right shoulder.

Our model at the extreme right is an afternoon coat from Paquin, designed to headline cool charm in hot weather. This coat is made of black crêpe satin, with a very low collar of white flannel joining in front over black satin ties that are tied like an ascot. One tie is trimmed with a large flower of white flannel at the end, and the other with a flower of equal size made of black satin.

These ties are the only fastening except the narrow belt that holds the straight coat at the waistline.

The sleeves have narrow white cuffs and are flared by a white-lined flap from wrist to elbow.

Our third model is an informal evening cape of bright green taffeta from Cheruit. It is one of the very newest silhouettes from Paris—the tree silhouette—which Cheruit has the honor to have originated. The very full shirred ruffles of self-material which are placed at the sides of this cape, below the shoulders, and at the hips, give it the jutting silhouette which is seen in fir trees and which accounts for the name. The collar is low and loose, framing the neck, but sufficiently far off to be cool. A very large cabbage rose in bright green is placed at the front of the left shoulder in a new position approved by Paris.

THE model at the left shows the newest of summer evening coats, from Louiseboulanger. When the hemline of the evening frock came down in all sorts of uneven petaled and zigzag lines, something had to be done about the hemline of the coat, because for it to follow the lines of the dress was impossible. So Louiseboulanger settled the matter by giving us a rising hemline, and letting the skirt of the frock show beneath. This coat is an example of the great rise of the coatline. It is made of very stiff white satin and its hemline is much lower on the right side than on the left. The beige fox fur is placed here where it is purely decorative and not heating.

NANCY TOPSFIELD

Sails from Pirate Waters to the Harbor of Love

(Reading time: 13 mins. 15 secs.)

ALL night long the great ship burned off Topsail Inlet. I did not see it, for I lay asleep on my trundle in the attic.

Complete exhaustion of mind and body made my sleep so deep and dreamless that the eastern sun spread the window's pattern over my bed when I unclosed my dazzled eyes.

It was not the sun that awoke me, but Moll Fair's voice at my door.

"Freckles!" she bawls, and: "Freckles, would you sleep till resurrection?"

I saw her at the garret door gazing at me, and her large doe eyes of a heavy feeder a little wild.

"Freckles," says she, "there is a sea chest sent ashore for you in the taproom, and Mr. Ross sends word he will come ashore to wait upon you at noon. Oh, Freckles, are you a *girl?*"

I sat up in my ragged cotton shift.

"Lawks!" she screams, "it is God's truth!"

She began to cry and I to laugh; and, "Oh, Freckles!" she sobs, "when I have waited only for you to notice me!—and showed you tenderness—and you've made a fool of me, you jade—"

"Will you stop your blubbering?" said I, still laughing. "What the devil are you bawling for, who have fetched me many a kick and slap and pinch—"

"Because I loved you—boohoo!" says she. Whereat I fell back upon my bed a-squirm with laughter.

But presently remembering the message from Mr. Ross, and the sea chest, I hopped out o' bed and, putting on my shoes, ran down to the taproom.

Molly came shuffling after me, sniffling, digging at her tear-wet eyes with her mottled knuckles.

"Here," says she, "is a letter from Mr. Ross for you—you false minx! And here is the key he sent—"

I SNATCHED the letter and bade Molly open the chest while I was a-reading:

> FRECKLES,
>
> I send you a sea chest full of female apparel taken from the pirate Sam Kreech off Cape Fear where we destroyed him. As Kreech had plied The Red Sea Trade, we discovered only Barbary finery aboard him; so this is the best I am able to do for you until I can carry you to Charles-Town, where women's apparel may be purchased suitable for your youthful years and civilized condition.
>
> I shall come ashore to wait upon you at noon.
>
> JOHN ROSS.

I turned and looked into the chest which Moll had unlocked and opened, and from which she was wildly pulling silks and embroideries.

"Gentle angels!" said I. "Does he wish me to dress like a bashaw's daughter, that he sends me a chest of garments such as these?"

But at the sight of so much

egretfully Concluding a Series of Stories

By Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by Norman Price

finery the pretty slattern had gone quite mad, for she seized one garment after another to drape them against her person with delighted squeals, and strutted to and fro with silks and satins a-fluttering about her like a popinjay at a country frolic.

There was a little jacket like a vest, with designs of an Arab nature in gold upon a ground of turquoise blue silk. This and a full white shift of ivory-tinted silk I seized, and the short white skirt to match it.

Shoes, too, with upturned toes from which dangled tiny gold tassels, I discovered; but no stockings, so concluded that the bashaw's daughters wore none.

When I had dressed in these, Moll fetched me a sash striped with turquoise, pale orange, and green; and I girded my body with this under the little jacket.

He kissed my hand with tenderest respect. Had I not been in love with him I had instantly loved him then.

THERE had been a mirror in the tavern, but Edward Teach's men had broken it with pistol shots the day they robbed the till. However, I had a fragment of it, and Moll held it before me, raising and lowering it so I could view myself.

"Lawks!" says she, "you are a pretty thing in heathen garments, though in English apparel you are like to seem somewhat plain — what with your clipped yellow hair of a boy and several freckles—"

"Why shall I take thought for my face," said I, "if it does well enough to suit the man to whom it matters?"

"Oh, la," says she, a-simpering, "do you mean Mr. Ross?"

"Him or another or the next who bids me good morning," said I gayly. "For I'll tell you this, Molly: the world is very full of handsome young men who seem willing to prove kinder than a young girl finds necessary.

"If I should tell you how many I saw in Charles-Town and Edenton, and not counting those aboard ships—why, you would find it very difficult to believe me."

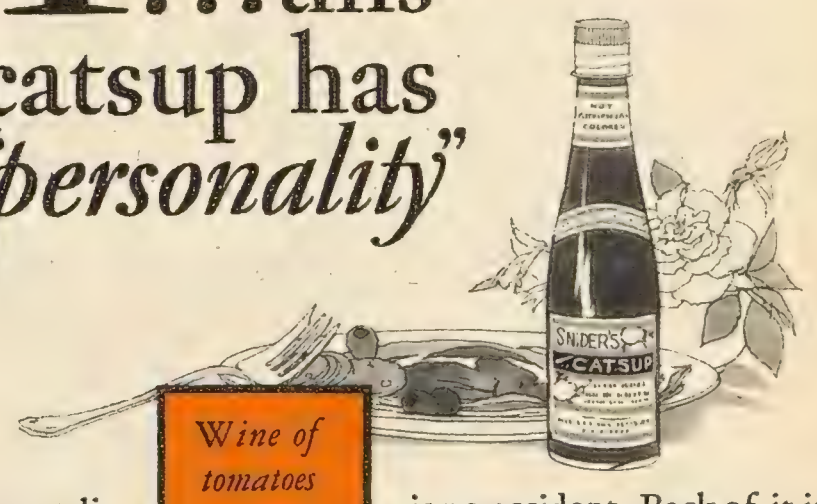
"I would to God," she pouted, "that I might have of these silken garments enough to dress me like a daughter of the Grand Mogul."

"Choose," said I happily, "and play the Sheba Queen with me."

She chose a scarlet vest, and a green and gold shift, and trousers of green which seemed very beautiful but barbarous. She gave me a crimson handkerchief with which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To be sure ...this catsup has "*personality*"



Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

CALL it "personality," "difference," what you will—there is *something* about the taste of Snider's Catsup which has made this sauce the prime favorite among folk who look for the unusual.

Of course this unique flavor is no accident. Back of it is an experience in catsup cooking two generations old—a recipe that can't be copied—a Snider method of "mulling" which so heats and spices the ingredients as to impart to this famous condiment the mellow quality all its own.

There's an individuality about Snider's that appeals to people of individuality.

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

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Comfort ROYAL Easy Chairs and Davenports FRANCHISE DEALER

[NANCY TOPSFIELD
Continued from page sixty-five]

to bind my head; which I did; and she knotted a yellow and red one around her own unkempt locks, which made us both look like sea-rogues in The Red Sea Trade.

Well, we cooked a breakfast for us, careful to spatter nothing upon our rich clothing. But it seemed strange to sit in the chimney and eat ashen cakes and bacon from a beachen dish, and pull at our pewters instead of quaffing Canary out of golden goblets.

"Devil take me," said she, "—to think I am only a kitchen queen at best. If I had ten pounds I know a man-o'-war's apprentice aboard Sir George Sayles who would marry me."

"What would he do if you had five hundred pounds, Molly?" I asked seriously.

"Rather say, what would I do!"

"Well, what?"

"Marry the man I love."

"Who is that?"

"Dick Langley, boatswain aboard Sir George."

"Would he ring and church you for five hundred pounds?"

"And for twenty-five pounds. He hath said it. But lawks-a-lassie, Freckles, where shall he find twenty-five pounds who cannot save a stiver of his pay? And where am I to find it, who have not a groat to drop into my stocking —and no stocking either!—no, not these twelvemonth; for Tom Cocklyn took mine that I had knitted me, and gave me a box on the ear to pay me."

AND so we sat in the kitchen, a-gossiping and eating and drinking buttery beer.

Out o' the open door, where the hens wandered and peeped in at us and made a great feathered rush when we flung 'em a crust, I could see Mr. Ross' ship The Moth, sloop tender to Sir George Sayles' station ship Sea-Hawk, lying snugly at her anchor; and men aloft to mend spars and rigging, and men on deck a-sewing up rents in sails where some sea-rogues' fire had done damage.

Half a mile astern of her lay the great ship—burned to the water's edge and lodged upon the bar. Only her charred ribs showed, and the stump of her mizzen, with a great mass of blackened wreckage on her larboard quarter, and thousands of gulls flying about her.

Heavenly angels, how he was thrilling me with every word!

As for the rover vessel of Francis Farrington Sprigg, not a shred or splinter remained of captain, crew, or ship, who had sailed nearer to God, upon that hell's blast from her magazine, than ever they were likely to attain again.

I could see sharks' fins a-plenty sheering the water, which doubtless had been bloody enough the night.

Moll told me that when the pirate blew up she had been sitting upon the threshold of the kitchen door to watch the fight, and eating of a bit of cheese.

"I could see a man going up upon a shaft of fire," said she, "and his arms and legs waving crazy; and down he comes, and over and over like a spin wheel, splash in the red glare. And, oh, God! the water whirled in a great eddy around him, and a shark played and played with him—"

"That's enough," said I, with a shudder.

"Yes, I could not finish my cheese," said she, picking out another ash cake and laying upon it a strip of bacon.

THUS, as I say, we conversed until the sun seemed very close to noon; and, in a little while, I perceived the ship's longboat making for the inlet.

The happy tumult in my breast became almost unendurable with confusion and the apprehension born of self-distrust. I ran to look at myself in the fragment of the taproom mirror; I washed my face and hands in a bucket of soft water. Oh, Heaven! what freckles I had, who never before had considered them—two pale ones on my nose and several upon my cheeks.

As for my hair, combing did not help that curly tangle, so I let it go and be damned to it; and ran out and down across the dunes, where John Ross was just stepping ashore.

When he saw me in my Barbary silks, he laughed and took off his laced and feathered hat, and, coming to where I stood, kissed my hand with charming malice yet tenderest respect. Had I not been in love with him I had instantly loved him then.

Now he gave me his hand and carried me across the dunes by the wharf path to the tavern, conversing with every ceremony and politeness;

saying that my clothing made me charming, and that a bit of Barbary did me no wrong.

"For," says he mischievously, "there is some little of barbarity in you anyway, Nancy Topsfield, and I think Herodiade might have resembled you."

Said I: "Have I ever demanded your head, St. John?"

"Ah," says he, "St. John is better than *Sir* John or 'my lord.'"

"How would St. Jack do, sir?"

We laughed together under the high blue sky as we slowly crossed the dunes together and came to The Lost Ship Tavern.

"Will you be pleased to enter, sir?" said I.

"Let us sit together here upon this green settle in the sun."

So we seated ourselves upon Tom Cocklyn's old green settle under the taproom window, where that sea-rogue used to sit with his spyglass sweeping the ocean for sails.

"Nancy," said Mr. Ross, "the Court of Vice Admiralty hath judged my prize. Have you heard so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean, 'Yes, John'?"

"Yes—John."

"Have you heard, also, that all is in order and the seizure justified?"

"Yes."

"Yes—what?"

"Yes—Jack."

"Darling!" he said under his breath; and so heavenly a shaft pierced my breast that I lost breath and came suddenly near to tears.

"I could see a man going up, his arms and legs waving."

SO he took hold of my hand, and I held to him as tightly, and for a little while we remained silent there in the November sunshine, looking blindly out to sea.

"Well," said he, "I am a wealthy man—or shall be—when I have my prize money."

After a silence: "What is a poor girl to think of you now—my lord?"

"You little devil!" said he between his teeth.

"I am no devil. But—I *am* Nancy Topsfield."

"I know that, too."

"Daughter of Captain Topsfield—my lord—"

"If you say it but once again I kiss your mouth—here in full view of every spyglass aboard The Moth!"

I said nothing.

"Nancy, are you contented to see me a wealthy man?"

"Oh," said I, "as far as churching is concerned, I had married you though you had no more than the clothes to your back. . . . If that is what you mean. Do you?"

He looked at me soberly and said in a low voice:

"Did you think I did not mean to marry you, Nancy Topsfield?"

I turned hot and confused at that.

"M-Mr. Rhett s-said"— I stammered— "that gentlemen seldom married beneath their q-q-quality."

"Did he say that to you?"

"Yes—"

"In argument, I suppose," he added dryly, "to pave a way to further persuasion."

"No; he was kind, but a trifle kindled with the wine we drank—"

"You and Rhett?"

I gave him a swift look, and could have laughed and cried aloud my pleasure in the scowl he wore.

"You are a devil," said he; "but, I believe, an honest one."

"You may believe it — my lord—"

At that I was in his arms before I could resist, and he kissed my mouth, and held me, and kissed me again and again, and under only God knows how many spyglasses from that ship across the dunes!

Well, I was paid for my impudence.

"My darling," said he, "who doubted that I truly was in love with her who gave me my life and honour and made of me a man who had been a fool, a gambler, and a sot, and ready to turn rogue—"

At that I gave him a very tender look and told him I had liked him even when I thought him a rogue.

"But," said I, "how could the daughter of Captain Topsfield do other than she did that dreadful night?"

"Not otherwise. No. And—do you remember that I made my manners to you as though you had been the equal of any?"

"Yes. And I loved you for it upon that instant."

"You say it to please me—"

"No; I fell in love at that instant. I did not so regard it then. Later I knew."

"Well," said he, "it is God's mercy on me that I came to The Lost Ship to meet Captain Death. Else, in this hour, I had hung a-sun-drying on Execution Dock or my fragments had spattered the sea along with the dismembered carcass of Francis Farrington Sprigg."

AFTER a pause: "Sir," I began —from habit and partly from reverence and love. But he made an end of it for good and all. So:

"Jack dearest," said I, blushing brightly at the heavenly liberty, "I wonder what I am to bring you who do me this happy honour to ask of me my hand—having my heart already in your power."

"Sweetheart," says he, "have I not told you that the Vice Admiralty Court makes me rich?"

"Whither do you sail when you weigh from here?" I asked.

"To Charles-Town with you. To marry you," said he, with calm deliberation more stirring than a storm of passion.

Oh, heavenly angels, how he was thrilling me with every look and breath and word!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beneath the TRAFFIC FILM *is the gleaming car you bought*

BENEATH the Traffic Film on the car you drive today is the original finish—still new and gleaming, waiting only for a little attention, a little polishing, to reveal all its former glory.

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco, to bring back the beauty of an old car finish, and to keep a new finish perpetually new and gleaming. It is made to remove the dull Traffic Film which soap and water cannot take off.

Modern motoring conditions have created Traffic Film. Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage. These particles collect dust, and, baked by the sun and the heat, are cemented together to form a dry, hard film on the finish.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, developed No. 7 Duco Polish to combat Traffic Film.

It quickly penetrates and loosens the Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles—and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing. No. 7 Duco Polish has restored the lustre, renewed the color, and left a dry, hard surface which sheds dust.

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish. No. 7 Duco Polish will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—it is packed only in the can shown here. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps.

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Desk L-3, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents to help pay mailing cost.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Made by
DU PONT, *the makers of* DUCO

Thus we conversed until the sun seemed very close to noon.

[NANCY TOPSFIELD
Continued from page sixty-seven]

"John Ross," said I, "would it please your pride and soothe it to marry one who also might bring to you fortune?"

He smiled at that.

"Not a whit," said he; "my pride is nowise bruised whose very source hath sprung anew from you."

"My God, sir, you are sixth son to the Earl of Cardross."

"And if I were the King's son, and had become the rogue I meant to be, where lies the honour save in her who preserved it?"

I BEGAN to cry, still looking at him, but making no great noise, only with some gulping and sniffing, and the tears following one another to course down beside my freckled nose.

Well, he kissed me several times, not considering the glasses aboard The Moth nor the man-o'-war's men on the beach below.

"John," said I, "my father took from a Barbary rogue several grass sacks of Arab gold in flakes, grains, dust, lumps, and bars, to the value of one hundred thousand pounds."

When he recovered from his astonishment he begged me gently not to think on it any more, because he would have ample fortune for us both.

Then, putting my lips to his ear, I whispered to him the truth; and I could see how amazement and incredulity meddled with his belief.

"There is a spade," said I, "in the hog yard. Call up two men and let them uncover what I have buried, so that we may carry it into Charles-Town, and you have it of me in the hour we marry."

"In that hour," said he, "I shall not touch it; nor ever in any hour of any day or year. For it is yours, Nancy Topsfield—"

I fell to snivelling again: "Oh, Heaven!" said I —"when my only thought was that it might be yours one day—"

He kissed me and stood up to signal to his boat's crew with his laced hat. When they came, he sent the skiffswain for the spade. Then I took his hand and led him to the solitary pine tree, and thence measured ten paces east.

I kept tight hold of his hand, standing beside him in silence, until he who was a-digging uncovered the first sack.

Then I unloosed his hand and ran to the tavern, where Molly stood by the kitchen door a-watching everything in her gaudy silks of Barbary.

"Freckles," says she in flushed excitement, "does Mr. Ross mean to ring and church you?"

"Yes; and I him," said I laughing and as excited as she.

"Lawks!" says she. "Then you shall be, some day, Countess Cardross!"

"Never, I think," said I; "because five healthy brothers come first."

"Nevertheless," cried she, "there are wars and misfortunes and acts of God—"

I TOOK hold of her and shook her plump shoulders till she quivered like a jelly.

"Be quiet!" said I, "and never again give shameful tongue to thoughts so base! Now, then, do you wish to care for me and be tiremaid to me, and so learn something of the arts of civilization? Yes or no?"

She said she did, in a bewildered way.

"Will you promise to keep your person very clean with soap?"

"Yes," said she, "if it be scented soap like that which Mr. Justice Trott carries in his saddlebags for to wash his hands at a journey's end."

"Very well," said I. "Make your packet, and you shall sail presently with me to Charles-Town. And I tell you this, Molly Fair: if you use me honestly, and not like a lazy slattern, in one year I endow you with five hundred pounds for to marry you lawfully to Dick Langley, your boatswain aboard Sir George Sayles."

Whereupon she would have kissed my hand; but I gave her a hearty slap on the rump and bade her never act the fool toward me, and was near swearing at her, only that I never swear.

"You frowsy baggage," said I, "fetch a bucket of sweet water and wash yourself; for we may have to sleep in company aboard The Moth."

And so left her anxiously obedient and all a-twitter over prospect of happy fortune.

Standing there by the kitchen door in the sunshine, I could see Mr. Ross' men carrying my sacks to the boat.

I looked at the hens pensively picking around me; I looked at our hog, who gave me a gentle grunt. There were horses and three cows also. And concerning these I must take thought before I left this ancient house.

As I stood there, a-thinking, I heard a gun at sea; and looking up, saw cannon smoke clouding The Moth, and her ensign flying to confirm her gun.

For an instant sheer terror possessed me. Then I perceived a great ship coming in grandly out of the open sea, the Cross of St. George at her main and a broad pennant at her mizzen; and I knew her to be our station ship, The Sea-Hawk, Sir George Sayles.

So I ran across the dunes to Mr. Ross, and begged him to ask Sir George the loan of his boatswain until government could send a person from Bath-Town to care for the tavern and the dumb creatures dependent upon man.

"Surely," said he, smiling; "and Sir George shall unite Moll Fair and her boatswain, if it pleases them. . . . And if it pleases *you*, Nancy Topsfield."

Happiness left me dumb.

"Shall we embark?" said he.

So I laid my hand upon his, and he kissed it, and so led me slowly across the dunes to the longboat awaiting us below.

THE END

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Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

It's a Way They Have in the Movies

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 9 minutes 47 seconds.)

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR MARG,

You wood have heard from me sooner, but I lost my cocktail shaker. To be without your cocktail shaker in Hollywood is like goin without your socks. My dear, what a place this is. With 6000 frolickin frails flitting around you life isn't worth a dime. Each one is a tired business mans weekness. AND PLENTY. Oh boy, what knockouts.

There are more good lookin janes walkin the streets in Hollywood than there are fleas on a great dane. And can they punish the liquid nonsense. Sweet heavens above, they float in it Marg. A quart of gin looks like an eye dropper to any one of em. Three gargles and it aint no more. Oh you have no idea. A bottle a day keeps the doctor away.

Now be your blood pressure. Dont go thinkin that Im goin to give em a play because I aint. Youre all the world to me and then some. I clock these broads on one peak. A pretty face doesnt put me in the jewelry business. Ive seen em work before. The difference between Paris and Hollywood would slay you. In Paris the girlies dont make any bones that theyre fuller checks appeal; in fact, it pays to advertise. But in Hollywood—Oh baby, they all tell you that they were born in Alaska. But what fibbers they are. Theyre rarin to go. They keep their feelins under their slip. They love lovin and lovin loves them, and if you think Im damp, youre crazy. A perfect moon, a gallon of nose paint and the world laughs at you. No kiddin!

Do you remember me writin you about that guy Throckmorton who I met on the Levynathan who built me up comin back from Paris to go in the movies? Yeah, and me kickin in with 2,500 berries? Gee, I burn up every time about that fathead takin me for all that dough. And then to go 3000 miles to find the studio was a FISH MARKET. Gosh, I thought I was a wise guy but Barnum had the write dope. Theres one born every minute and theres eight to take him.

To think that I stayed up nights studdyin my part in LOVES PASSIONS for three weeks murders me. And then when I go out to put on the dog in the studio I find the place all clutered up with smelts, cod fish, finnin haddies and lobsters,—I could scream.

But listen, Love Lips, I think that Lew Cody is goin to get me a job as a lead in the jumpin tintypes. He says he knows a good director what used to be a good bartender what he thinks will kiss me in with Paula Negri. He says that *all* the directors are plastered some of the time and some of the directors *all* of the time. And if you ask me thats my dope too.

OH what lushers them guys are. You cant blame em Marg, working with them temperamental actors. Theres always somethin theyre kickin about. If the dress is too tight, the tights are too loose. Theyd kick if their haylo didnt fit.

For five or ten grand a week they yelp about everythin. Holy Mackrel, I heard a star kickin because the director told him he had to go in a big fight and get both his lamps blackened. Can you imagine that. For ten grand a week Id lick every guy what come out of Madison

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

Square Garden, and How. I wish I had four bits for every fight I was in that I wasnt paid for. Them punks make me sick. They give me a pain in the elbow. They wouldnt even split an earache with you. Why they holler if they have to fall out of a aeroplane or jump out of a ten story window.

Did you ever go on a movie lot Marg? Well, its all the bunk. I'll describe it to you. Everything is made out of plaster or paper or rubber. It aint real. Youll see a fine lookin tree. But it aint. Its an imatashon. A carpenter built it. They make trees like you make cake. They nail on branches where ever they want em, and leaves too. Youll see a street scene with a bunch of buildings four and five stories high on a cobble stone street BUT it aint so. The buildings are only a inch thick. When you get behind em and look at the back it looks like a scenic railway the way they stick em up. They put down the cobble stone while youre out to lunch.

They say Rome wasnt built in a day. They lie. In four hours it was all built here and Fred Niblo was racing Ramon Navarro around the joint in a coupla ice wagons. *Ben Her* didnt know the place himself when he drove the new flivver in with the Three Wise Men. They were so wise they didnt even know the joint.

I got the shock of my young life when I see a little guy carrin a grand piano over his sholder. That was foney too. They blew the thing up in the mornin with a bicycle pump. You cant believe a thing you see out here.

WAIT till I tell you about a scene they was shootin. In the morning I saw a bunch of guys riggin yards of burlap over a flock of poles, alongside a tank. They started smearin a lot of glue and plaster and stuff on it what looked like breakfast food. Then some plasterers came along and began makin rocks and stuff what looked so real youd have to blast em off the set. Then they hung a bunch of bed sheets in the tank and threw some paint over em and brought in some foney grass and in two hours time they had a big cliff and a pond down on the bottom. Gosh, but it was real. On the level you would think you was out in Missula, Montana. I'll bet the cliff was fifty feet high.

No sooner it was finished in comes a bunch of polacks with instruments. One guy has a little fiddle and the other punk has a big one what looked like the little ones father. Then another bloke rolls in a little organ and starts warmin it up. You know Marg, they always play toons on the sets while the actors are doin their stuff. It gets em all jazzed up and makes em work better. They tell me if they want to get Bell Bennitt cryin good on a set they start the band playin Mother McCree and off she goes.

Well, anyway, the male star comes in. Hes got enough paint on his pan to cover a barn. He looks about twenty-five. But he aint. In real life hes about fifty without his hangover. Nice pink cheeks fuller scotch and a picture of sex apple. Oh Boy, when he takes the dame in his arms she nearly sells out. How that guy can love is nobodys profession. He gets so much lovin hes half goofy most of the time.

The next one what come in was the director. He looked as though hed give about 5000 bucks for a good nights sleep. He began yellin through a fonograph horn to a bevy of lectricians who roll in funny lights. They make everybody look as though theyd been drinkin bum hootch. Oh those lights get you ready to go in a case in the Smithsonian Institute. They give you a nice green complexion like you were mouldy.

Now I'll tell you the story Love Lips, and how they shoot it. Get this,—its hot stuff right off the lot. The jane whats supposed to be in the picture is layin at the foot of the cliff. She musta been out late the night before, because she fell off the cliff. Shes layin there like dead. Shes got on about as much close as a G string. When she stands in the light you can read her mind. Well anyway, she did a broadie off the cliff. Right along side her is a big snake. Hes supposed to sneak up and bight her in the hip. But he cant. They got him nailed down to the floor with some iron staples so he cant get fuller nonsence.

Then the heavy lover is supposed to come runnin over the top of the cliff. He lamps the frail layin in the mud down on the bottom. He wants to save her from the eel. Hes frantic. He cant get down. He gets more frantic. He gets so mad that he takes a handful of straw and breaks it in half. No kiddin. Then he gets a big idea. He takes a big jump, grabs the branch on the tree and is supposed to swing down and save the goil from the garter snake. Oh boy, what drama they do here, its COPASTHATIC.

NOW they begin shootin. The director yells LIGHTS and they squirt it on. He sits in a steamer chair because hes got a splitting headache. The giggle soup they gave him last night was a bit youthful. Then he yells MUSIC. And right away the orchistra begins playin on the catgut and the little guy with the long hair begins sawin on the hatrack while the other chump steps on the organ. And the sad toons he pulls outter that cream seperator would make you cry like an onion.

Then the director yells CAMERA—ACTION—GO! Then he hollers Murphy, do your stuff. Murphys the heavy lover whats supposed to save the goil from the rattler. Its half dizzy from cocane what they been shootin in him. On the level you could put the snake in your bed hes so wild. Right away Murphy comes running over the top of the cliff. He sees the broad layin in the dirt. He registers eggsitement, fear, anger, jurispiration, what have you? The director yells to him to put on the tough business of ringin out his hands. He does it. Then he yells, GET MAD AND BUST THE STRAW. He does that too. Then he hollers, get ready to jump. So the youth stands on the top of the pressapis for a second, and takes off.

I got the shock of my young life when I see a little guy carrin a grand piano. That was foney too. They blew the thing up with a bicycle pump.

Oh Kid. He grabbed the branch and was swingin down to save the frail when the branch busted and the heavy lover came down on his tail board. Oh what a panic that was. Right away the lectricians began givin him the giggle and the director began yellin somethin fierce. It wasent Murphys fault because they dragged in an old tree. Gosh that tree was in Hollywood when the covered wagon went buy.

Do you know what they did Marg. They brought in another limb from some young saplin and nailed it on the old tree. They tested it out with a coupla sand bags befor Murphy would try it again.

The next time they did it, it went swell. The way that guy took that woman in his arms her slats musta caved in. Oh Boy, you could tell that hes been livin in Hollywood a long time. He certainly saved her for himself. He gave her an awful play. You know the animal couldnt a bit her anyhow because they had a big pan of glass across the set so the audience couldnt see it.

Renee Adoree was tellin me that a director she knew what came from Glasgow had a pair of spats given to him. And what do you think the big bum did Marg. He took em out and had em soled and heeled.

You would get a big kick Marg, if you went in a restaurant on one of these big lots. You see em all. Theyre all in their costumes and make ups. At one table youll see Countess de Hangover sitting at a table with a coupla bums. A pair of dope fiends sittin garglin soup at the next with a bunch of ministers. Russian nobelmen who never saw a herring, punishing the groceries on their knife. Clowns, gag men, comedians, continuity destroyers, newspaper lushes, publicity hounds, heavys, low sculls, yes men, palookas, extras, editors, authors, title grabbers, tecknicians, fat heads, chorines, hoofers, heavy sugar directors, and Will Hays.

OH, I forgot to tell you that I was sittin in a swell night club The Fall Inn with Eric Von Stroheim, Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks, Jimmie Cruze and some others and who do you think was sittin at the next table but our old friend Bill Cunnahan. And was he plastered. Oh no, he was doin a Ruth Elder in it. He had a frail with him what was a wow. She could glorify my hall room any day, and PLENTY.

Well, everythin was goin along peachy. Bill was unbuttoning the fourth bottle of Shampain when who blows in but his wife. Oh lady, what a bridge party that turned out to be. The frail does a fade out and Cunnahan takes it on the heel all around the tables with the wife streamin after him. He gets so eggsexcited that he runs into the kitchen and knocks the cook over on the red hot stove. Oh what a fracas. The shef grabs a fried chicken and folds it around Cunnahans neck. Right then a waiter opens the back door with an armfull of dishes and Cunnahan falls out down the alley.

Well, back of the building theyre excavatin the place to put up a movie theater. Cunnahan forgets all about the thing and walks off into space. He drops down about thirty five feet right on his PAN in the darkness, hollerin all the time. You would think he was murdered. Just then somebody puts in a call for the cops, and they stick in a buzz for the fire department, and the block looked like Le Borgey where Lindbergh landed.

The cops turn a spot light in the hole and theres Cunnahan climin all over the steam shovel like a fly. He was so plastered he thought he fell down the Grand Canyon.

Well, Good Lookin, Im goin over on the Lasky lot tomorrow and try and get me a job in the movies. Im goin to speak to Will Hays and see if I cant get hooked up with Gloria Swanson or some other big star. I'll let you know all about it.

Sorry to hear about your mothers corns. Mine aint so bad now.

Yours till I croak,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Tell your old man I cant get any french post cards here. All the girls are ALIVE!

It would be funny at that if this baby got a job in the movies. Wonder if he will. Well, we'll know in a couple of weeks.

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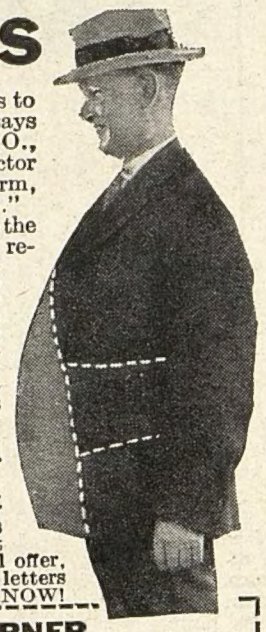

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TRIM	MUST		LARD	HEAR	BARREL
PRIM	DUST		LAID	HEIR	
			MAID		

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 35

1—Trying it in private; not in open court.

2—The Duke of Wellington (1769-1852).

3—An American philanthropist and abolitionist who was prominent in antislavery agitation just previous to the Civil War.

4—The eighteenth.

5—The muse of dancing and choral song in classical mythology.

6—Nicholas Longworth of Ohio.

7—Forty-eight.

8—The science of man in general.

9—All are types of swine.

10—A powdered condiment made of pungent spices, chilies, tumeric, etc.

11—*Semper Fidelis.* Always faithful.

12—Frankfort.

13—Caledonia.

14—A Russian tea urn.

15—Specious but fallacious reasoning.

16—A person between the ages of ninety and a hundred.

17—Adjourning without setting a day for reassembling.

18—A frontiersman and Congressman of Tennessee and one of the defenders of the Alamo.

19—A cure-all.

20—The branch of biology that treats of fossil organisms.

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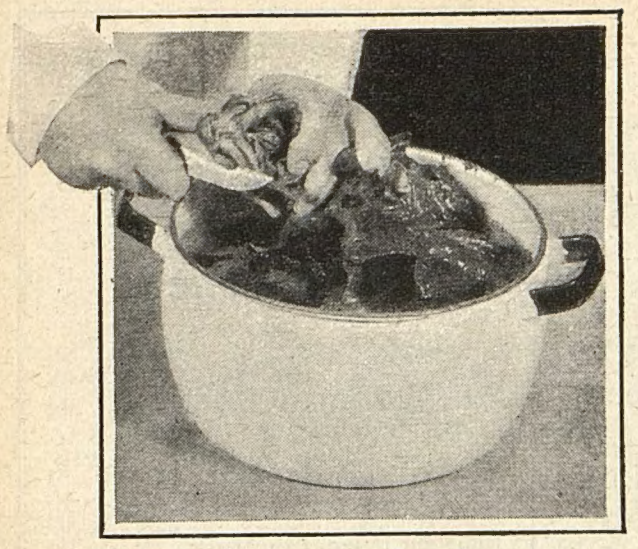

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The Tonic Food

By ETHEL SOMERS

NEW garden vegetables are here—fresh, crisp, and colorful. As healthful foodstuffs, greens are highly commendable because of their tonic quality.

To clean, first cut off the roots; then the leaves may be separated and easily freed of gritty particles. Spray, rub, and wash the leaves in several baths of fresh cold water until every bit of sand is gone. After each washing allow the greens to stand in the water, so the sediment will settle. After standing lift the leaves out of the water, to keep the sediment away from them.

Add no water for cooking, as sufficient will cling to the leaves. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of salt for every ½ peck of greens, cover tightly, and cook for 20 minutes, or until *just* wilted.

Main-Dish Greens

STEAM a ½ peck of thoroughly washed greens according to the foregoing directions. Cover with a generous layer of sliced hard-cooked eggs. (Four eggs will suffice for a ½ peck of greens.) Cover with cheese sauce if desired.

Cream of Greens Soup

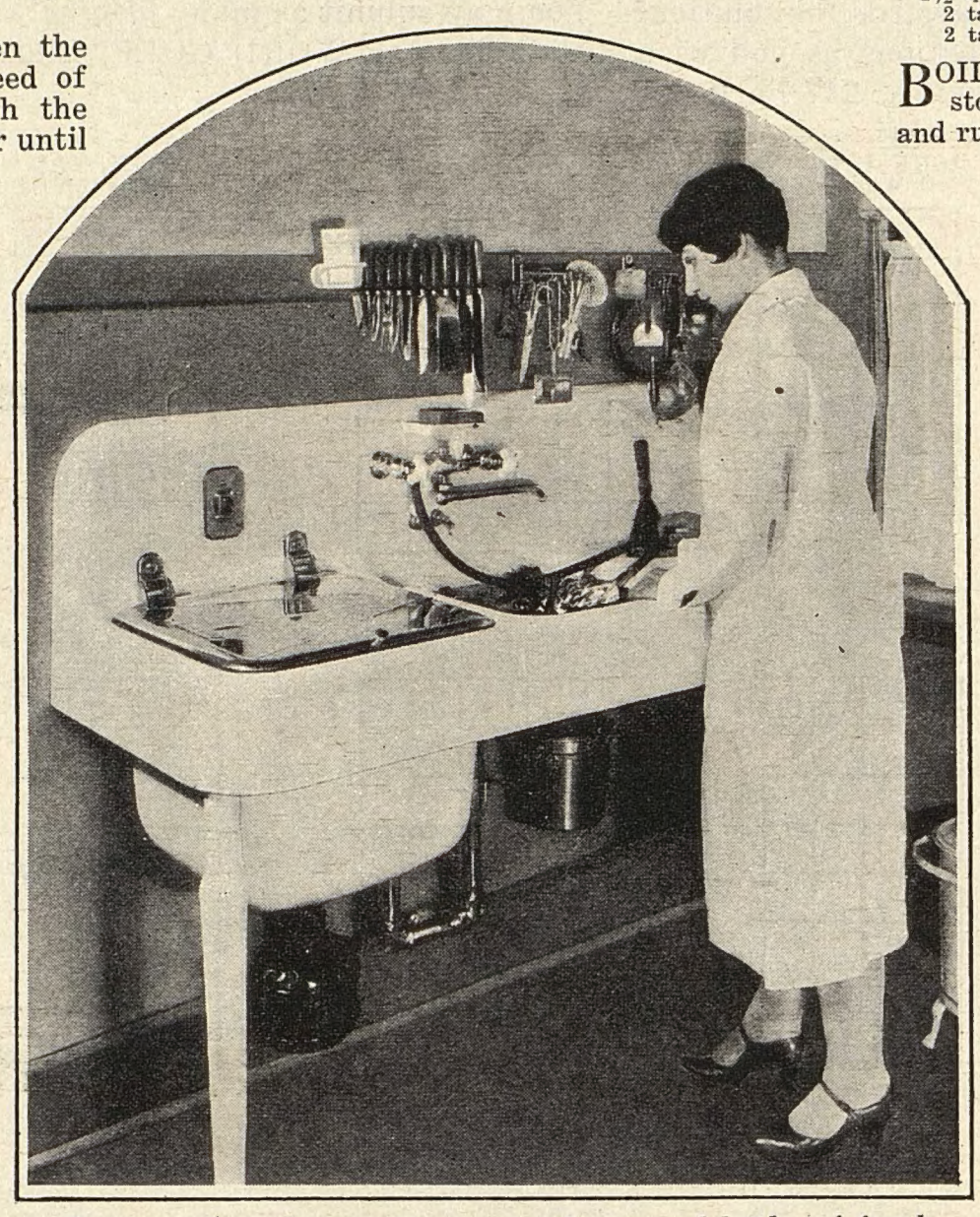
2 slices onion
3 cups milk
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons minced parsley or celery
2 cups of cooked greens, sieved

HEAT the milk together with the onion slices over water. Melt the butter and remove from the fire. Stir in the flour. Mix to a smooth paste and gradually stir in half of the hot milk. Stir and cook until thickened. Boil directly over the fire at least 5 minutes. Add the remainder of the hot milk; then add the other seasonings. Keep hot over water. Serve with toasted wafers. Whipped cream and croutons are pleasant garnishes.

Greens with Bacon

½ peck greens, seasoned and cooked
1 teaspoon additional salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 slices bacon cut with shears into small pieces and fried crisp
2 tablespoons vinegar

STIR the bacon and additional seasonings into the hot greens. Serve hot.



Spray, rub, and wash the greens in several baths of fresh cold water, to cleanse thoroughly. No water need be added for cooking.

Escalloped Greens

½ peck greens
¼ pound bacon
¼ cup mild vinegar
½ teaspoon salt

CUT the bacon into small bits with shears and fry until crisp. Arrange the crisped bacon and cooked greens in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers. Combine the vinegar, salt, and bacon fat. Pour over the whole and heat in the oven for 30 minutes.

Creamed Greens with Mushrooms

2 cups freshly cooked greens
1 cup chopped mushrooms, preferably fresh
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups rich milk

MELT the butter. If fresh mushrooms are used, sauté them in the butter for 5 minutes; then remove from the butter and add to the cooked greens. Remove the butter from the fire and add the flour, salt, and pepper. Mix smooth; add half the milk. Stir and cook until thickened. Add the remaining milk, greens, and sautéd mushrooms. Mix lightly and keep hot over water until ready to serve.

Steaming the cleaned greens just done insures a mild flavor.

Greens Soup

1 pound of greens
Small bunch of parsley
1½ quarts soup stock
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon sugar
½ tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 egg yolks

BOIL the washed greens and parsley in the soup stock for 20 minutes or until very tender and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter, add the flour, and stir as for gravy until well browned. Gradually stir in the hot soup liquor. Add the seasonings and boil at least 10 minutes to thoroughly cook the flour. Mix the 2 egg yolks with 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir these vigorously into the hot soup. Keep hot, but do not boil, for 5 minutes more to cook the egg. Continue the stirring during this last 5 minutes of cooking.

Canned Greens

SELECT fresh, firm greens. It is better if not more than 2 hours elapse from the picking to the canning. Wash and rinse thoroughly. Greens of all kinds should be blanched 15 minutes in live steam. This may be done by placing the greens, loosely wrapped in a cheesecloth sack, in the top of a steamer and maintaining active boiling in the lower part. Greens are never blanched by dipping in boiling water, as are other vegetables, because of the great loss in food values.

Drain and pack immediately into clean hot jars or sanitary cans that have been thoroughly cleansed by washing, rinsing, and boiling 10 minutes in a vat of hot water. Add ½ teaspoon of salt for each pint of greens. Then pour in enough boiling water to fill the jar within ½ inch of the top.

Paddle the jar with a spatula or a split bamboo paddle by running it close to the edge of the container, touching all bubbles of air and freeing them. Then put a scalded rubber in position and *loosely* seal the jar.

Set in a wire rack in a pressure cooker; add 2 or 3 cups of boiling hot water. Close the cooker with its clamps, leaving the pet cock open until steam begins to appear. Then close the pet cock and let the pressure run up to the desired point.

Count the processing from this time on. Greens should be processed either 60 minutes at 5-pound pressure, 40 minutes at 10-pound pressure, or 35 minutes at 20-pound pressure.

At the end of the processing period, allow the cooker to cool until the gauge registers zero. Then open the pet cock gradually and note that no steam escapes. Then open the cooker and remove the jars. Seal tightly at *once* and invert to cool on a folded towel. Wipe each jar and let stand until cool.

Watch for oozing liquid, which indicates imperfect sealing of the jar. If a leak is found, repack and resterilize the contents. Never try to seal a jar tightly after it is cooled, as this breaks the seal.

Store the cooled tested jars, wrapped or covered with dark brown paper to prevent fading, in a cool, dry place. To serve, let stand open 1 hour before serving and boil a few minutes as the vegetable is being heated.

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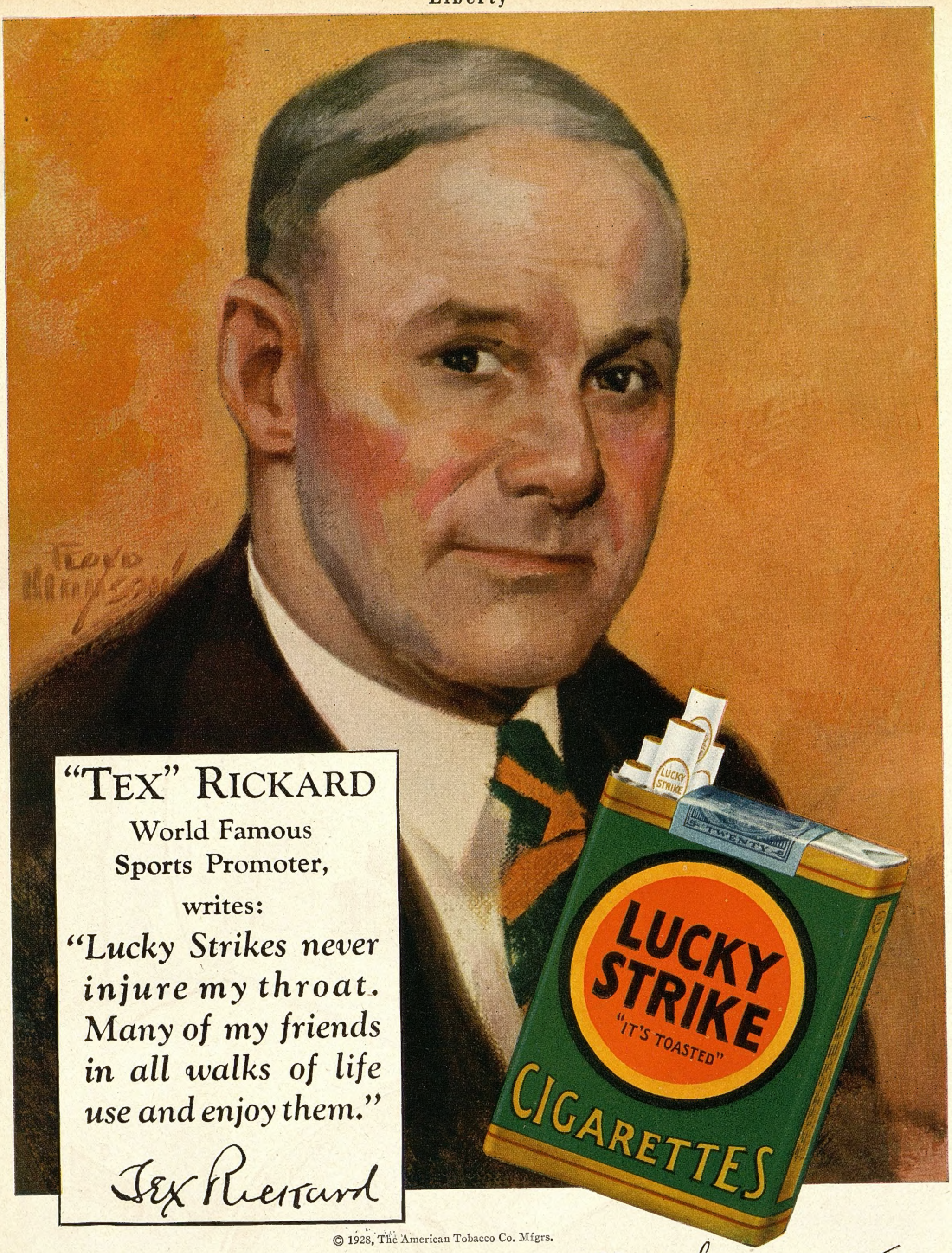

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